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GENTLEMEN PREFER WARS

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

IT IS my conviction that they do—the vast majority at any rate—and especially the poets. With few exceptions like Sassoon, who may have enjoyed himself more than he knew, the poets of the Great War were lyrical in their ecstasy and, from being a somewhat neglected species, became the spokesmen of the inarticulate, and entered into a dizzy popularity. The war over, they fell silent. Some of them had died gloriously like Rupert Brooke. Others had either ceased to be poets, or the subject matter at their disposal no longer inspired them. Even Sassoon who, one might suppose, would naturally break into pæans of thanksgiving, found nothing memorable to say. Perhaps the horrors of peace did not lend themselves to his favorite adjectives.

In this respect the poets of 1914–1919 were symptomatic. They were not real but merely occasional poets—ordinary men wrought up by events to a high point of ecstasy where they became articulate. They were the vents of national emotion. Hence their popularity. When national feeling died down they ceased to write poetry. They went back to their offices and grew bored and stout and melancholy, remembering happier days. Not that they openly regret the war; hardly any of them will be found to approve of it. The only thorough-going old-fashioned war-for-war's-sake firebrand is the man or woman who never went to war at all. No, the returned veteran invariably expatiates at length on the miseries and agonies of war and ends up with a fanfare of high moral disapproval. War is an anachronism—the end of civilization—and so forth. All of which is very reassuring for the future. For, after all, they are not old men. They have still an influence over their time and presumably—if they choose to exert it—over the next generation. So that at this stage the pacifist, who usually prefers his peace of mind to any sort of peace, would do well to drop his investigations. For press the disillusioned patriot a step farther, and he will admit frankly that the years from 1914 to 1919 were the best years of his life—which is certainly serious and causes the worrying type

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of pacifist like myself a lot of uneasy thinking.

Undoubtedly there are other men who will assure you that they would rather be put against a wall and shot than take up again a rifle in defense of their country. But of this minority the majority are revolutionaries who are perfectly ready to shoulder a rifle in the right cause. (Most of our English pacifists became Sinn Feiner or bolshevik and, incidentally, an amazing number of the women had been militant suffragettes.) It is merely a matter of the kind of people they enjoy shooting. The man who dislikes fighting anyone for any cause is so rare that his influence is negligible.

It is true that one can quote only the survivors. The rest are, of necessity, silent. But even the crippled and those whose whole material existence has been apparently blighted by the catastrophe are oddly without bitterness. They complain as little as they did when they were actually in the trenches. This is, one admits frankly, since they are human like ourselves, an example of the heroic stuff of which humanity is made. And I am not underrating their supreme virtue when I suggest that one must look deeper than heroism to explain a sustained struggle of five years—that is, if the League of Nations is to function to any purpose.

Speaking bluntly, I do not believe that whole nations of men can be kept for five years at a job which they profoundly detest—no matter how moral the cause nor how desperate the pressure. I believe that over and above the grief and suffering, the nations, as a whole, like the individuals, were enjoying the best days of their history. The governments, had the people desired it, could have made peace at any time. They did not do so. They were all of them, of course, and especially the Germans, sustained by a high moral purpose, but better than that, they had behind them a united and satisfied people. And as it is the business of governments to keep their peoples united and satisfied, they were naturally in no hurry to make peace. That much, at least, is beyond controversy.

It is equally true that governments, confronted by serious discontent and disunity, have time and again discovered that the National Honor had been insulted by somebody in order to go to war with flying banners and a good conscience. War, in fact, is the cure-all which statesmen have always kept in their medicine-chest for severe cases. Naturally, the war has to be successful in order to succeed. An invaded country gets altogether too much kick out of the business, and in the last Great War the French were obviously not enjoying themselves as they would have enjoyed themselves had they been invading Germany. And, as a result of this deprivation, you will find more bitterness in France than you will among the Germans in spite of the latter's final defeat. Even so, one suspects that for all their dramatic gestures, the French too were not as suffering as they thought they were. At any rate, in the midst of peace today they do not seem conspicuously happier.

From this point of view, Great Britain had incomparably the best of it. A large proportion of her civilian population was in direct and constant touch with the enemy without enduring either the horrors or the fear of invasion. (For whatever may have been in the minds of her leaders, the idea that she might be invaded, much less defeated, never entered the minds of this stupid and obstinate people.) She had, in fact, the full emotional stimulus of war without its discouragement. When the Germans bombarded her coasts and bombed her cities they gave to the British constitution just that fillip that it needed to settle down to the war with a good heart. From the moment the civilians realized that they were in it too and might be blown up at any moment, they began to enjoy themselves and the German fate was sealed. London, bombed month after month and often night after night, was never for a moment panicstricken. More people were

killed through their own reckless interest in the display than through German marksmanship. An old lady of my acquaintance came up regularly to town on moonlight nights in order not to miss a possible "show"—thereby displaying, if you like, a regrettable but quite typical lack of proper regard for German intentions and her own and other people's safety. And I recall to mind as equally typical, a little Devonshire maid servant of mine whom I roused one early winter morning with the information that the German Gothas were immediately overhead. Rubbing her eyes sleepily, she remarked, "Lor', Miss, how you frightened me. I thought I'd overslept myself."

You can call such a temper heroic or merely stupid. In fact, it is neither. Rather, it is true that men and women confronted by death lose their fear of death, and that a fighting and suffering people are often a happy people, profoundly at peace.

And here, in order to spare myself the accusation of a paradoxical flippancy, I shall, at this point, endeavor to make clear what I mean by happiness and enjoyment, and that I am not referring in any way to the kind of emotions aroused by a picnic or a jazz-party, which are nearly always those of frustration and exasperation. I refer to a state in which the whole personality is alert, conscious, and living. It has been said often enough, and with truth, that we are all of us, in various degrees, more than half asleep, and that few of us ever wake up and then only for brief interludes, and under very powerful stimulus. These interludes are our periods of happiness, and it is relatively unimportant whether the condition which has stung us into wakefulness is painful or otherwise. More often it is painful. An exalted state of bliss may be too like an extension of our everyday lives to be thoroughly effective. Pain, by the violence of its contrast, arouses us more completely not only to awareness of itself, but to appreciation of its cessation. Thus, men going into danger may do so in a state of exaltation, serenity, or agonizing fear, but they will come out of it with every faculty strung up to such an acute realization that the commonest feature of every-day life will seem to them glorified. For a little while they really see with their eyes and hear with their ears and remain happy for just so long as they remain awake. Without further stimulus, however, they sink back into a moody and discontented dreaming in which the past appears to them, with all its distress and havoc, as a time of living satisfaction. Even in every-day life, grief at its climax is never without this compensating quality of exalted emotional activity. It is the aftermath—the sinking into a monotonous sense of misery, a return, in fact, to emotional sleep, which is unbearable. It is, therefore, a perfectly natural and common phenomenon for a person to enjoy the funeral of someone whose death is a crushing and irretrievable loss. The more simple and naïve the character, the more openly this enjoyment will be displayed.

In this sense of the word happiness, it is my belief that the fighting men of 1914–1919 were happy.

II

If there is one thing which we mortals suffer from more than another it is our habit of saying things we know to be untrue and ruthlessly and obstinately believing them. Much of our so-called morality is based on this intellectual perversity, and most of our misery can be traced back to it. Thus, as a commonplace but important example, from the times of Genesis, we have declared that work is a curse or at best a duty, and have taught our children to regard it as such. Whereas every intelligent man acknowledges by his actions that work is his only respite from the arduous misery of doing nothing and that his so-called periods of rest are bearable only if he can find some means to exhaust himself effectually.

Only the lowest types of humanity can

endure idleness without wanting to kill themselves, and they usually end by killing one another.

It is, in fact, high time we began to strip the sentimental unreality from our ways of thinking and speaking. In time of war we talk about the sacrifices brought by the fighters, as though they were abandoning immortality and paradise, whereas we all die sooner or later and more or less miserably, and from start to finish few of us can even guess what paradise may look like. The man who, when asked why he had volunteered, replied that it was the only way he could get away from his family was irreverently but sincerely paraphrasing the motives of thousands who with equal sincerity would have admitted that they went to a probable death in order to get away from an intolerable life. Were it possible for some explorer to free men who would go with him on some forlorn and hopeless enterprise, from obligations to their dependents—as was virtually done during the war—he would find himself besieged by applicants from the very class which would seem to have the most to lose. For men exaggerate their fear of death in almost the same measure as they pretend to find satisfaction in things that do not satisfy them at all. And least of all are they afraid to die when they are happy in the sense in which I have used the term. Men, in fact, who are utterly alive, who are in a lofty and peculiar sense "above themselves," are not hag-ridden by the cold dread of annihilation as are men who feel in their bones the beginning of corruption. Whether they are intellectually aware of it or not, they become immortal—a conscious part of the eternal stream of life. The half-dead—the vast majority of mankind—have the damp odor of the vault perpetually in their nostrils. The martyr and the hero are, in their degrees, liberated both from the fear of death and the apparent futility of living.

Individually, we are always acknowledging these facts, but we do not follow through to their logical conclusion. When we read of the deaths of such men as Captain Scott, the explorer, and his companions, we are profoundly moved but we rarely stop to analyze our emotions. If we did so, we should discover that they were those of acute happiness and entirely removed from pity. We should not even wish these men alive again—as little as we should wish to destroy a work of art which they, as supreme artists, had been able to complete with that final gesture. But we refuse to acknowledge that war is the average man's unique opportunity to follow their example.

In the first two years of the Great War, two million men in Great Britain *volunteered*. Perhaps one-tenth thought they knew what they were fighting about, and that tenth was probably mistaken. But they were not deceived victims on that account. Nor were they bloodthirsty butchers. They were not even inspired by any particular animus against the enemy, to whom they displayed from first to last a rather absurdly amicable toleration. They were simply an inarticulate people totally unaware that in surrendering to a brutal domination they were making a break for freedom, and that in their suffering and death they were proving themselves masters of the art of living.

But it would be foolish to pretend that these are the only considerations at the bottom of men's willingness to kill and be killed. We tend to forget, rather astonishingly, that other people are just as silly as ourselves and that grown-up men in vitally responsible positions are swayed by motives which would make a schoolboy blush if he had to acknowledge them. I once asked an American who had joined up with the Coldstream Guards at the beginning of the war and had done extremely well in the worst fighting, what had precipitated him into the conflict; and after he had done telling me about Belgium and his love for dear old England, he added with a twinkle, "And then, of course, I rather fancied myself

in the uniform." And he was so obviously being funny that I knew he was telling me the truth.

This matter of personal vanity was indeed a very serious factor in the last war, for the German Army was built up on it. The average German is notoriously the worst dressed man in the world. He is also afflicted with a bad figure and an inferiority complex. With more sagacity than they were probably aware of, his leaders offered him a beautiful uniform with enormous social prestige attached to it and sufficient physical exercise to keep his figure within bounds in return for his military service. And Germany became a great military Power. Had the German officers been compelled to adopt mufti when off duty, as is the case of the British Army, German militarism would never have swollen, as it did, to the bursting point.

This is a trivial instance of the trivialities which influence our most portentous and tragic actions. And they are not confined to the Germans. Those who witnessed "The Big Parade" will remember the scene in which the hero enlists. At the Declaration of War he betrays no particular interest and certainly no serious intention of enlisting. But on a motor run, he happens to encounter a regiment marching to a band. His foot marks time to the invigorating measure. (At this point the orchestra becomes increasingly martial.) Suddenly he throws his hat into the air and himself into the World War. (One has the suspicion that if at this point in the drama someone would come on the stage and announce that the United States had declared war on Timbuktu, the audience would throw its figurative cap into the air with the same enthusiasm and with just as much reason.)

From first to last none of the three chief characters seems to know or care what they are fighting about. But it is suggested that two of them were bored stiff with their job, and one of them was emotionally responsive to music. Certainly the producers did not mean to convey this impression—I am not so sure of the author—but inadvertently the truth slipped out. And anyone who has run two blocks to march with a regiment of Highlanders playing the bagpipes—and who of us hasn't or wouldn't, if he had the chance?—might just as well own up to his share in this form of human absurdity.

To ignore our own absurdity in this matter is like ignoring a cask of gunpowder in a thunder-storm.

III

One gathers that primitive man fought largely from fear or hunger. Later, fighting, in addition to the undoubted joy of combat, gave him a profession and fair chances of acquiring a decent living in hard times, and even, if he were lucky, a fortune. Later on he fought to retain the loot he had looted from other looters and became a patriot. But war as the explosion point for the pent-up discontents of peace is a modern phenomenon—the most sinister and symptomatic of our civilization.

In fact, though war remains our most permanent human institution, our attitude towards war is perpetually shifting. Even in my own time and in my own country, I have witnessed some remarkable changes. I was a child at the time of the Boer War and at the advanced age of ten was, I think, fairly representative of the national intelligence. In these days, we spoke of the Empire with our hats off and though, being a homogeneous people, we had no hundred per cent Englishman—we had the next best thing—the Imperialist. (Also we had some scurvy knaves, called Little Englanders, who would certainly have been lynched if lynching had happened to be an English custom.)

To the Imperialist war was a sort of national sport, half-sacred, like cricket, but free from the taint of professionalism, which he played fairly and good humoredly. It never became a serious business, but it was an occupation to which an

Englishman should be able to turn his hand at any moment. To suggest that war was wicked or even horrible, was like criticizing the Dear Queen. It bordered on blasphemy.

We were a smug and contented people. But even before 1914 that phase was over. We were already near the point where Beatrice Lillie could come on the stage as a caricature of Britannia and make mock of sentiments that fifteen years before had been treated with an almost tearful reverence. And we went into the World War as soberly and with as little flag-waving as any people in history. Nor did any people go into the war with higher motives or less clear thinking. Obviously, the individual soldier had no hope of personal advantage and precious little interest in national aggrandizement. To suggest that two million men volunteered in order to wrest Germany's colonies from her is simply silly. Equally untrue, though not so obviously absurd, is that the two million had any real belief that their country was in danger. Not until 1918, and then only very dimly, did such an idea really affect the national purpose. (That an Englishman can never be ultimately defeated, is one of the laws of nature which only an Englishman understands. But he understands it thoroughly.)

Nevertheless, the two million went. They went in spite of the fact that the national conscience no longer justified war. In the sense that, with the exception of a handful of Die-Hards, we were through with Imperialism in its ugliest form and entirely through with the belief that it was our duty to run the Universe, we were the most civilized nation on earth. The Boer War was no longer possible, as statesmen who had tried to subjugate Ireland had found to their cost. The Great War could only be fought by a whole-hearted people if the loftiest possible motives could be found to justify them—and there were motives enough. Civilization and democracy—these were two of the most important deities that the two million carried with them on their sacrificial procession to the slaughter-house. Lesser and more absurd motives, as I have suggested, no doubt played their part: love of adventure, vanity, pure destructiveness—a hundred primitive stirrings—but none of them strong enough to inspire a whole people for five years. And I am not suggesting that they did not believe that they believed in their gods, but only that, if there had not been a deeper force at work in them, there would be no cause for future anxiety. For it is clear now, at any rate, that no worthy god was served by their sacrifice and that, therefore, we need only leave ourselves to civilization and democracy in order to reach the end of all war. The fact that we have no such confidence—that we live in almost daily expectation of another conflagration—suggests that beneath the heroic resolution of that significant two million was not faith in civilization but disillusionment.

The two million fought for possessions they no longer valued. The Victorian era was over. Great Britain, for all time and for all peoples, had made the disconcerting discovery that men do not live by bread alone and that even with jam and butter added unto them, nations, like men, are in a bad way, unless they discover the secret food which alone can satisfy their no less mysterious hunger. We had found nothing. The chance to die for a high cause came like a deliverance.

The two million went because they wanted to go. And the poets—the most civilized among them—sang in ecstasy.

IV

Herein, no doubt, lies a vital difference between the British, as more or less representing the European point of view, and the American. It is the very natural way of Americans to regard the inevitable squabblings of Europeans with impatience, and European wars with a lofty disapproval. America, at

the moment, is happy as we were happy fifty years ago, and she sees no reason why, with good plumbing, better business methods, and a telephone in every home, the world should not settle down to a similar contentment. She still believes in a millennium to which prosperity is the open sesame, and that when everyone in the United States owns his own car the riddle of man's relation to man and to the universe will have been satisfactorily elucidated.

Actually, when every man in America owns his own car, every man in America will wish he didn't. America too will have reached the saturation point where modern civilization, which is only another name for materialism, will appear to her as bleak disillusionment. And at that moment her statesmen no doubt will discover that the national honor is insulted or some high principle involved and another war will be in full blast.

Always supposing that there is somebody left for her to fight with.

It is of no use reminding humanity of the sufferings of war. For the suffering is never more than that of the individual. It is not cumulative any more than the suffering of peace is cumulative—and it is infinitely more spectacular.

It is of no use reminding men that the next war will probably mark the end of our civilization. They don't care. If they admitted the truth, which they can't, because they daren't, they would say that they don't like civilization—that it has turned out something totally different from what they had intended, and that it had better be destroyed before, like the R. U. R. puppets, it grows too strong for them.

It is of no use throwing the responsibility of governments on Leagues of Nations. War is not, as most pacifists would have it, the outcome of the machinations of wicked politicians and worse capitalists. Politicians and capitalists are not so much villains as cat's-paws of the national temper. Nor is war a horrible calamity forced on men by a blind outside force or a revengeful deity. It is a symptom of modern man's profound discontent with himself and his environment; and there will be no end to war until he himself has found peace. And there will be no chance of his finding peace until he has admitted honestly that he hasn't found it. When men acknowledge that the whole thrust of their endeavor has been in the wrong direction, that they have not been able to create a civilization in which their souls can live, and that war is a way of escape from their consequent miseries and an outlet for their thwarted virtues, then the League of Nations may function to some purpose.

V

I have written more especially of men. Women and War would require a book to themselves. But at least it may be suggested that the temptation to fight and to encourage fighting is as strong in women as it is in men and correspondingly dangerous. In the last war, millions of women who were risking all they cared for were happy for the first time.

And if in spite of this women are obstinately set against war, it is because they recognize that if it is an opiate, it is no cure. Also it may be that, as some philosopher observed, since they have never been really civilized, they are better able to withstand civilization. Women through all the jangle and mechanical turmoil of modern life have been able to keep their course as human beings. It is still within the lot of them to suffer and to bring sacrifice. And thus perhaps they have, in a measure, retained their sanity and obtained peace.

WANTED: A SUBSTITUTE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

LIKE conscientious, but very inexperienced young parents, society is perpetually bewildered and anxious at the New rising about it. In the last years, especially, every sage from the curbstone philosopher to the college president, and every writer from the columnist armed with quips to the sociologist girded with statistics, has been busy with this perennially interesting problem. Our ears are full of the warnings a multitude of voices have been crying: "We are in a period of moral laxity"; "Ours is an age of jazz"; "Our easy money is ruining our youth"; "Too many laws have made us a nation of lawbreakers"; "Our girls are affecting the vices once confined to men." On the other hand we hear almost as frequently: "The old prudery is giving way to frankness"; "Many of the conventions once held sacred were in reality vicious"; "Victorian idealism was a soft, cowardly way out."

Now both reactions are phrased in the same language, and that a language which is fast becoming obsolete. It assumes a point of view from which young people, as I see them in the curious cross-section of American youth known as a state university, are rapidly emancipating themselves: that life is neatly divided into two hemispheres, one called Right, the other Wrong. This conception of life has been the heritage of the English-speaking world for so long that it is no wonder our very vocabulary is colored with it. But to understand, much less guide the new generation, one must get outside that system of thought.

The ways of determining the desirability of an action are limited. One may judge it to be right or wrong, pleasant or unpleasant, prudent or foolish, social or anti-social, intelligent or stupid, beautiful or ugly. We English and Americans have always insisted upon the first standard, with its ideal character the psalmist's "righteous man" instead of Aristotle's "high-minded man." The second is the standard of children and childlike races; as the individual or the race grows up and learns by experience, actions come to be judged as prudent or imprudent, that is, practically wise or practically foolish. The nineteenth century tried, rather futilely, to introduce the social standard. The last two standards are rooted in two ideals which the Greeks always wedded, but which moderns have always insisted upon divorcing: Truth and Beauty. The real Greek trusted the human intelligence to solve the problems of life; and he was perfectly sure that only the beautiful, whether in art or in conduct, was worth striving for. In every succeeding age and in every nation (though they undoubtedly appear most often in France) there have been stray individuals whose minds, less befogged by custom and more coolly reasonable than other minds, have seen a proposed course as intelligent or stupid. At the same time and in about the same proportion, other stray individuals have—as naturally as they

breathe—regulated their lives by the æsthetic standard. Both of these types have stood lonely and apart, lifting puny voices in protest or mockery at each other as well as at the throngs in the dusty mid-way.

The reason for the Christian aversion to these last standards is not far to seek. Aristotle and Plato spoke warmly of "that which is fitting for myself." In the eyes of the early Christian theologians the human self was such a poor little thing that to arrogate to it any power of deciding what is desirable or undesirable would be sheer folly. Moreover, the early Church was faced with the strenuous necessity of assimilating whole nations of barbarians, lusty blood-drinkers who recognized no standard but might. So the code of dogmatic, arbitrary partition of right from wrong, inherited, no doubt, from the ancient Hebrews with their tabulated Thou Shalt's and Thou Shalt Not's, was incorporated into the Christian religion.

One cannot insist too strongly, I think, that the right-and-wrong standard is based on authority. The Roman Catholic Church was for long the authority. What it sanctioned was right; what it condemned was wrong. With the Protestant revolt came a new authority for Northern Europe: a Holy Book was substituted for a Holy Church. One consulted not a priest but a Bible. When a chapter and verse covered the matter in hand the issue was forthwith settled. In case one could find no chapter and verse which seemed to fit, an efficacious expedient was to open the Good Book at random and accept the command of the first words to meet the eye.

Furthermore, there were always certain accepted centers or institutions of authority. One's church, for instance, which formulated all sorts of specific rules and bylaws for the moral convenience of its members. Or the state, which hustled wrongdoers to the whipping post or gallows. Or parents, whose word was law through the first one-third of life. Or school-teachers, who could and did flog unmercifully. See how authority piled up on every hand! And when, as was always the case, all these centers of authority agreed as to the rightness or wrongness of any given act, what possible point could there be in the individual returning any answer but unreserved obedience? That is, if he were social-minded at all. Of course if he were disposed to put himself outside the pale of authority, he could; and in that case society knew perfectly well what to do with him. One was a good man or a bad man, just as white is white, and black, black.

II

But bewail it or not as we like, authority is passing. The average young American to-day has no more idea of what is in the Bible than he has of what is in Homer, which any teacher will attest is precious little. Ask fifty university freshmen to explain the simplest biblical reference in Stevenson or Huxley, and perhaps five of them can answer. The only contacts most of them have ever had with the Bible were twenty-minute sessions once a week at Sunday-school, when they read not the Bible but handsomely illustrated story booklets—or perhaps planned when the class should hold its next picnic or basket-ball practice. A freshman will tell you with round eyes and hushed voice that the Bible is the best of all books; but get him to read it if you can! A senior, making out his list of ten books he would keep if he could have no others, will head it piously with the Bible, then half an hour later assure you that Nicodemus was a character in one of Shakespeare's plays—he can't quite remember which. In a recent article Francis Hackett points out that the French and Irish differ from the English and Americans in being un-bibled. He should have added to his "Americans" the saving phrase "of yesterday." One who comes into any sort of contact with

young New Yorkers and San Franciscans knows that their attitude toward the Bible is a superstitious reverence for a thing whose valuable properties everybody extols, but of which they themselves are darkly ignorant. Naturally, they have no sense of its personal guidance.

Look at the other centers of authority. The Church, torn internally with the modernist-fundamentalist quarrel, tries desperately to retain its hold upon society by relaxing its rules. One of the largest evangelical churches recently repealed the clause about amusements which its young members had been ignoring for years. And no wonder. When two-thirds of its members see no harm in dancing or card-playing, how can the church insist upon their evil? Instead of the individual adjusting himself to the Church, the Church now adjusts itself to him. Consequently, services are exactly half as long as they once were, music and beautiful buildings growing more and more important, sermons and prayers less and less important; consequently, too, the Church builds social centers with gymnasiums, club-rooms, and billiard halls, all of which would have been frowned on as instruments of the devil a hundred years ago. The Catholic Church retains more authority, but I am inclined to think that, although the young Catholic goes to early mass when he has been to a late dance the night before and although he observes Lent, his compliance is largely superficial and habitual. Too many of them have told me, "Of course I go to church—it would hurt the folks if I didn't." Likewise, I know too many of them who are marrying Protestants as easily as if there were no rule against it.

And what of the other centers of authority, the home, the school, the State? Surely their status to-day needs scant emphasis. The American parent is famous for his subservience. What man addressed as Dad and spoken of as "my old man" *could* play the patriarch effectively? Except in the rarest of homes obedience to parental law simply does not exist. In elementary schools authority is still fairly intact, but except in large city-systems where the ponderousness of the educational machine quells rising disorder, discipline is the hardest problem of the secondary teacher. Superintendents and principals of smaller schools always want to know first of all about a prospective teacher, "Is he a good disciplinarian?" That is, is the force of his personality sufficient to overcome the opposition he will inevitably meet in teaching people who presumably come to school to be taught. As for the authority of the State, who in this day drives under thirty-five miles an hour because it is "right" to do so, or refrains from drinking because it is "right" to do so? Yet the State says both of these are "right," and the opposite courses "wrong." Young America obeys traffic regulations only when a motor-policeman is in sight, or when for some reason slow driving is more pleasant than speeding; it drinks or doesn't drink because the circle it happens to move in drinks or doesn't drink.

The force we have sought to substitute for the crumbling centers of authority is public opinion. That operates pretty effectively for the average, docile, comfort-loving individual, and for the more intelligent being so long as public opinion is undivided and so long as he does not imbibe the contempt for it which is always in the intellectual air. But let him get hold of the notion that public opinion is a rhymeless, reasonless, thoroughly treacherous old crone who commends his act in one milieu, ridicules it in another, and frowns on it in another, and he sends public opinion packing and begins to flounder for standards of his own.

The case of the youngster brought up in a home where there was an attempt to make the dogmatic cleavage of right from wrong is worse still. From his earliest recollections his elders have asserted the rightness of some things and

the wrongness of others. Naturally, he has accepted superior wisdom. But as he begins to make little excursions out from that sheltered field of morality, he finds that apparently perfectly nice people do the things he has been taught to think evil. The flowerlike girl he envelopes in a mist of romantic idealization smokes like an imp from the lower regions and pets like a movie vamp. The chum his heart yearns toward cultivates a hip-flask and "a wicked line with the women," not to mention a brand of stories which fascinate and revolt him. And, oh, the awful scorn which falls upon him if he protests against such acts as "wrong." If the force of home authority were stronger, there might be some hope for the lad going on with the old right-and-wrong standard. But home authority is not strong enough in America. Unless the boy is not particularly social and unless he is made of rather tough, unyielding fiber, he will, somewhere near the end of his high school or the beginning of his college days, chuck out the right-and-wrong standard. I have known a few individuals who went through four years of a state university without revising in the least the standards into which they were initiated in their cradles; but those people were never influential, and be it remarked, never much respected by their mates.

We teachers know that to appeal to our students on that old standard is to waste our breath. The very words in which the appeal must be couched have gone out of their vocabulary. We know that when we assign a portion of *Pilgrim's Progress* to be read by sophomores and juniors, they will come up the next day and ask, "What's he raving about?" We know that if we undertake to discuss the theology which animated Milton—or Carlyle, for that matter—we cannot assume students to be acquainted with the simplest of its terms. "Salvation," "sin," and "wicked" have lost their connotation; "righteous," "pious," and "saintly" have acquired new and very different ones. The word "moral" itself is going into ill repute. As for "conscience," one young man assured me gravely that he knew he kept his in his stomach, for every time he ate hot dogs at midnight he was sure to have a bad spell with it. Others humorously bemoan their Puritan ancestors "who cursed me with a conscience." They know a very great deal about gasoline engines and sports; but matters like conscience and right for right's sake strike them as rather foolish. When they appeal to you for advice, as they often do, for they are no less perplexed by the problems facing them than other young people have been, you must take care not to put the advice on the grounds of abstract right and wrong. If you unwittingly make that mistake, the young person bows himself out and seeks advice elsewhere. Next week you hear that his opinion of you has had a great come-down: he hadn't thought you a "pious sort." And if unhappily you expressed an easy optimism, you are demolished by the single epithet, "Pollyanna."

III

In the face of all this would it not be the sensible part to recognize frankly that the standard of abstract right and wrong, with its ideal of righteousness, is moribund? If we should stop trying to resuscitate it, give it a decent burial, and then set to work to put something in its place, we might perhaps render some service to these jazzy, outspoken, conventional-minded youngsters.

The positivistic, humanitarian nineteenth century made a genuine effort to substitute the social standard, but our post-war youth has been too well fed and clothed and motored to find it appealing. He is not altruistic, not sentimental, not idealistic, not romantic. He can stand an amount of emotional stimulus which would have bowled over his grandfather. He can dance cheek to cheek, breast to breast, knee to knee

for three hours to music that would stir a savage to madness—and then he can go home and sleep. He can sit untouched through the most sensational of movies. The most fervid of evangelical or political oratory glides coolly off his well-groomed back. To appeal to him, the social standard would have to be entirely re-grounded and rephrased: shorn of its emotionalism and what Carlyle called its "rose-pink sentimentality."

Our standard to-day is prudence, practicality, caution. We begin to develop it the first time we discover that what was pleasant enough yesterday sometimes turns out to be extremely unpleasant to-day. Just as soon as we have thoroughly fixed the time-idea in our judgment of pleasantness, we become prudent. Much has been said of the recklessness of this generation. It has been my experience with the fairly large group whom I know intimately that they keep a shrewd weather-eye out for what they call "stuff you can't get by with." "Getting by" is almost the twentieth-century equivalent for morality. I have at times grown so tired of that eternal phrase that I have positively gloried in the few rash youths who refuse to trim their sails to the wind of public opinion, and thereby, I have to admit, make utter fools of themselves. But if there is anything the average collegian will not do it is to let himself appear foolish. He wears what the crowd wears, eats what the crowd eats, drinks and thinks with the crowd. He lives in a time when manners and ideas are standardized, and he is too busy going to places and doing things to worry about being an individual. His very reason for being in college is prudence: he has heard that his chance for a respectable position in society is much greater if he owns a diploma. Prudence is in the air, and he is prudent.

There are serious objections to this standard of prudence. The one usually advanced is that it is wasteful: one doesn't learn it until one has burned one's fingers a few times; and the natural disposition of adolescence is impatience with this graybeard philosophy of life. It is this proverbial dearness of experience which frightens parents and teachers who are dealing with children of the high-school age.

But contrary to the usual opinion, that seems to me far from the most serious objection. Left to fend for himself, as he usually makes sure that he is left, the average young American is surprisingly precocious in getting his sea legs. If he has had free rein through his last years in high school he has an armor of hardness and sophistication by the time he reaches college which his father probably did not possess at thirty, and his mother may not yet possess. If he doesn't have it at the beginning of his freshman year, he will by the end of it. People who still talk sentimentally of "the tender years," meaning the late teens, should read from sixty to a hundred themes a week for five years as I have done, and should hold three hours a week of conference over anything from the placing of commas to the expediency of booze parties. At the end of a regime like that one feels that he knows what is in the heads and hearts of young people. And except for the rare young person already mentioned who has come up in a home where the right-and-wrong standard was still rigorously applied, and whose case, just because he is not armored like his fellows, is very sad indeed, I do not worry greatly about the mere wastefulness of the standard which finds its sanction in experience. I am still awed by the sureness and the level-eyed poise with which sorority pledges steer in waters their mothers never dreamed of trying to navigate. They know, these rouged and marcelled seventeen-year-olds, that there is a definite margin of "stuff you can't get by with," and they are careful not to allow any pretty sentiment or rash impulse to take them beyond that margin.

No, the really deplorable thing about this prudence is not its wastefulness, but

its dullness. It is a pedestrian philosophy with no wings for the flights which the human spirit requires. There is no poetry in it, and no adventure, except the low-grade one of seeing how closely one can skirt the margin of "stuff you can't get by with"—and even that wears out in a few years. It does for the ordinary, earthy souls who conceive of life as a business house, whether factory or amusement hall, but it palls upon souls who by some chance are lighted with a spark of imagination or a flash from another, more romantic world. And worse still, it smothers at birth any fineness of spirit, any largeness of reach which is latent in the individual. It condemns him to a dull, commonplace existence where he never knows the exquisite pleasure of savoring his more delicate and complex emotions. It forbids him the sense of life as a glorious drama in which he has his own not inconsiderable part. It screens from him beauty with all its fine escape from the commonplace. It cuts him off from spiritual values—dooms him to a boredom which he tries vainly to enliven by jazz orchestras, bootleg, and racing cars.

To me the saddest thing about the generation which is now growing up is its ennui. It has swept out the old sentimentalities; in the political and social idealism which animated a previous generation it has detected a degree of cant, and it will not tolerate cant; the wealth amassed by its fathers keeps it from surrender to an absorbing struggle for existence; machinery has denied it the joy of craftsmanship. It has nothing, except a search for pleasure, to which it can give itself freely and fully. And human life always has and always will go flat unless it can find something to claim its loyal and eager devotion. I have talked to so many of these young people with their beautifully clothed, thoroughly scrubbed bodies and their listless, rudderless minds, that I have come to feel that never probably was civilization more harsh to a generation. The more intelligent of them understand their situation and, after a period of posing as cynic and misanthrope, scramble about until they find some interest. The rest of them never clearly understand what is the trouble and go on vainly trying to put some zest in life by amusements of one kind or another.

IV

Out of this muddle there seems to me a possible way. The old right-and-wrong appeal is going, and we may as well admit it; it could draw the warm and undivided allegiance of men in Cromwell's time, but it leaves our day cold. Youthful hedonism hardening into prudence is unendurably boring. The social standard by itself will not do. What if we tried one or both of the remaining two?

For some time now James Harvey Robinson has been telling us that we need to take the intelligent view of life, that our hope of solving our problems lies solely in our development of the disinterested, scientific attitude which examines motives and procedures with total disregard of the hoary burden of the past which, like the Old Man of the Sea, squats upon human shoulders. But I wonder if he does not ignore too serenely the immensity of our racial heritage. Perhaps some day intelligence may become general, but that day is still terribly remote. Meantime the mongrel blood in our American veins is too largely Celtic, Anglo Saxon, Teutonic, Slavic, and Southern European to allow the one wee strain of French great influence. True, there are always individuals to whom the most distasteful of all adjectives is "stupid"; and one of the most encouraging things about young people is the frequency and vigor with which they burst into that damning phrase, "How dumb!" But Mencken is right about us: we can't as a people claim intelligence in the narrow sense in which I am using the word. We are shrewd buyers and clever sellers; we

have our share of native wit and a positive genius for organization—but we do not have that clear, dispassionate faculty which is able to detach itself from the web of likes and dislikes out of which most of us weave judgment. Nowhere is this more plainly evident than in a university. Students have their warm admirations and aversions; but if some Socratic professor prods them for reasons for either emotion, they either become irritated and thereafter avoid his courses like the plague, or they tolerate him as a "funny old Bolshevik." In a section of thirty one may expect to find two intelligent students, though he should not be disappointed if there is only one. The occasional section with no youngsters who would have run after Socrates is compensated for by the occasional section with three. The average is a little less than two, about six per cent of the whole. Now if that is true of the supposedly select group in an educational institution, one dares not speculate upon the percentage of intelligence in the country as a whole.

I am perfectly aware that even to mention the single remaining standard must seem ridiculous. And yet many conditions to-day are analogous to those which surrounded the Greeks. We have a love of sports and a healthy frankness about our bodies which no age since theirs has possessed. Machinery is fast giving us the leisure which slaves gave to them. We are purged of the exaggerated and sickly sentiment which affected so many generations of English. We are free from the fear of eternal punishment which enervated us so long, and hence our intellectuals are less timid about scientific and philosophic speculation. In view of these undoubted parallels, it seems reasonable to suppose that the love of beauty which animated the Greeks might save us.

If it appears a hopeless undertaking ever to instil that love in America, the most notoriously unæsthetic of all nations, stop to consider some small beginnings we have already made. The present fashions of vivid figures in silks, of bright wall hangings, of gay roofs and geranium-filled window boxes all testify to an awakening color sense. Clothing, both masculine and feminine, is vastly better in design and color than it was fifty years ago. Architecture shows a genuine improvement; houses are not only better plumbed but more often built with an eye to permanent beauty. Contrast the towers and gingerbread atrocities of a wealthy home or the square, boxlike plainness of a more modest house of yesterday with the English and colonial adaptations in the better residence sections to-day! Interior decoration is also infinitely more colorful and artistic than yesterday. Even automobiles have improved quite as much in line and design as in power and upholstery. Women clutch with pathetic eagerness at anything advertised to make their faces or figures more lovely. Young people shudder away from physical ugliness or deformity in a way that would have seemed unforgivably cruel to their grandparents. Faulty and ridiculous though popular taste may be, it is true that people long to have beauty about them. If they buy mere tawdriness, that is the fault of their taste or purse, not of their instinct.

If righteousness rests upon authority, æsthetics is a matter of taste, which is a very individual affair. But fortunately taste is much more easily cultivated than the will or the memory—or the intelligence. A few good books read with gusto, and one no longer relishes literary froth or crudity. A few weeks with good furniture and one can never again go back to the ugly makeshifts with which one formerly did very well. Even a glimpse of the enchanting richness and fullness with which life may be invested, and one is not content with the stodgy, cautious yardstick with which he has been thumbing out his way. Our taste will no doubt always differ from that of the Greeks. A people nursed from its savage infancy by Gothic cathedrals and the institution of feudal-

ism with their romantic excesses cannot ever return wholly to the Greek "nothing too much." Especially can it not when it now travels at a hundred-odd miles an hour and piles its buildings fifty stories into the air. Moreover, to whatever extent we have become Christianized our notion of moral beauty must show the influence of the Sermon on the Mount. But whatever its form, this demand for beauty may be no less important for us than for the young Athenians who first thrilled to the "Antigone."

No one who has ever heard a child croon ecstatically over a new dress or toy, "Pit-ty, pit-ty" can doubt that the age-old hunger still lives. What we have usually done to that child is to smile, then take steps to curb the vanity which seems to be appearing. For his artistic edification we gave him the "funnies," sent him to the movies, and told him pallid stories about minding mother and giving one's playthings to poor little sick boys. We pecked at him eternally about tidiness, politeness, and truthfulness—graces acquired by and necessary for society; but we never said a word about beauty, which is so much older. Through twelve years at a public school we taught him many useful things and some not so useful; but we neglected to tell him about the handling of color and line and sound, knowledge which he will use or enjoy every day of his life; we did our best to fit him for a good position in the business world, but we didn't bother to teach him how to live happily with himself.

And yet we did not entirely kill his instinct for beauty and spiritual adventure. One who gets to know young people cannot really doubt that. The average one has no taste to speak of, but he wishes he did have. When you wander off the straight path of the daily assignment to talk about æsthetics, all of your class, except the very smuggest or stolidest, awake and listen as they listen to nothing else you say in the course of the year. My most interesting students have almost without exception said wistfully to me at one time or another, "I wish I knew more about such things." I have heard dozens of seniors and young alumni revile their alma mater because in four years it did not cultivate in them a taste for what they call vaguely, "the finer things of life," meaning good books, music, paintings—that is to say, beauty. One of the jazziest of the jazzy (by a great stretch of the imagination he might almost have come from a "collegiate" story of the *College Humor* variety!) told me once that he had figured out why he always had to be in love: life was so humdrum without it and so beautiful with it. He was astonished and pleased when I told him the Platonic theory of love poured forth in "The Symposium." Another chap with more developed sensibilities who had had an unusual mystical experience described it wholly in æsthetic instead of theological terms. I could, had I time, enumerate other not very exceptional instances to show that there is a very real craving for beauty abroad, even on campuses of state universities.

But to-day's crop of young people is so afraid of seeming soft and sentimental, so bent on being prudent and sensible, that in groups (and they keep themselves in groups as much as possible for it is "queer" to be alone) one detects in them only the hardness and dull emptiness which are driving faculties to concentrate despairingly upon engineering, accountancy, and industrial chemistry. To know what is really going on behind the bored exteriors which face him, an instructor must be less cynical and more patient in his effort to understand than most instructors are. If he is willing to forego the delights of the faculty clubhouse long enough to cultivate an intimacy with more promising students, he is apt to find back in an obscure corner of their minds a dissatisfaction and dim ache not at all evident at, say, week-end fraternity dances. If he loves beauty himself, that instructor

can do more real teaching in a half hour over coffee cups than in ten hours in a class room, and do it without preaching.

When one is really alive to beauty, the next step, the transition to an ideal of beauty in conduct, is amazingly simple, and may be taken amazingly early in life. It is exactly as easy to say to a child, "That's not pretty" as, "That's wrong"; and, if the child has not been æsthetically stunted, much more effective. A lucky little girl in my acquaintance whose mother has carefully fostered her love of beauty can be brought out of any mood by the remark, "You aren't pretty when you do that," or turned from any projected naughtiness by, "That's not a pretty thing to do." As she grows older the general words "pretty" and "nice" in which the appeal must now be phrased will change naturally to more specific terms like courteous, kindly, truthful, tactful, and charming. But the appeal will be the same.

In at least two respects young people have already adopted for themselves the æsthetic standard. One is the hatred of cheapness which is so deeply ingrained in them. They loathe imitations and shams; to most of them a reputation for frequent appearances before a police judge is preferable to a reputation for buying clothes at a mail-order house or toilet articles at dime stores. When they call an acquaintance a "cheap skate" they have done their worst for him. And when one considers all the implications of stinginess, littleness, and vulgarity packed into the phrase, that worst seems enough.

But an ethical factor even more important than their disdain for cheapness is their love of good sportsmanship, a basically æsthetic ideal which even their critical elders must find admirable. Say that you consider a course of action "yellow," or a piece of grand-standing, or unfair and, if he respects your judgment at all, the most blasé young Charleston expert will wince. And he does not fool himself into thinking those qualities wrong or imprudent. They are simply not the fitting or comely way to play the game. Thus do young people recognize that the original meaning of "fair" is after all "the agreeable to the sight."

Just one more concrete illustration. Last spring a freshman whose intensity and refractoriness had troubled me all winter stopped at my desk and asked to walk home with me. We talked of this and that until I turned to relieve him of my books at my door. Then he got out, "Tell me what you think of free love." I assured him that I thought any real love must be free, but that in the technical sense in which I presumed he used the phrase, I thought it might be a fine name for promiscuity, which didn't seem to me particularly desirable. He went on to say that a girl with whom he had been going about had almost converted him to the theory. When I asked about her, he said she was older, had been married and divorced, he thought, and now practiced what she preached. "Oh, she knows her oats," he summarized.

A day or two later he came to the office. He had an engagement with the girl for that night. Some last little pang of indecision had sent him in search of advice. I tried prudence first, pointing out that he was inexperienced, the girl experienced, mentioning possible legal and physical consequences of no very attractive color, and emphasizing the irrevocableness of the step. My arguments failed to touch him. His eyes glowing, he said he thought he could manage the situation. He had always been kept too "innocent" at home—it was time he was growing up.

Then I tried the other way. Had he thought much about love? Oh, yes. With his fondness for pretty things he would want love to be beautiful, something romantic and rich? Of course. Did not this thing he was contemplating seem a pretty cheap substitute for the lovely experience he dreamed of? Ye-es, but he didn't think it was *wrong;* nobody

much except his parents seemed to think so nowadays. Inwardly cursing a home which could send a boy into our world to-day with no moral equipment but the brittle right-and-wrong standard, I told him that I didn't know that I thought it wrong, but it did seem to me cheap, as if one were so anxious for a diamond that one put on a ten-cent bauble instead of saving for the real thing.

I shall never be sure that that got him, but I learned later that he postponed "growing up" for at least that night.

The æsthetic standard is naturally more appealing to youth than the right-and-wrong or the prudent-and-foolish because it is more positive and more adventurous. It is right *not* to steal, *not* to covet, *not* to outrage another's feelings; it is prudent *not* to attempt the things experience has shown disastrous. Such a system is like a vast park strewn with "don'ts" with no interesting possibilities of "do" in evidence. Put it the other way: theft, covetousness, and wanton violation of another's personality are ugly things which do not belong in the pattern of grace and charm upon which we are shaping our lives. Hence we are not concerned with them. But generosity of spirit, tolerance, and a fine kind of courtesy are lovely qualities which it is worth while to embody in the pattern. This patient effort to make "what is fitting for myself" really a part of myself demands a lofty notion of myself, even though tempered with an intelligent estimate of the clay in my composition. Æsthetic morality is summed up in the sentence one hears everywhere: "That would be a lovely thing to do." No compulsion, no hope of reward or fear of punishment is expressed here—only an appreciation of the richest of all pleasures, a sense that one is doing the act appropriate and magnanimous.

Santayana insists that the æsthetic demand for the moral life is the highest possible standard. May I go farther? If morality or, for that matter, interesting living is ever again to be possible for a civilization which denies itself the sanctions of eternal punishment or reward, it must come when a love of beauty is so much a part of us that we shrink away from the ugly and strain toward the lovely deed.

A DRINK OF WATER

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

SHE is a puzzle, in ways, to the gentlemen who are in need of blondes. One meditates: "How cleverly they do do it; you'd never imagine her to be a day over thirty-five." And another, perhaps the very next: "How it does tell on them; she looks thirty-five already if she looks a day." So much for mystery; that she happens to *be* thirty-five never seems to occur to any of them.

Perhaps it is simply because she doesn't care. This is no fault of hers. It is possible that she would like to care, but has lost the way of it.

Occasionally gentlemen are troubled. There grows, at times, the resentful suspicion that she is not there, but somewhere else. But it is wrong of them to upbraid her. If she's not thinking quite altogether of present company, certainly she's not thinking of any other; and what more can gentlemen ask? It's wrong, too, to find anything wanting in the kindness of her smile. For if it's a slow smile, it's a conscientious and unfailing one—as unfailing as the greeting that goes with it, "And what can I do for *you?*"

And it's wrong again to look for irony or mockery in that. For that, simply, is what she means to say. She grows toward simplicity; from the complexity, say, of a girl of fourteen, toward the simplicity of a girl of six. Perhaps some day the one vestige, the one thought-wrinkle graven between the straw-colored brows, will fill up and come out smooth. Then, perhaps, her simplicity will have become so transparent that no gentleman, no matter how elderly or needy or ashamed, will do her the ill of suspecting either weariness or raillery in her words.

Once upon a time one gentleman echoed them. "What can you do for me? You might tell me the story—if you'd like to, that is."

"What story? I'm not very good at stories."

"There's always a story, isn't there? How you—how it happened?"

"Oh, you mean how I fell?"

At twenty-eight, except for glimpses, Clare Mayo had never seen the ocean. In so big a gulp, then, it would have been strong medicine for anyone.

What Clare had written for was something "just big enough for one," where for her fortnight she could simply dream and do nothing, "not crowded," if possible "away out on some shore." The agent had promised her she wouldn't be pestered. The next cottage to hers, he wrote, was "well away."

It was. No more than a gray peak of its roof was visible, over the gray-grassed rise of a dune up-shore, a good eighth of a mile away.

"That's Mrs. Eccles. She won't bother you, though, land knows."

"But, Mr. Kinsman—" Then Clare, the close-mouthed, closed her mouth. She turned again to survey the dimensions of the solitude she had bargained for. To Kinsman, the house agent, the symptoms were not altogether unfamil-

iar. So he made haste to recite his piece.

"For anybody wanting peace and quiet, this shore out here is the acme, the very acme, Miss. Nothing to bother or molest any Heaven's living thing. Folks don't know what their latches are for out here, nor their window-shades. That's easy. Nobody's going to come all the way out to this end of the island that their business don't bring 'em. And what *is* there? Look all that side out front. The Atlantic Ocean, Miss. Course, if a body's timid of whales—huh-huh! Then where you're looking there, to the north'rd, out that point of land. Nobody. Not a Heaven's soul, except one coastguard station. And now round astern here, inshore: I'm sure of one thing, nobody's coming in on you across them swamps, and I'll tell you why, because all around that pretty-looking, sweet-water pond down there it's so chock-a-block full of quicksands you couldn't put a doll down anywheres but it would go right straight through to China. It's all fenced in, you can see, but still I make a point of speaking of it to renters, even though there's signs up for them that run to read. But you stay your side of that fence, and I don't know anywheres in all this Hollow Beach region, any time of day or night, a child of three couldn't feel as serene as in its own crib in its nursery. . . . Here's all the groceries, Miss—the vegetables—Enid James' boy brought them out this morning, as you wrote—"

They were in the house, somehow or other.

"Milk—yep, there it is. That blue-flame was new this season. Water in this tank. Fresh this morning. My man comes by to fill it mornings."

Clare had passed out of the kitchen into the front half of the box, the bed-and-living-room. She sat down on the cot there and stared at the windows.

"Potatoes, yes, and eggs," the agent's soothing voice wound after her. "And I make a point of mentioning to renters, in case they're not too able swimmers, they say certain tides there's apt to be a mite of an undertow along this beach—once in a great time when the wind's eastering—"

There were two windows facing Clare. The shades were two-thirds drawn. What was left was the blank blue of the sea. The emptiness she had wanted so long. But it moved. She saw it moving swiftly and directly at her. And now for the first time she became conscious of the sound it made. The rolling sound, too, came at her, loudening.

"But, Mr. Kinsman—" Her voice lifted and thinned. "*Mr. Kinsman!*"

She ran out into the kitchen. Through the open door she saw the agent's Ford in flight along the wheel-ruts across the wavy moor.

It was after two, and Clare had had nothing since her roll-and-coffee on the Fall River boat. She fell to pawing over the comestibles, but her interest was still-born. Presently she was out of doors. Child of the midlands and of cities, she felt herself shrinking. "I wanted to be alone—but heavens!" She went around front. "Well, I suppose I came to see the ocean, didn't I?"

From the shack there was an illusion of the water coming up, clear, deep and heavy, under the very foundations of the land, where it broke off there, fifty yards away. But when she had waded to it through knee-high wire-grass, she saw that that was only a bank, and that beyond and beneath it a wide beach intervened to hold the sea at its distance, and even play with it, in fripperies of white lace and pale-green cornucopias. What was more, at a distance along the sandy ribbon there was a bevy of picnickers, their luncheon implements winking like semaphores, youngsters sprawled in bright bathing suits to soak up the September sunshine or hopping in and out of the shallow snowdrifts of the surf.

It worked magic. Clare thought, "How silly I have been!" A sudden softness ran in the wind, space shrank,

and the light on the sand was gold. Now she remembered. She was on the holiday of years. She recollected the weeks of dreams, the romantic plans, the adventurous purchases. At that, hurrying back to the house, she opened her bags and tumbled things out. She latched the door, drew the shades, undressed and, letting her clothes lie where they fell, she put on the new blue-and-white-striped boy's bathing suit.

Shivering with bareness and the tiny sword-cuts of the grasses, she ran out again. There was a flight of wooden steps down the seven-foot bank, but she wouldn't take it; she spread her arms like wings and sailed. Picking herself up from her soft landing below, she ran on, light as nothing, down the wind-rippled slope toward the bubbles and the shine. She laughed at the feel of foam on her ankles, full of pebbles, like an electric rain.

Clare was afraid of a great many things, but water wasn't one of them. She had almost lived in the river in her girlhood summers, and she had swum in Lake Erie lots of times when the waves looked quite as high as these. But there was something more. In the revulsion from that opening moment of panic it seemed as though nothing in all space could harm her. She had never felt like that before. . . . Arrowing her hands over her bent head, she dived into the wall of the oncoming comber white as milk and smooth as glass.

So strong was that sense of liberation from cowardice, she was conscious of no dismay when the undertow took her. Wonder, yes; but wonder paralyzed too quickly to turn to terror as it swept her down.

An oppression. A green darkness, greener, darker, veined with fluent lightnings. An incalculable violence, smooth as satin. Down and down. Life left far behind, no bigger than an orange, whole, round and brightly lit. Blackness in a vortex, whirling deeper, deeper. Then sudden radiance.

The face above hers, as she lay on the sand, was the face of an angel with a halo, a nose a little stubbed for humor, a tendency to freckles, and blue eyes that were dark with anxiety. A man's mouth, made for kisses to dream of, opened and said, "Thank God; waked up. Lucky I was headed this way, wasn't it? You ought to have had more sense." What a smile!

His eyes looked down into hers; hers looked up into his. They could never be strangers. They had skipped all that. Dreams do come true.

The thing was, Clare was as drunk as any lord that ever reeled. It was the first time she had ever been touched by an elemental violence; it was the first time she had ever died: and to find it hadn't hurt her was dazzling.

"I wish I'd known the sea long ago. *That's* what I've wanted *all along*."

"How do you feel?" asked the hero. "Swallowed much water?"

It was music. Celestial. Why speak? Why stir? "I wonder if he isn't—maybe—the Man. Wouldn't that be too wonderful!"

"Tell me, can't you? Feel any better? Feel all right?"

Why stir? Why speak? "He loves me. He does. *Me!* He's not like them—all the awful others. It's because he can't help it: it's like the fearful pull of that undertow. My hair's all down my face and my lips feel blue, and he doesn't yet even *know* I'm beautiful. It's just because he's he and I'm me."

"You're frightened," he said. "Of course. But don't be any more."

Making a cup of a hand, gently he imprisoned one of her breasts.

She couldn't help it; it wasn't *her* recoil; it was the flinching of her nerves. It wasn't *her* gasp; it wasn't *her* hand that freed her breast and flung his hand away. It was—well, simply, she had been Clare Mayo too long.

He was on his feet, yards off, his face as red as hers, bewildered.

"Why—what'd you think?—I was just seeing if your heart—"

But then he laughed for bitterness.

"My Gawd! can you beat that!" And wheeling, he walked away.

Words ran through her brain. "No! Listen! Please listen! Oh, you know I never meant—you didn't mean—"

But he was too far now, even if she could have uttered them, an affronted ramrod, stalking back to his picnic party where he belonged. She rolled over and put her hands around her eyes.

The sun through the hands made a chamber of warm rose, color of bliss. Into it tears fell. A stupid anguish. A tide of fury. "You fool!"

There was a joke there if one wanted to look at it. The weeks of anticipation. The opening panic. The liberation. The undertow. Death. Resurrection. The hero. All those steps of a dramatic preparation, like a story in a book. And then—

But, no! If nothing else would tell her, common sense would. Things as big as that aren't stopped by things as accidental and meaningless as that.

"He'll come back. He'll see. You watch if he doesn't. He'll be back."

She lay still, all ears. The surf rolled thunder up the sand, but that didn't matter: she would hear the crunch of his soles a hundred feet away.

"He'll come. You wait and see."

Once she started, as if she had really been sleeping, parted her fingers and peeped. The beach was bare. The picnic had packed up and gone.

"But that's nothing. What difference? He will—he *shall* come back."

The shadow of the moor-bank slipped toward her across the reddening sand. She had a headache, and the chill had got into the hollows of her bones.

She didn't hear, after all; she simply knew. She rolled over, sat bolt up, and took the hands from her eyes.

The man there shifted his eyes quickly, to the sea. He wore a baggy tweed patterned in "invisible" plaid and carried a picked-up stick in his hand. In the mid-forties, sparely built, clean shaven, restless lipped, there was in his air a compound of absurdly warring elements—excitation and sang-froid—embarrassment and a kind of galvanic sprightliness.

But all Clare saw about him was that he was not the man.

She became conscious of the nakedness of her legs. When she had wrapped them in her arms, the arms too were bare. As the man's gaze pretended to discover her, with a slight start, she turned her own away. An old rancor gathered an old frown between her moody golden brows.

The man drifted nearer. He sat down. He sighed, as if he had sat down because he was leg-weary.

"Little bit chilly, isn't it?"

Clare felt cheated and sore and angry. She felt like giving this one, this time, a bawling-out he wouldn't forget. But what was the use? Getting to her feet, with only a passing stare, she walked to the bank and climbed the steps.

At the house she dressed hurriedly, the pain in her head increasing. It occurred to her it might be because she hadn't eaten; and once more, conquering an aversion, she tackled the untidy heap of her provisions. She had a wick of the stove lighted and a kettle on to boil when, passing the open door, she saw the stranger with the stick outside. He made the most of her arrest.

"Nice little place you have here, Miss—uh— My name is Smith."

It was in a way pathetic and in a way ridiculous, if Clare could but have seen it so. Under pretense of admiring the lines of the jerry-built shack, his gaze, full of the wistful excitement of the man towards fifty, continued to encompass her. He kept winking his eyes and gnawing his lip and hummed in his throat as if to cover the beating of his heart.

"Yes?" Clare's eyes, divided by the frown, passed deliberately over him. "What can I do for you?"

He seemed confused by the direct question, and took out his watch.

"If it's the old one about its having stopped—it's just six-twelve."

"Oh, no—no—it's not stopped. Good

watch. Good timekeeper. Would you believe it, I've carried that watch—"

"I'm sorry, but I'm busy now."

"Only I thought—uh—could I have a drink of water, d'you suppose?"

Pinching her lips to keep from further words, she filled a dusty tumbler at the tank-tap. When she got back to the door the man was nearly in.

"Just come, have you?" He peered. "All alone here? I should think you would be a little— Oh, thanks, yes. That's so sweet of you. Mmmm! this drink of water will save my life. . . . As I was saying—"

"You can leave the glass on the step when you're done. I'm sorry again, but I've got other things. Good-by."

On his face, in the narrowing aperture of the door she closed, Clare saw a whole drama. She saw for the first time that under his easy daring he was almost sick with timidity, and under his sprightliness wretched with nerves and shame. She saw the eagerness of a screwed-up youthfulness collapse into the wistful chagrin of middle age.

He wouldn't believe it, even yet. He rapped. Then he pounded. His voice sounded thick. "Say! Why the huff? All I wanted—I hadn't finished thanking you for the drink of water. . . . Well, can you beat that!"

The door was already locked; Clare found the bolt above it and slid it loudly home. She stood leaning there against it for a while, again all ears. She was frightened, but oddly enough it wasn't of the man himself. It was of the thing that possessed him. She had seen it so many times, and she didn't yet know clearly what it was. It was the same with drunkenness: that too made the mildest of men dare to make asses of themselves.

It made her weary and it made her angry. It was precisely from that sort of thing that she had run away for her two short weeks—and here it was.

Where was he and what was he doing? She couldn't hear. The wind whispered too loudly over the shingles outside, the surf droned, the kettle had begun to sing.

She wouldn't say it till she was sure. But at last she was sure.

"Thank Heavens! I guess he's gone away."

Then her heart skipped. Feet were moving on the porch at the shanty's farther end. Knuckles on the front door.

Presently, a little out of patience, a woman's hail.

"Woo-hoo! Anybody home?"

Clare had some bread and butter and cocoa. The woman from next door insisted. Afterwards, by starlight, they sat out on the step of the porch.

"So you're Mrs. Eccles," Clare mused. "Mr. Kinsman was telling me—"

"Mrs. *Eccles! Mrs.* Eccles!" The caller leaned back and for drama held her sides while she chuckled. She was a woman somewhat older than Clare, but smaller and brunette, of the type that will stand a lot of refurbishing and fool them for years. "So Mr. Kinsman takes me for—but of course he would. I bet Tom Eccles would have a duck-fit, though, if he heard him call me that."

Clare didn't quite follow. Nevertheless, she hastened to fill the pause.

"You're staying late, aren't you?"

"Yes, it is late. Tom was to come and get me two weeks ago; then a week ago. Now it won't be until—" She sat brooding at the black ribbon of ocean, her arms around her knees. "*If* he's coming at *all*." Her voice grew harsh. "I wish to *God* they'd tell you. They might. It's not their getting through you mind so much; you expect it. It's the way they get out from under and leave you to find it out. Damn men!"

Clare simply sat. The other cast off that mood with a shrug.

"Well, we should worry. Now let's talk about you. Your name is—?"

"Clare Mayo. Miss."

"Miss, eh? You must've had *your* work keeping single with *your* looks. Because I suppose you know you're

exactly the type that knocks 'em dead."

Clare picked at a crack in the porch floor, pouting self-consciously.

"Well, I wouldn't say—though I guess I *was* fairly good-looking once, or at least they seemed to think so. The year the war finished I was—well I was 'Miss Dayton' in the Beauty Contest conducted by the Cincinnati *Press*. And they gave me—well—the prize."

"My Heavenly Father! And you mean to say, after that, you could keep 'em off with a pole? Didn't you get millions of proposals?"

"Oh, dear, yes. It was too perfectly terrible."

"Too *what?*"

"It scared me so. It was too revolting."

"Oh, but there must have been *some* that didn't look so bad. No?"

"They were mostly all letters. I had twenty a day some days."

"How could *letters* scare you, for Heaven's sake?"

"Oh, I don't know—but the nerve of them! How could they know they'd love me, just from pictures in papers? What did they know about me? I mean *me*. It made—love—seem so—somehow—there was something so somehow insulting about it all. And the worst of it was, it made Avery—"

"Ah!" The other grew sage. "I see. You were in love already."

"Not—not formally. But Avery and I—why, we'd been kids together. He was shy. He was a little lame, from an accident, and had some scars. But he was earning good money as a drug-clerk, and in another year or so—but then when I was getting those letters, all of a sudden he gave up his job and went away."

"Oh, dear! And now what have you been doing with yourself?"

"I'm assistant-manager of a Woolworth store in Newark just at present."

"And you've never been in love with anyone, since—Avery?"

"How can you be? When all they want to do is flirt and hold your hand and call you by your first name before they've known you ten minutes. *Love!*"

"But afterwards?"

"There doesn't seem to be any 'afterwards.' They never seem really carried away enough, heart and soul, to want to— Oh, I don't know, but it seems to me, when they see I don't respond to their very first advances—"

"But you are in love now."

"I? No, I'm not. Heavens and Earth! Me? Who with?"

"With yourself."

It was too startling and too absurd. But it paid her, for opening to a stranger, the mouth she had kept shut so long, and a dubious one at that.

"If you mean I've some self-respect, why, yes, I have. I presume my ideas about love may seem funny to you, and old-fashioned. But to me, it's too big a thing to fall into one minute and out of the next. Maybe I was taught wrong as a child, but here's what I do truly believe. I believe I was meant for some one man, somewhere, and some one man was meant for me. I do believe that when he sees me it won't be any mere 'Some baby! guess I'll give her a call' with him. I know that when our paths cross at last—when our eyes meet—I don't care where it is—"

The catch was in her throat, bitter with rue, before the memory was in her mind. A nose a little stubbed for humor, blue eyes dark with dilation looking down into her wide-open ones, a man's mouth, a boy's smile, and a halo against the blue. *Was he the man?* Or rather, was he *to have been?*

Clare surrendered to bitterness, and it cried in her voice. "I can't help the way I'm made. All I know is, the way I am, I won't be anything unless I can be everything, and that means forever. I never quite knew it until to-day, when I got into that undertow down there—but that's what I am—that's what I've got to be. I refuse to be a brook or a puddle to wade in. I've got to be the whole world's ocean to some one man. That's me."

The other nodded thoughtfully as she dreamed into the starlight.

"Yes, I know. We're all like that, we girls. We'd all like to be the ocean to some man if only it was left to us."

"Well, after all, why isn't it—in a way?"

"Because only some of us were born to it. God didn't pay as much attention to our wants as he might have; he was too busy with the men's. There are some men that need an ocean. But there are some, and there are plenty, that wouldn't know what to do with a whole ocean of water. All they want is just a cup of it here and there. Just somebody standing at the crossroad to hand them out a smile and a drink of water on their way. Whoever the old writer was that wrote it might have put it, '*She* also serves—'"

Clare had turned to stare. As word by word it grew more incredible and at the same time more sibylline, her jaw hung heavier and her eyes grew big.

"We can't help it," mused the woman, dropping her feet from the step to the sand. "We can't help our type."

She got up with a flicker of laughter and a shrug. When she had said, "Good night, neighbor; sleep tight," she walked away into the darkness, leaving behind her for a moment after she had vanished the whisper of her legs through the papery tangle of the grass.

Clare must have sat there for a long, long while. When she got up her muscles were aching. She didn't know which way to turn. She had an impulse to sit down again where she had been. But she didn't. She went to the north end of the shallow porch and stood staring out.

"What did that woman mean, we can't help—?"

It had been bad enough by daylight there, the sense of everything solid crumbling away into the swirl of uneasy waters and the solitudes of space. But now by starlight it was worse. When the earth had run a rod beyond the bright oblongs thrown from the windows, that was all. Then the black gulf began. Nothing any more to go by. Nothing to touch. Nothing even to see, unless it was a powder of fallen stars a little way down to the left, where the pond in the marsh made a mirror. And that was quicksand, all that way.

"Wh-what did she mean, we can't help our—?"

Clare ran away from it. Inside the house she set to work closing and bolting all the shutters. She slipped off her blouse, her skirt, and her shoes; then, overtaken by a curious exhaustion, drew a kimono over what was left, blew out the light, and crept under a blanket on the cot that did for a bed. But then the air grew bad. The shack hadn't been rented; it smelled of a whole year's vacancy. She felt more than stifled; she felt boxed up and nailed in. To save herself she had to unlock and open the door again. She pulled the cot over to it, where she could reach it with her hand.

"Oh, but I can never sleep this way, never." She lay staring out into the emptiness. There was no wind. The sound of the surf had died to a riffle. It was strange; the thing she felt now was not the solitude; it was the sense of a fearful publicity in face of it. "I can never! I can never!" She pulled the blanket up over her ear.

Clare awoke with a whiteness in her eyes.

The moon that had arisen was no more than a silver rind, belly down and tips in the air, but it gave out an extraordinary light. It made a road all the way in from the horizon to the porch; the blades of the waves far out were no more shining than the blades of the grasses near at hand. Beneath its ray everything looked different, more cut-out, more rational. Clare had never been so wide awake, nor her mind so calmly, so pitilessly, clear.

"Why, of course! That's why everything has always been all wrong. *I am that type.*"

The devil in it was that, of a sudden, it

explained everything. It made order out of disorder. Like one of those weird moon-rays cast back, it lighted all her memories from a new angle, never dreamed of. And the hated faces. Now she saw that it was she who had been the wrong one; it was they, with their quickening glances, the trailers and note-writers, the sailors and travelers, the young foxes in automobiles and the gray wolves walking alone, who had known what they were about.

A shiver passed from her ankles to her scalp, like slow lightning. She started to sob, but caught herself, and turned it into a raffish titter.

"*Oh*, very well!"

The life she had had seemed far away, but just now she couldn't mourn it; her mood was too glittering. A glittering mutiny. Glittering dismay. And little by little, deep somewhere, the glint of a thrill. She saw herself so tragic, so strange.

"So you thought you'd be the ocean. With *your* type."

She recollected the fellow who had saved her from drowning, with a wince of mockery. "Not in yours, Dearie. He's the kind that does want the ocean, just now, anyway. It's the other sort, like that awful creature—*Oh, Lord!*"

All this while she had been lying as still as sleep, frozen by the moon. But now she started to an elbow and held her head erect.

"Oh, dear! where has he gone? The one I gave the drink of water, at the door. How do I know— Yes, and he asked me particularly if I was alone here. And he looked so—so— Oh, dear! how do I know he's gone at all?"

She saw the bitter joke. "Why, he's exactly the sort God was thinking about. Clare, dearie, *they're your kind*." Lying back she stared out at the water.

"Oh, all right." She pinched her shoulders in a shrug, and again she tittered. "Let 'em come."

She was wide awake, yet it had the color and the inconsequence of a dream. There had been nothing in her eyes but the shine of the moon on the water, suave, fluent, a million threads interweaving. And when she had spoken, and though she hadn't even winked, the shape of a man stood against the glow.

He stood knee-deep in the grass out near the bank and, since he was so black in silhouette, there was no way of knowing which way he was facing, seaward or landward, until he moved. When he moved, it was toward the shack.

It was so quiet she could hear him, step by step, *shuffing* the grass-stems. She saw him, without changing shape, grow large. She was conscious neither of fright nor of wonder, nor even of acquiescence, unless a log can be said to be acquiescent. She lay like a log.

If he had come right on, he could have come right on. Why he didn't was beyond her fathoming. Was it some sound she had made without knowing she made a sound? Magic again. There he had been, and there he no longer was.

But this time she knew what had happened. She could see the gap where he lay hidden under the silver carpet of the grass.

That frightened her at last. She swallowed, and the swallow started her heart going, and she could put out her hand. She pushed at the door. She slipped out of bed, and because both hands were shaking she used them both to keep the key quiet as she turned it and muffle the bolt as she edged it to.

No!

Her teeth chattered. She sank on the foot of the cot.

No! No! She was Clare Mayo, and no one could make her anyone else. And if she was in a fix now, it served her right.

That type? "Type! Type! Type!" *What* type, for goodness' sake? What a lot of babbling nonsense! From the mouth of a kept-woman too! And just because she was lonesome and blue, she had swallowed it whole, and pitied herself, yes, and almost been persuaded that she felt a kind of maudlin thrill.

She held her breath to listen, but she couldn't keep her heart still.

"No! No!" it pounded. "No! No! No!"

Why, it was all a dream; it must be; she ought to have known. The impulse to jump up and throw the door open wide was getting beyond her, when again she went cold.

Feet were on the porch. Near the door, which had certainly looked open but a moment ago, they paused, mystified. . . . The tread again. The weight of a hand on the shingles. He had gone to the window. Though the shutters were fast, the sash was raised, and Clare could hear his breathing. It sounded obstructed and heavy, yet rapid, whipped by nerves. There was the snap of a fingernail wedged under the shutter's flange, trying.

"Oh, God!" Clare prayed.

Sudden knuckles were on the door-panel, inches from her ear. Rap-rap! Then, exasperated: Bang-bang-bang!

"Oh, God!" Clare prayed.

God answered. Scuffing, the feet passed off the planking of the porch.

Not a sound. Whether the sheathing was too thick to let her hear, or whether he had gone back to stealth, or whether, for a miracle, fooled by silence into believing the shuttered place was empty after all—

"No, but he knows! He *knows* I'm here."

She started to run. She had to spread her fingers out ahead of her in the pitch-dark for fear of colliding with things.

He won by yards. While she was still midway of the kitchen his hand was on *that* door. Had she locked it? She threw her body against it. Yes, she had.

"Go 'way! You old thing you! Go on away!"

If hers wasn't like any human voice, neither was the one beyond the wood. It sounded weazened and penurious, whispery, stammery, appalled.

"Please! Let me t-t-tell you—"

"No! No-sir! Go on away!"

"All I want— Won't you o-o-open the door? A l-l-l-little mite?"

"I should say I would not! Not in a million years!"

"Don't be—be scared of me. All I want is ju-ju-just a—"

"Oh, I know all that. '*A little drink of water, please?*' I know all that."

"Y-y-y-yes. Yes, yes!"

Clare nearly forgot she was terrified: it was she now who pounded the door.

"You listen; I'm not that type, I'm *not*, and don't you fool yourself I am. *Oh!* I hate you and all like you. I detest and despise you. I wouldn't give you a drink if you were dying in the Desert of Sahara. For God's sake, come to! Beat it! Go 'way!"

Outside, not a sound. He must have been laid out. Utterly flattened.

It began to grow awful. Clare remembered what had happened when she shut the door in the man's face at dusk: the beginnings of red veins that were in his eyes.

"I'm not alone here," she called of a sudden. "And I've got a gun."

She couldn't hear what it was he said. But then it came. Fists in a tempest on the hollow wood. A shoulder, battering. A rain of heels. Her wits gone, legs propped stiff, Clare leaned with all her weight. The blows banged her shoulders and shivered down her spine. The latch cracked. A bit of it, as it flew, stung her wrist. She hadn't had time to pray.

Almost as suddenly as it had begun, it ended. As though appalled by its own racket in the hush of the moors, it dwindled to nearly nothing. Fingernails trailing down the wood. Then nothing at all.

Clare bent over. Near the crack, waist-high, she heard a puff of breath. It was queer; it gave her a queer turn.

"That's finished," she said to herself. "He's had enough."

No "perhaps" about it; simply, she could tell. And with that, with the passing of the need of fright, the strangest thing came over her. She couldn't

help it; she thought to herself, "He was young once, handsome maybe; probably lots of girls were after him. Then they weren't after him so much. Shy, to begin with, he had to begin to try not to be so shy. By and by he had to begin even to be a bother. Now at last he's made his spectacle of himself, good and plenty. And that's that."

Weak tears dampened her eyes. Mixed with her pity there was a prick of guilt. "And there are some . . . all they want is just a cup of it. . . ." It was insidious: it took her off her guard. "*She* also serves . . ."

Clare spread her fingers out and walked into the other room.

"Bosh!" She struck the tears away with her wrist. "How many times do I have to show *that* stuff up, for Heaven's sake? I know as much about God as she does. I know more about me. I know what I want. I want my man."

She lay down on the cot. Everything went out of her. The darkness careened a little. Time stopped. It wasn't a swoon, yet it wasn't sleep.

Clare raised her face from the pillow and saw the cracks in the shutters white. She got up, reeling slightly, unlocked and threw open the door. The sun was still beneath the horizon, but up in the sky it was day. She was still giddy. All she knew was that she wanted to get away from there.

"I'll run over to *her* house."

Then she saw her neighbor, in a dressing-gown, out at the steps to the beach, waving. When she had stepped out, careless of stocking-feet, she became aware of others, nearer, and grew confused, for they were men.

There were three. They approached, half bent, studying the sandy spots beneath the grass. One was in uniform. It was he discovered her.

"Anybody this way last night?"

"N-n-not that I know of." Why in the world did she lie?

"Nobody bother you?"

"I slept sound."

The man pursued the tracks. Around the porch. Around the corner.

"Guess you did."

Clare followed them, fascinated. When they had come to the back door and examined the ground there, the coastguard gave her a queer look.

"Guess you did sleep sound."

Even this failed to break the shell of her fascination.

They moved off, away from the shack, inshore, still parting the grasses. The coastguard came to a halt. He raised his eyes and stared ahead.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Of course!"

The second man whistled. "The pond! Of course he would. Not knowing."

The third man took his jaw in his fist. "Good—*night!*"

Clare ran away. When the woman known as "Mrs. Eccles" saw her coming she disappeared down the steps. Clare followed.

On the beach sat a boat, a weed-soiled dory with a broken stick through a thwart and a rag of sail. A second coastguard leaned on the gunwale, smoking a pipe. The sun, pushing above the ocean, turned everything pink.

The dory sat high where the tide had left it. Not dry, though. The surf-landing had half filled it with water. In this, as in a bath, a man reclined. He was making a horrible face at Clare.

"What is it?" she asked the coastguard. "What's the matter with him? Is he—is he—dead?"

"Sure is; this one. Wa'n't quite as tough's the other one, I guess."

"But how did he—how did it come here? The—this boat?"

"Oh, got parted from some fisherman out there somewheres, on the Georgias most likely. Then most likely blowed offshore a spell. Must've been adrift quite some little while, by the looks o' things."

"But what's he making that face—why is he—sticking out his tongue?"

"You never seen thirst?"

GETTING OFF THE BANDWAGON

BY OSCAR LEWIS

AT a luncheon last summer in a Western city a citizen well known for his benefactions got to his feet and talked before a group of business and professional men for, perhaps, fifteen minutes. It was the first public speech of his career. He spoke in a quiet, conversational tone, with none of the orator's tricks of gesture or articulation. Yet before he had said a dozen words the room had become so quiet that the dropping of the proverbial pin would have sounded like a commotion.

"Let us begin," he had remarked casually, "by recognizing that the booster has outlived his usefulness."

He could hardly have found a sentence better calculated to jar his audience into immediate attention. Coming from a man of unquestioned public spirit, of demonstrated devotion to the common good, his words had all the reassuring and tranquilizing effect of a bombshell. He continued in the same vein, presenting the first telling indictment of booster aims and accomplishments that most of his audience had ever heard.

"I venture to predict," he remarked in closing, "that within a very short time we shall see a nation-wide reaction against boosterism in all its forms. We shall be made to realize that we have been on the wrong track. We have been following the bandwagon blindly, and the bandwagon has led us into a very dubious neighborhood indeed. We shall have to beat back to more attractive surroundings. That will be our problem. It will be a long, dusty journey, and we won't like it. But it will have to be made."

The body of his short speech was a temperate, common-sense arraignment of the doctrines which underlie the national mania for bigger and better everything.

"In the past few years we have succeeded in accomplishing a very remarkable thing. We have convinced ourselves that doing is vastly more important than being. We have tried to stamp out the personal equation, to deny that living is an individual problem, and that the first concern of the individual is to live his life as fully and comfortably as his circumstances permit. We have reached the point where we are ashamed to acknowledge in public that a sense of personal well-being is the part of life that chiefly concerns us. We shall get back to earth on the day we realize that a city is not, fundamentally, a collection of buildings, which should be made bigger, but a collection of human beings, who should be made more comfortable. We are already beginning to make progress. The average man is no longer flattered when the epithet booster is applied to him. In a few years it will be a term of open derision."

Since the day he listened to that informal and devastating little speech the writer has been curious to know how far the statements made there square up with the facts. He has kept his ears and eyes open, and he has read, and he has asked questions. He has learned a number of things that surprised him, and that may surprise others. If he were asked to-day, "Is the booster era about to come to an end?" his answer would be an unqualified "Yes."

II

It will be interesting to examine the evidence. The inquiry will be confined to California, both because it is here that boosterism has sunk its roots deepest into the soil and reached its most luxurious growth, and because signs of reaction are already visible here and are not yet visible in other parts of the country.

Here it is easy to trace the evolution of the booster, and when the Californian remarks, as he sometimes does, that he adopted boosterism by force of circumstances, he is speaking the truth. The beginnings take us back twenty-five years. About 1900 an interesting and significant movement began to get under way; its origin, not in California, but fifteen hundred miles to the east. Half a dozen agricultural states in the Middle West, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri . . . were then just finishing what was without doubt the most laboriously hard-working quarter-century in the history of the country. The industry of the Middle-Western farmer was so remarkable that it became a national byword. Throughout the entire region breakfast was served in farmhouse kitchens at four-thirty, and at the end of the day teams were unharnessed and stabled by lantern-light. It was a period of unrelenting toil, a long-continued and bitter struggle to "get on." It was also a period of almost unparalleled progress. There were temporary setbacks, bad years when crops were poor or prices ruinously low, but in general the line of prosperity followed a steadily ascending curve. By 1900 there were scattered throughout the district literally tens of thousands of middle-aged farmers and businessmen who had made comfortable fortunes. These had the means and the leisure to travel, and presently they also got the desire. They traveled.

A great many came to California and a certain number—a rather large number—liked it so well that they decided to remain. The mild winter climate was then, as it is now, one of the chief attractions. By permitting them to live outdoors the year around, the climate, combined with rest, restored to health and activity many bodies which a lifetime of hard work had brought near the grave. News of the sort of life to be lived on the Coast spread through the Middle West. In a few years it came to be the accepted thing for prosperous citizens to move to California when they retired. The migration, beginning about 1900, has continued ever since, reaching its height during the decade between 1905 and 1915. It was in these ten years that California, and in particular, southern California, found the wealth of the Middle West pouring over its borders at the rate of millions of dollars a month.

We come now to what is meant when the Californian says that he had boosterism thrust upon him. The tide of settlers from the East brought sudden and sharp stimulation to the business life of a region that had been taking its responsibilities lightly. There was land to be sold, houses to be built and furnished, a wide variety of new needs to be supplied. All these things were required quickly, and all were paid for liberally, in cash. It was a new California gold rush, and speed and quantity were the only essentials to success. The man who built the most houses, and built them first, reaped the biggest reward, and what was true of individuals was true of cities. The result was the abrupt appearance of a spirit of intense, bitter competition which for twenty years was to run through the commercial life of the state, and to wash over into the social life, developing attitudes of mind which to-day color the opinions of ninety per cent of the citizens. It has shown signs of abating only within the past two or three years.

The beginning of this period of intense competition was the beginning of the booster era. Its original intention was to attract the attention of buyers by pointing out the unrivaled advantages

of the particular residences being built by a particular one of the competing contractors. Its growth was a natural one. Beginning with the rivalry of individuals, it spread in widening circles until its waves agitated the whole pool. It was presently no longer enough that the contractor's twelve-room modified Italian-Moorish villa should be the ultimate triumph of domestic architecture; it must also be the best house on the block. The block, in turn, must be incomparably the most desirable in the subdivision, the subdivision the finest in the city, and the city the finest in the world. The forwarding of these commercial rivalries, hence, presently became not merely individual, but community concerns. There followed an epidemic of organizations formed for the purpose of boosting this, that, or the other; a surprisingly numerous and serious-minded group of clubs and associations and societies all actively and loudly extolling the advantages (which were not always visible) of a particular street, a particular neighborhood, a particular city or county, or a particular half of the state. They were mutual benefit associations and their chief purpose was to attract settlers to their own areas and away from those of their rivals. This purpose saw one slight modification: it was presently narrowed to an effort to attract, not settlers in general, but settlers with capital. Those without capital were privileged to settle elsewhere if they so pleased.

How large a part this campaign of individual and organized boosterism has played in the growth of the state during this past quarter of a century must remain problematical. That the growth was in a large part natural and would have occurred without the artificial stimulus of chamber of commerce publicity bureaus, of development drives, of million dollar funds for national advertising, and other devices to which the booster points with pride is, to say the least, a not impossible theory. But rightly or wrongly, the credit has gone to the booster, and he has accepted it gracefully and with a pleasant sense of having done his duty, and having done it—to be quite frank—remarkably well. He presently came to think rather well of himself and his work. He had but to look at the impressive story told by the census reports, the statistics relating to bank clearings, the activities within the building trades, to find ample confirmation of his private opinions on the subject.

III

Meantime he, and the whole theory of boosterism, had undergone a remarkable metamorphosis. He had started with a purely personal and commercial aim—that of selling his own product in a highly competitive market, and he had wound up twenty years later in the guise of public benefactor, as a sort of minor empire builder. The change in his role had been accomplished by such imperceptible degrees that he himself was seldom aware of the transition. Until very recently his satisfaction in his accomplishments was unclouded by a single doubt. There were, to be sure, a few novelists and a few agitators who had poked rather barbed fun at him and his clubs and conventions, but these had hardly ruffled his calm. That the next attack would come, not from mere irresponsible outsiders, but from some of the most influential and thoughtful of his former leaders certainly never entered his head. The onslaught, when it came, shook solid ground from beneath his feet.

Signs that the booster era was approaching its end began to grow manifest when citizens here and there started to question very seriously the wisdom of continuing to strive after size. It got its first impetus when circumstances brought home the fact that census figures and bank clearings fail to tell the whole story; that these supposedly infallible gauges of progress do not necessarily bear a favorable relation to the matter that chiefly concerns the average

citizen; that is, himself. When they finally awakened to the fact that, after a certain point has been passed, further growth means a corresponding decrease in personal comfort, the reaction against boosterism began to gather force. As yet, this truth is far from universally comprehended, but it is winning disciples daily. Presently will come the landslide. To-day one hears with portentous frequency the flat statement that "we don't want more population." Five years ago such an announcement would have been considered revolutionary; to-day it is looked on as a possibility that must at least be faced, as a legitimate subject for debate.

Almost unanimously, the deserters from the bandwagons of the boosters name personal discomfort as the cause of their leaving. The cycle thus has been completed and the problem has come back where it started—to the individual.

A man who in 1925 gave up his membership in two booster organizations and announced that he would make no further contributions to any fund intended to attract more population to his city had this to say in explanation of his heresy:

"For ten years the conditions under which my family and I have been living have been growing, not more attractive, but less so. During that time the population of the city has increased almost one-third. In 1915 we led a comparatively unhampered existence. Our children went to public schools which were not overcrowded, and which were within reasonable distance of our home. There were open spaces in our neighborhood where they could play, and the air we breathed was something more than a mixture of factory smoke and gasoline fumes. It was still possible on Sundays to drive out into the country and see something besides the stop-signal on the car six feet ahead. It was even possible to drive my car to work when I felt like it, and for my wife to use it when she went shopping. She could find parking space within a block or two of where she wanted to go, and even in midafternoon she could generally find someone to wait on her in the shops.

"She does her shopping now over the telephone, which is revolting to all her inherited instincts. She goes downtown now only when she cannot avoid it, and when she goes she rides on the street cars. I do the same. We have not had our car downtown in six months; I gave up trying to drive it to work two years ago. I leave home half an hour earlier than I used to and I get back forty-five minutes later. That's not the whole story, but it is enough to indicate what ten years of progress have done for me. That's why I refuse to grow enthusiastic over new schemes to attract another hundred thousand. It seems to me that it is time to stop for a while and try to get back some of our lost freedom."

There is no logical answer to this man's complaint because there have been no compensating advantages to balance his lost conveniences. He differs from tens of thousands of others only because he has voiced his dissatisfaction. When these others presently join in, the solo voices will swell into an overwhelming chorus. The result? Exit the booster, and the collapse of his "Million by 1940" campaign.

IV

The question arises: What will come after? One may be certain that there will be no sudden diminishing of activity, no abrupt simmering down to quiescence. The energy which for twenty years has carried on the campaign of militant boosterism will hardly evaporate overnight, and the habit of acting co-operatively in the furthering of common causes is too well ingrained to permit its falling into disuse. This formidable organization and force will presently be applied in other directions, and the result will be worth watching.

In warfare a successful advance involves the immediate responsibility of rendering the new line tenable, and the march of national growth requires sim-

ilar halts while new positions are consolidated, intentions and accomplishments verified and corrected, and the parts considered in relation to the whole. Peacetime consolidation has its problems. What are some of them?

Chief of all is the necessity of winning back some of the personal comforts we have been tossing away with such engaging indifference. To accomplish this, we must first throw overboard, bag and baggage, the impossible theory that a consideration for individual convenience is in any way detrimental to good citizenship. It needs to be recognized that such concerns are at least as worthy of consideration as "public" policies like population increase and the development of manufacturing facilities. On the day these matters assume their proper importance the battle will be practically won, and they are already beginning to move to the fore.

The energy is at hand, and the organization, and the direction in which the campaign will progress is at least indicated. Necessarily, discussion of the aims of the post-booster era is still largely theoretical, but one occasionally hears a concrete plan of action. Here is one opinion that is worth quoting. The speaker is typical of the growing class of thoughtful citizens who in parting company with boosterism have not felt that they were sacrificing their obligations as citizens.

"If our population growth were to stop to-morrow, it would still take us ten years to put the city back on a basis where its advantages as a place to live will again outweigh its drawbacks. We are like a child who has outgrown not only his clothes, but his thoughts and everything he touches and uses. We shall have to provide him with a new outfit in keeping with his size, but more important than this, he needs the facilities for satisfying his new interests, for exercising the faculties that are his by right of his new estate.

"A very large part of the problem will concern the purely mechanical job of catching up. There is not one of our public utilities, for instance, water, sewers, telephone, garbage, gas, and electricity, that doesn't need overhauling from top to bottom—their own officials are first to admit it. These systems have been growing so fast about the edges that there has been no time to strengthen the centers. Transportation —and this includes traffic control, and widening present streets and cutting new ones—is another enormous job. Then there is the matter of parks and playgrounds, and the further matter of the public-school system, to say nothing of such needs as an adequate library system, and museums, and art galleries, and music. The truth of the matter is that for years we have had time only for makeshifts, and the point where makeshifts will do has been reached and passed. Under the circumstances it is folly to want to grow bigger. We can't grow in and out at the same time. We can't continue indefinitely to accept population statistics as a substitute for the common conveniences of life.

"We shall have to do a complete about face on this population question. This is not guesswork; it is a demonstrated fact. There is no other course open to us. We have our job cut out for us, and it will not include any clever schemes for stimulating further population growth. The important question will have to be not How many? but How? What we need is to narrow this broad view we've been so proud of until it includes our own back alleys, and then go to work. After ten years or so, perhaps we'll have something more than mere chaotic size to exhibit to the world. Perhaps we shall have something vastly more civilized and attractive: a convenient, interesting, pleasant place to live."

Convenient, interesting, pleasant. The words sound tame to the ears of the empire builder. He was brought up on lordlier slogans. Yet if these become the aims of the citizens of the post-booster era we may safely forget some of our fears for the future of the cities.

ARE THE ENGLISH EGOTISTS?

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

"One of the things that amused me most was his (Admiral Von Tirpitz's) suggestion that the English looked down upon Germans and considered them their inferiors."—Colonel House, May 27, 1914

THE English, who are as much a mixed race as the Americans, have throughout the globe a notable reputation for contempt. They are said to be arrogant from a sense of superiority to all other nations. Admiral Von Tirpitz thought in 1914 that they looked down upon Germans. Many American writers, even to-day, assert that they look down upon Americans. And as no man cares to be despised, particularly by the English, the English are often attacked upon the ground that, nationally, they are egotists. It would appear that they must be the most unpopular nationality in the world. Are they?

It is not my experience. It is my experience—and a very strange one, I assure you, but not for that reason unusual—that I have only to say, "I am English," and immediately I am given the best that is to be had. An American woman with English blood and a distinctly—though not aggressively—English air, once told me that in one of the big cities in the Middle West she drove up to a traffic policeman and asked if she might park her car at a certain point. His reply, after a sharp glance, was, "An Englishwoman, madam, may park her car *anywhere*."

It will be said, "How nice for the Englishwoman! But what about reciprocal treatment? Are Americans in England informed that they may park their cars anywhere?" The answer is quite brief. They are not. I am told that some Americans in England experience great discourtesy. If that is true, I regret it. I do not think the English, as a rule, are either effusive or discourteous. But as far as the difference lies between the treatment of English visitors in America and the treatment of American visitors in England, I shall return to the subject later in this article, as I have a theory to propound.

There remains the first onset of the question: "Are the English egotists?" In England, of course, we cannot agree to the charge of egotism. We do not know upon what facts it is based. We have a great power of contempt, it is true; but the contempt we feel is for the other English. It is for the Government of the day (always incompetent), for British officials and their pink tape, for those fellow-English who disagree with us about politics, and for what is called our national habit of muddling through. No human being is more dissatisfied with the English than we are ourselves. We assure everybody that the English are stupid, unimaginative, and inefficient. I learn from friends that in the United States it is considered something worse than bad form to "knock" one's friends or one's country: the English, on the contrary, are doing it all the time. It is their nature. From the Government to the climate, from themselves to their families, they are accustomed to look upon the dark side.

Furthermore, we have tremendous admiration for men of some other na-

tions. Serious enmity is impossible to us. We have a great admiration, to give an example, for the Irish. Mr. Pett Ridge in one of his novels described a stout Cockney lady at a concert, weeping as she listened to a song called "Killarney." "Anything about Ireland," she said, "always makes me cry. I come from Peckham." We praise the Irish, we acclaim their writers. We tell them they are the only Playboys of the Western World; that they have the genius and we the grovelling habits of common sense. The Irish repay us with indignation. The more we love and admire them, the more indignant, the more truculent they become. "The English," said the celebrated Tim Healy, "succeeded in oppressing us so long by putting it about that we were a very clever people, and that they were a stupid people. Now we *ar-r-ent, and they ar-r-re!*"

It is beginning to be the same with the United States. We show our appreciation of the Ford car by using it all over the country. We keep that schoolgirl complexion with American soap; we give a hearty welcome to American novels and films and plays, which accordingly choke our theaters and our picture palaces and our libraries; we gape at the American genius for mechanics, for organization, for the study of the past (the *Times* refers to-day to an American professor as "the first living Palæontologist") with something approaching marvel; we regard the United States as the only hope of saving the world for civilization; and, although there are still some Americans who feel English blood running warm through their veins, there are many more, and these are particularly vocal, who accuse us of egotism, who accuse us of systematically ignoring or belittling the work of their country. To vary the words of Admiral Von Tirpitz, these Americans charge the English with "looking down upon Americans and considering them their inferiors."

Where a charge of this sort is so freely made there must be some reason for it; and I think it would be foolish not to admit that there are conceited people in England. I have seen a few of them. I dislike them more than I can say. But they are individuals. Are there none elsewhere? Nobody will pretend that conceit among individuals is otherwise than common to all countries. What is alleged is that the English, *as a nation*, are conceited. This I deny. But there is some truth in the charge, if one goes deep enough. During the War a little Cockney, transplanted to Canada, offered himself for enlistment. He gave his birthplace as London. "London, Ontario?" asked the sergeant. "Naow!" cried the little man, indignantly. "London the 'ole bloody world!"

And once, when I was traveling in a foreign country with a close friend whose views upon the English do not usually exaggerate the merits of his countrymen, we stepped on board an English ship en route for home, after a month of incompetent service. We saw the sailors and stewards of the English ship neatly and methodically dealing with all matters proper to a ship and the comfort of its passengers. "After all," said my friend, resignedly, "there is *something* in belonging to the greatest nation in the world." He put his hands in his pockets and surveyed the scene with majestic calm.

Is not that the tone that critics of the English resent? I believe it is. But why do they resent it? National pride in a Spaniard creates no resentment. In a Chinaman it would be tolerable. A Dane, a Swiss, a Czech might with perfect reason claim that his countrymen represented the finest type known to modern civilization, and the remark might provoke argument, or amusement, or even assent. Only when the assumption is made by an Englishman does it provoke annoyance. Why is that? I offer an explanation.

When I was young, if I had enjoyed some lucky chance, I used jokingly to say, "I am a very clever fellow." The statement was accepted. As time wore on I noticed that if I said, "I am one of the cleverest fellows in the universe"

some discomfort and embarrassment was caused to my listeners. They said, "You're not as clever as you *think* you are," and so on. Now I have never thought of myself as particularly clever. I have even been warned against too much modesty. But modesty could give me no explanation of the embarrassment I caused by saying, "I am a very clever fellow." The explanation came to me one day in a mood of sudden incandescence. My friends did not object to my self-praise, which they knew to be jocular, as long as it linked up with no thought in their own minds. But as I began to publish books, and receive outside praise, my friends were troubled by my claims to greatness. They began to suspect that these claims held some terrible germ of truth. They were alarmed. Hence the snubs which followed. Now the point of this story is that I am English. The English are in the habit of saying—jocularly or tentatively—"The English are the Salt of the Earth." It has been left to the men of other nations to believe this.

II

I will tell you why I make the above suggestion. If you will look at the map of the world, you will see that British territory is colored red, and that (apart from the sea, which the English are said to regard as a British possession) there is more red in the map than any color. But if you look for the heart of the British Empire, you will see that it lies in a very small island off the coast of France. Looking upon the map, your first thought is of the material wealth, the power, and perhaps even the greatness, of the British Empire. Your second thought may dwell upon the fact that this wealth and power and greatness has all proceeded from the inhabitants of that tiny, that insignificant island. Looking at the British Empire from the outside, in fact, you perceive its magnitude. Reading its history, you realize what its extraordinary growth has been *in the last three centuries*. In three hundred years, the English have acquired all these tremendous resources of wealth and power. You cannot help admiring the breed that has acquired so much, and in such short time. You may criticize that breed, but you are indisposed to deny it a considerable place in the history of the world.

So much for the outside view. The Englishman, upon the inside, is unaware that all over the world the internal affairs of his country are incessantly under examination. He does not know that his football results are to be read in the New York *Times;* he does not know that quite minor political incidents, which hardly creep into his own cheaper newspapers, are studied in Madrid and Copenhagen, in Prague and Warsaw and Pekin, in Tokyo, Lisbon, Paris, Rome, New York, as if they had an importance for the world. He does not know, because to him the British Empire stands for something vague, while his thoughts are turning to his own summer holiday, or the machine he is using, or the bat with which he is to play cricket upon Saturday afternoon. During the War there was a recruiting poster which said, "Is this Yours? Fight for it!" The words were set under a map—and it was not a map of the British Empire, but a map of England. If you say "British Empire" to an Englishman, he may look solemn, but he will rarely look possessive. If you say "England" his face will light up.

That is the point that I am making. If one who is not of England thinks of an Englishman he supposes him to be possessor of half the world, and conscious of his possessions. Nothing could be more false. The average Englishman's heart, whatever his address, resides in England. It is the English countryside, the English town that he loves. He may fight for the Empire, but his patriotism is a small, intense thing, born of the love of a locality. Mr. Stuart Sherman once wrote that whenever an English poet wished to describe some-

thing beautiful he did it with perfect simplicity by saying "an English rose," "an English lane," and so on. Not conceit, you perceive, but love. The Englishman does not understand or care for that notion of patriotism which is summed up in the French "*la Patrie*." Imperialism in England is the obsession of a clique; it is not even a mob notion. And, accordingly, when one who is not English meets an Englishman he is mistaken in supposing that the Englishman has his mental eye fixed upon a map of the world. He is probably conjuring up a picture of his garden or his chickens, his lathe, or his automobile engine, and is unaware of the fact that his pensiveness is being assumed by a spectator to be arrogance.

I recall discussing this point once with a Russian, to whom I said how interested and impressed I had been by the Continental habit of beginning a conversation with a stranger by a statement of name and, at times, of occupation. My friend brushed aside my liking for this frankness. He said—I give his exact words, "In England it is unnecessary. On the Continent one is assumed not to exist until one gives such details. In England, although perhaps one may not be spoken to, one's existence is immediately recognized. It is admitted. The English are old political nation. They have grasped idea of liberty—of individual freedom."

If I may say so, I think this is true. But I think also that there is truth in what I said above of the smallness of the average Englishman's interests. He loves his home, he loves his play (some few Englishmen love their work, but all love their play), he likes getting dirty and puddling about with tools and earth. But he does not as a rule take much interest in himself. Nor does he take much interest in the idea of greatness, whether it is his own or his country's greatness. Mr. Bernard Shaw (an Irishman, but in some respects typically English) said the other day, when he was seventy, that he was disconcerted by a popular effort to regard him as a great man. "I haven't got the great man feeling," he added. Of course he has not. He has spent his life in telling the public that he is one of the cleverest fellows in the Universe; and he has been snubbed for his pains. He has given many people the notion that he is extremely conceited. Those who know Mr. Shaw believe him, for all his irrepressible exuberance, to be one of the most modest men alive. Is my meaning clear? It is that Mr. Shaw has gone on with his job, not caring very much what was said or thought of him, boasting of his greatness (because he thought it amusing to do so), and in the end, after the execrations which greeted his boasts had died down, reaching the age of seventy without ever experiencing the great man feeling.

Incidentally, Mr. Shaw has gained his tremendous popularity with the English public by continually railing and laughing at the English. In "Cæsar and Cleopatra" the character of Britannicus, and in "John Bull's Other Island" the character of Broadbent, have given the English public more delight, perhaps, than any other of Mr. Shaw's dramatis personæ. Why? Because in those two parts Mr. Shaw has showered his scornful laughter upon the English. Because he has taken the common English idea that the English are stupid, and has pictured stupid, complacent, muddling Englishmen as comic characters. Because the English, who do not know or care very much about themselves, were delighted to find that English stupidity is so amusing when it is handled by a great wit. I doubt whether any other nation has idolized its satirists as England has done. I doubt if any other nation could have enjoyed, against itself, Gilbert's laughter:

He is an Englishman.
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!

For he might have been a Rooshian,
A French or Turk or Prooshian,
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an.

But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
He remains an Englishman, etc.

III

Adverse critics may say that the English imperturbability in the face of criticism is due to self-complacency. Let these critics try the effect of ridicule upon the most complacent person of their acquaintance. They must ridicule deftly, of course, and not with rancor (for that is not ridicule), and they must choose genuine ground for ridicule. But if, after this effort, they find the ridiculed person more affectionate to them than ever, they can rest assured that if he has not English blood he has a spiritual affinity with the English. The cruelest thing one can say about any Englishman is that he is well-meaning. The most scathing thing—it will provoke anger—is to call him a liar. But the hardest thing of all, which is said by the English with a shaken head of bewilderment, is that he can't see a joke against himself.

For, contrary to a very wide-spread American belief, the English sense of humor is capacious. Mr. H. G. Wells cries out against it. He finds in it much of that carelessness, that ridicule of earnestness, that indifference to failure (which I fancy he thinks an assumed indifference, taught at our public schools), which he so much condemns in his countrymen. In his new book, *The World of William Clissold*, Mr. Wells makes one of his characters say:

"This damned sense of humour! . . . You might do a decent thing that would make you look a bit high-falutin'. And so you do a shabby, lazy, second-rate thing instead, and grin and say, 'Thank God I've got a sense of humour.' . . . All this gentlemanly grinning and smirking and enjoying the quiet fun of it unassumingly . . . Those chaps who won't take themselves seriously ought to have been headed off by birth control and never begun. All this half-doing things! All this living with the guts out!"

The average Englishman will read this outburst with sympathy. He will feel that it expresses truth. But it will make no impression upon him, because it does not make him laugh. It sounds angry. And the whole English convention is against anger. It is against any appearance of effort, any boastfulness, any suggestion of singularity. It is based upon the fetish of sport. In England games are played with laughter. Victory is sweet, and men will do much to attain it; but a well-fought game, be the result what it may, is rarely a source of bitterness to the vanquished. Naturally, this convention of indifference to victory is an exasperation to those who take games seriously, and to those who take life seriously. It seems to them to show a levity which is hindering progress all the time. So it is. They are quite right. But this convention is precisely the reason why egotism is the most unpopular thing in England. The conceited Englishman who takes himself seriously has few friends. Often enough, personal conceit is doubled by personal unpopularity, if in fact a feeling of personal unpopularity has not created the exaggerated sense of merit which we call conceit.

But in spite of the fact that the English dislike conceit—or bumptiousness—they have a vanity. It is that the English, although not clever, or imaginative, or in any other way distinguished among those of other nationalities (especially the Irish, by whose gifts the English are invariably dazzled), are marked by strong common sense; that they are reliable, obstinate, stolid, solid, decent human beings; that they scorn to take an unfair advantage of opponents; and that they stick to their bargains. This is the English vanity. Not that the English are better than others, but that with all their faults they are sensible—whether *more* sensible, will depend upon the individual. Such observers as Colonel

House support this vanity, for Colonel House says (under date Jan. 20, 1917): "With the English, one knows where one is. They may be stubborn and they may be stupid, but they are reliable." Those words would be very sweet to most Englishmen. Most Englishmen want to be—not only to look, but to be—ordinary, common sense, solid, decent sportsmen. But reliable. Men who will not let other men down. Men who will play the game. Men who will pass unnoticed in a crowd.

Fate is against them. Some Englishmen, in spite of all efforts, turn out to be clever. Some, trying to play the game—either of sport or war or exploration—have discovered new lands, have made fortunes or reputations, have created prosperity or ruin (but generally prosperity) in all parts of the world. By accident, I say; by design, say foreign admirers of England; by graft, hypocrisy, cunning, tyranny, says the enemy of England. Which of us is right?

Some Englishmen, of course, are terrible. Most of them improve upon acquaintance. If one gets closer to them one finds the frigid air, and what we call the "public school" voice and pronunciation (it is far from common in England, though it is supposed to be universal) to be but mannerisms. Even so, frigidity is only the attribute of a class in England. Some people call this the Civil Servant class; but as I know several very inoffensive Civil Servants, and have heard of many more, I am driven to make another definition. Others call it the "Oxford manner," and these, too, show slight acquaintance with Oxford men, who vary tremendously, in manner as in character. In my opinion, the objectionably mannered men in England, who give foreigners the impression that the English as a nation are egotists, are the intellectuals, the *intelligentzia*. Most of them are to be found among those who have at one or other of our older universities received what is called "a classical education."

From close study of a few of these classical students, I have come to the conclusion that the classical education in England makes a man feel high and haughty. Why this should be so, I do not know. He feels, apparently, that he belongs to an order apart. He despises all human beings who have not had a classical education. And for some reason the English classical education seems to him to be the best in the world. With this sense of superiority, the classical student (and there are still many thousands of him in England) stalks the earth. The simple-minded of other nations regard him as a typical Englishman. They suppose his disdain to be an English disdain for foreigners. Nothing of the kind. It is the disdain of an educational aristocracy for the *hoi polloi*.

The average Englishman claims no such distinction. He seeks only to be normal, inconspicuous. When he seems aloof and repressive, it is because he is trying to be invisible! It is the intellectual, conscious of communing with the products of the dead languages which his neighbors do not understand, who feels above the world. Not, however, because he is English. His contempt for the English is exquisite. He is not popular with the English. He does not do anything, except turn up his nose; and he turns up his nose because he does not do anything. I mean, he makes no contribution to his country's good, or the world's good, except to deny the importance or the interest of all that is native and all that is vigorous. He stands frigidly, like a notice-board which says, "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

As I say, this type is not conceited about England or the English. It is conceited about its own education, about its own type. The average Englishman could not properly be conceited about his education, because the education of most Englishmen is so much powder in the jam of comradeship and sport. We are not a highly educated nation. All we like to do is to get on with the job

that interests us. For this reason, such ambitious men as are born in England have a comparatively light task before them. They can always push past the mass of their fellows. What the average Englishman wants is a living wage, peace and quiet, a little leisure, and games—these games, if possible, to involve the use of a ball. As to wanting the whole earth, or measuring himself with the men of other nations, the desires never occur to him. He is not much interested in other nations, whom he regards as a little queer, a little excitable, but anyway as not his business.

With Americans (and here I fulfil a promise made earlier in this article) the average Englishman is upon different terms. The English will continue forever, I think, to regard the Americans as their younger cousins. This explains their bewilderment and slight impatience with what has been called "the American Language." It is a pity that the American language should sound like an English dialect; for while the English readily adopt American slang in colloquial speech, they do not very quickly absorb into their written language any slang whatever. This leads some Americans, ignorant of the fact that there is a racy English slang, which is similarly excluded from written English, to suppose that the English have a prejudice against American phrases as such. Not at all. What they feel is that written English is on the whole Standard English; and that written English necessarily differs from spoken English, as well as from any other kind of English. It is a part of the English conservatism, and implies no slight whatever.

But it is true that the English, like other older nations, suppose that all who speak their language are in fact their relations. They take no heed of the fact that the inhabitants of the United States are a comparatively recent mixture of races. They cannot grasp, because few of them have leisure or opportunity to cross the Atlantic, how Americans in New York differ from Americans in Georgia or California, and again from Americans of the Middle West. To the English, all Americans are cousins. And when Americans come to England the English *treat them as cousins!* They look upon the slightly different clothes, accents, and manners of the visitors as family differences. Now, the English attitude to members (even distant members) of their own family is quite different from the English attitude to strangers. It is not an attitude that I, personally, approve, or one that is practiced in my home; but there are many customs in the world which I do not care for, and this is one of them. I cannot exhibit the custom better than by quoting a joke of the English comic artist, Mr. George Belcher. His drawing represents a very disheveled lady who has had a bad Channel crossing. A stewardess, approaching sympathetically, is asking whether the lady would like to wash before landing. "It doesn't matter, thanks," groans the lady. "I'm only going to relations."

There is a similar note in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, written one hundred and fifty years ago, in which Mr. Shandy decides not to shave before paying a visit to some mummies, as "'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on." I do not propose to attempt to justify this slovenliness, which in some families goes so far as the neglect of common considerateness; but I instance it as showing why there is a difference between the American attitude to the English and the English attitude to Americans. The Americans, when visited, are found to be sociable, eager to please, and delighted to display their community. The visited English are obsessed by the notion that "they must take us as they find us." Americans are young, quick, zestful for change and fresh contacts and fresh experiences. The English are very old, very indisposed towards fresh contacts, which they consider to be an interruption of the day's work, not inhospitable, but full of routine, full of dislike of interference, dis-

turbance, and what is called "fuss." The difference is one of habit only. No question of national egotism is involved. There is more national pride in a single city in the United States than there is in the whole of England.

But upon neither side is there any question of excessive egotism. The American, if my suggestion earlier is true, has an urge to visit the Old World from which his ancestors sprang. He comes full of enthusiasm. Sometimes, I am afraid, full of boast and cocksureness, and ready to find our hotels defective—as they are. But then he comes to England to see the antique. He is met by an apparent coldness and a stolidness to which his own country offers no parallel. Having "looked upon the map when it was red," he supposes the coldness to be due to pride of national achievement, and to disdain of himself. This is not the case. So far from being coldly egotistical, the average Englishman naïvely thinks of the average American as a very boastful, go-ahead fellow. He thinks that Americans are impatient with English slowness. He is even rather obstinately resolved not to be rattled by this American impatience, or by what he regards as the hobbledehoyish American habit of "going gay," or by the rush of American tourists to see antiquities which, as they are next door to him, he has never troubled to examine. But his lack of curiosity, his unreadiness to abandon habits which go back for centuries, his love of the garden, the newspaper, the (to an American) intolerably somnolent game of cricket are all natural to the Englishman. So is his love of the empty railway carriage, of solitary work, of almost speechless friendliness with those who are most dear to him.

It is not a sense of superiority to strangers. The comparison is rarely made, indeed, because English national consciousness is quiescent except in time of crisis. Nor is it an egotism personal to himself. It is an instinctive love of detachment, of semi-solitude, and an absorption in the idea of tranquillity and his own job. I notice the same habit among farmers and mechanics, among writers and among artists. Sometimes the Englishman does think of the British Empire as something rather wonderful; but as he is never very sure what parts of the world constitute that Empire, and as he never looks at the reddened map to ascertain, he quickly loses interest in the subject and returns to his work.

This comes of living upon a small island with a variable climate, where ancient institutions are still powerful, and where for centuries the most priceless of institutions—the liberty of the individual—has been less proclaimed, and more observed than it has been, perhaps, anywhere in Europe. It comes of thinking of England as "home." It comes of not having the great man feeling, or the great nation feeling, but experiencing a peculiar warmth of the heart when the word "England" is named. And, of course, it comes of believing somewhere, far down, that he would rather be an Englishman than anything else, because "with the English, one knows where one is. They may be stubborn and they may be stupid, but they are reliable." Is that very egotistical of him? Somehow it seems to me that it is quite bearably modest. I, for one, clearly as I see the greatness of other nations, and much as I love many of those who live scattered about the world, have this incorrigible love of England and the English. It is a love and not a complacency. Therefore, when it is said by Americans that the English are arrogant I feel bound to challenge the assertion and to remind such critics that every nation has its bounders, its snobs, its autocrats, and its fools, and that while there are some thousands of insufferable Englishmen in the world, the majority of my countrymen have less national vaingloriousness and less egotism than their apparent preoccupation with their own greatness, backed up by that redness upon the world map, might lead strangers to suppose.

THE PORTRAIT

A STORY

BY PHOEBE H. GILKYSON

THE fat old butler blinked suspiciously in the July glare. Mrs. Chandler's friends knew she mustn't be disturbed earlier than four o'clock, but Mrs. Wickes brushed past him into the cool wide hall.

"Jacob, I know Mrs. Chandler is resting," she said hurriedly in her high monotonous voice, "but I'll wait. I must see her soon as possible."

He would have led her into the drawing-room, but she turned to the library, on the right.

"Tell the nurse I'm here," she bade him. "Don't disturb Mrs. Chandler; I'll read until she comes down."

Mrs. Wickes, tall and sunburnt, stood for a moment by the table. She plucked off her small mannish hat and pushed damp wisps of short gray hair back from her clever, rather ugly face. Her eyes darted restlessly about the shadowy room, where books in tapestried rows mounted to the ceiling. Long windows, behind fretted silk blinds, were rectangles of ivory against the afternoon heat, and roses in a huge green bowl drooped limply, too weak to shed their petals. Mrs. Wickes moved suddenly to a telephone on a side table and, taking the receiver from its hook, left it deliberately disconnected. Then she drifted back to a linen covered chair, and lighted a cigarette. Her fingers drummed the arm of her chair; she puffed her cigarette in short quick puffs, while her gaze seemed held by a piece of Chinese embroidery between two windows. Jacob creaked again across the hall.

"Mrs. Chandler wasn't asleep, and says she'll be down in a few minutes," he reported.

When he had gone Mrs. Wickes rose from her chair and, drawing aside the Chinese drapery, revealed a portrait set into the panelled wall. Primarily it met the eye as an inlay of bold color, blue-green and gold, flesh and black. This translated itself into the full-length likeness of a young woman in a close-fitting white gown of a mode twenty years gone; slender for that opulent period, a bit awkward in a coltish way, but instinct with vitality. Even the absurd pompadour into which her satin-black hair was drawn, the tight waist and long skirt couldn't spoil the impression of youthful arrogance, or distract from the clear audacity of her gray-green eyes, under their oddly arched lids. Mrs. Wickes, studying the face, turned as a wheel-chair glided softly into the room, propelled by a trained nurse.

"Don't waste your time on that callow snip, Marion Wickes," commanded Mrs. Chandler gaily. "I want all your attention myself. My dear, it is good to see you. Thank you, Miss Murphy; everything's fine. Run along, I won't need you until bedtime." In a teagown of thin, trailing green she lay back upon her cushions, a picture of exquisite indolence, subduing even the bitter restraint of a wheel-chair to her personality.

Marion Wickes looked from her hostess to the portrait in naïve embarrassment, as one caught involuntarily between

forces hostile to each other, loath to offend either.

"I was reminding myself of her," she explained. "It's strange, Ellen, how you take the color out of her. You—you burn with a whiter light. Perhaps that's why you keep her covered." She studied Mrs. Chandler now as she had studied the portrait. It was true that the vivid coloring of Ellen as a girl paled beside her more gracious maturity. The black hair now was lustrous white, cut short and loosely waved, but her skin was untroubled as a child's, and the eyes under their arched lids were softly brilliant. In looking at her one thought first of spun glass—she seemed so luminous and fine—but there was no fragility in the quick turn of her head or the movement of her strong white arms. She was not the obvious fulfillment of the angular, eager youngster of the portrait; the two personalities defied, rather than supplemented each other. She was beautiful now, with a more feminine, pliant loveliness; the aggression was gone, and the ruthlessness of adolescence had yielded to a remote, inscrutable serenity.

"That's a very handsome speech," she observed. "I hope she heard you. I keep her covered because she is nineteen and I'm thirty-six; isn't that reason enough to hate her? Aren't you dead with the heat? You are thinner; I'm afraid you are working too hard, now that you are a feared and respected business woman. You haven't been here for an age."

"I never see anyone, much. But I enjoy work; it keeps me out of mischief and augments my income agreeably. You are the only person I really care about seeing any more. I dashed over to offer my congratulations—I'm so happy and proud to hear you won the Farnsworth Prize."

"Only third prize, and I didn't deserve that."

"What did you send, the Concerto?"

"Oh, no, I never finished the Concerto. It was just a little ballade. Allan made me send it. Marion, wasn't it you who tried to get Allan on the telephone at noon?"

"Yes, I wanted to see him right away, about the title to the Ainslee property."

"Did you catch him by long-distance?"

"No. Just missed him at two places."

"I'm so sorry I couldn't be more explicit about the address. He might be at any one of several places when he dashes off to New York."

"When will he be back?"

"Not until late, I'm afraid. I haven't seen him since yesterday afternoon. He came in last night after I was asleep, and left a note this morning to say he had played bridge at Hargraves' until quite late, and had to make an early start for New York. Shall I tell him to call you as soon as he comes in?"

"No, it will be too late." Mrs. Wickes broke a cigarette and tossed it into the fireplace.

"I'm sorry, but let's forget business. Stop fidgeting, Marion. If you don't learn to relax you'll kill yourself. Look at me; I've learned."

"Why didn't you finish the Concerto?" asked Mrs. Wickes brusquely.

Ellen laughed, but flushed a little. "One can't relax and write Concertos."

"Then you've no right to relax."

"I get such ugly lines in my forehead when I work," Ellen retorted flippantly. "And it makes me irritable. Allan couldn't stand it. Here's Jacob; let's drink and smoke and gossip. Jacob, you forgot the cucumber sandwiches."

"Mr. Allan said they wasn't good for you," Jacob informed her firmly.

"Did he?" Ellen was amused. "Wasn't that quaint of him! Marion, isn't Allan priceless?" When the butler had gone she added, "You seem a bit low, Marion. Is something worrying you?"

"I'm thinking of what you said. Are you actually letting your music go to pot, Ellen?"

"Certainly not. I play a great deal. Now don't be heavy, Marion, like

Zelinsky. He's always nagging me to do more composition. He called up this morning and insisted that I give a private recital. And he wants to bring Mr. Farnsworth to call to-morrow."

"Well, why not? Have them to luncheon and play the first movement of the Concerto. They'll make you finish it."

"Allan can't bear Zelinsky. And Mr. Farnsworth is very peculiar, I hear. Oh, Marion, I can't start things like that! One can't have time for naps and facial massage and grind away at the piano too."

"Ellen, what a silly pose!"

"It may be a pose, but it's not a silly one. Don't be disagreeable this hot day!"

"I feel disagreeable. Has Allan objected to your working seriously?"

"Marion, how can you! Allan is a saint, and spoils me frightfully, as everyone knows."

"I heard you were ill yesterday," said Mrs. Wickes. "I tried to come see you and was turned away."

"Just a headache; I coddle myself frightfully. I stayed upstairs all day and sent Allan out in the evening, because I don't like him to see me when I don't look well. But I didn't know you had been here. You are trying to change the subject, but I won't let you do it. You shan't misjudge Allan."

"I don't. But I can't see why you should cheapen yourself to please him."

"It's to please myself, don't you understand?" Her laughing manner had snapped. "Oh, Marion, if I let myself be drawn into the world of music again I'll grow frumpy and neurotic. It's too big a thing; it would involve me endlessly. And I'm too cowardly for that."

"You a coward!" Mrs. Wickes laughed.

"I am, I am! You shan't take me seriously. I won't be thought a martyr! That's the very thing I have fought against—the respectful pity of my friends. Here I am, only half a human being; if I work at my music any more I'll have no vitality left for a normal life. I'm not patient; I've merely learned not to kick against the pricks—because they hurt so. Indolence, amiability, dilletantism—that's the only gesture left to me. It's all rot, of course. Do you think I wouldn't be high-handed if I could get away with it? I'd neglect my home and my husband too if I had the chance. I'd have fits of temper if it didn't spoil my complexion—but what other asset have I, as a woman, but my looks? Oh, I mustn't think of it; I must flatter myself along from day to day until I forget that I ever wanted anything else. Do you call that courage?"

"Ellen, I love you; and I can't bear to see you submerged by the commonplace people about here. You could have a salon if you chose, with your talent and personality."

"But I've no ambition to be one of the admiring laity; I'd rather hold court myself. And Allan would be so bored. Marion, look at that beastly portrait. Can't you see that she was an autocrat, a selfish, exacting thing who demanded everything of life? She had a ruthless desire for perfection, and she knows me for a hypocrite. That's why I keep her covered. She wouldn't accept half-measures, as I have. Some day, when I've killed all of her that's left in me, I'll take down the curtain. I've almost conquered her; I'm almost the person I pretend to be. Don't you think I'm nicer than she? You didn't like me—then."

"I was afraid of you," admitted Mrs. Wickes. "I still am, but I've learned a few things myself, since then. I like it now."

"I suppose you mean that for a compliment. I'd rather you knew my weaknesses and liked me anyhow."

"Ellen, this is nonsense. What more can any of us do than try to be happy with what we have? And you are wasting your abilities."

"You are quite wrong, Marion. I am happy, as you say. My married

life is perfect, and not many women can boast of that. To keep Allan always my lover is worth some sacrifice, isn't it? Marion, I'm afraid he and I might have developed differently and drifted apart, if it hadn't been for my accident. She"—motioning toward the portrait—"never tried to adapt herself to anyone or anything. But things were easy for her. . . . You see, after my accident, the long season of pain kept me chastened and subdued. But when it abated, and I knew I should never walk again, I was like a trapped wildcat. I know what it means to waken in the morning to the feeling that even an hour of life is intolerable. Poor old Allan! How patient he was—how tender. I see now it was my pride that he saved, out of a hell of humiliation. He never for an instant let me feel that I was an impotent cripple, anything less than a normal, attractive woman. Don't I owe him everything for that? It was he that made me catch at straws of small diversions, and I found that one's mind can in time be distracted by everyday trifles. But it is horrible, Marion, to read in the uplift magazines of "shut-ins" who tell of the joy they find in religion, or canaries, or budding geranium plants. It's like bragging of using dope. It isn't noble or brave; it is craven, treacherous to life! If I were brave I'd have killed myself and left Allan free. But I'm not sorry I wasn't brave. I still have vanity and curiosity, and I get on very well as an interesting invalid, with French gowns, a taste for music, an adoring husband—and an adequate cellar. Don't dare to be sorry for me, ever. I'm much happier than you."

"That's quite true. No, I've never dreamed of the word pity in connection with you. But you haven't proved an alibi concerning your music."

"Music, Marion, takes the place of an illicit passion in my life. A woman needs that to keep young—provided she never yields to it. Try one of these Russian cigarettes; they're rather good."

"No, I've smoked too much." Mrs. Wickes crossed to a window and raised the silk blind. At the rear of the room the telephone buzzed impotently, and she caught her breath, but didn't turn her head.

"How funny! The receiver is off," exclaimed Ellen. "Fix it, will you please, Marion?"

Mrs. Wickes replaced the receiver. Instantly the bell chimed.

"Shall I answer?" she asked, her face averted.

"If you will. There's an extension in the back hall, but Jacob is so slow."

Marion Wickes took up the instrument and turned to her friend. "Ellen," she began hurriedly, "Ellen, there's something I must discuss with you, and I'm in a hurry. May I stall a bit if this is for you?"

"Of course. Why didn't you tell me . . . "

The bell peevishly interrupted.

"Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Chandler's residence. I'm sorry; she is engaged just now; please call in half an hour." Abruptly she hung up.

"I'm sorry, Marion! Why, why did you let me indulge in so much rhetoric?"

"I wanted to hear you. It helped me, in a way."

"I knew something was on your mind. Let's have it."

But Mrs. Wickes hesitated, and pulled at her tiny lawn handkerchief with tense fingers. "I don't know why I bother you with this," she began abruptly. "But I must have your advice."

"I love to give advice."

"It's—it's about my niece, Nancy Warren; she's in a nasty scrape."

"But she's so young and pretty!"

"That's it. She flirts, and Henry is jealous."

"Jealousy is his particular mania, isn't it? I remember poor Anne."

"You see, after his first experience, he isn't apt to show much indulgence for a younger wife. But Nancy, like a fool, has found it exciting to trick him. And

now she's been caught in a rather incriminating situation."

"She wouldn't want me to hear this!"

"She would! I told her I wanted your calm, impartial judgment. She was supposed to be staying with me last night, so I'm involved. But I'm at my wit's end—I can't have that child fall in the mud, and I know Henry Warren's methods."

"The other man—will he stand by her?"

"He is married too. Try not to be too disgusted, Ellen! It's all commonplace enough. Nancy was really swept away temporarily—she married before she'd had her fling, you know—and she's a selfish, sensation-hunting little piece. But Henry really adores her and I know she'll be happy with him, once she settles down."

"The man is the one who should suffer, but of course he won't."

"I—I don't entirely blame him, Ellen. Indeed, I think it's worse for him than for her. He really fought against an entanglement, but she is impetuous and he—is a man."

Ellen moved restlessly.

"A man can do as he likes, of course," she said coldly. "But don't expect me to be sorry for him. If he is in love with her he must stand by her; if he isn't, he deserves more than he'll get."

Mrs. Wickes hesitated, still pulling at her handkerchief.

"Neither wanted the other enough to make any sacrifices," she admitted, "and I believe he did all he humanly could do to get out of it."

"Well, never mind about him for the present. The point is, how to save Nancy. Just what does Henry know about it all?"

"He knows that she left my house last night and was with the other man until about two in the morning."

"Where?"

"It all hinges on that. You see, she and her reluctant admirer had agreed to see each other no more. But Nancy, like all women, wanted one more farewell. She had reason to believe he was alone last night, so she arranged to meet him—in the back garden of his home. She was seen to enter, and to leave."

"Seen by Henry?"

"No, but he'd been suspicious, and had her watched. He was away; that's why she was with me. His man wasn't a professional detective, so he didn't dare break in upon them; but he reported to Henry this morning, and Henry, half-crazy, called upon Nancy for an explanation."

"What did she say?"

"That the man's wife was with them all evening."

"That's plausible enough."

"For anyone but Henry. Now he proposes to call upon the wife and find out."

"I see."

"She is a thoroughbred, and if she understands the situation, no doubt she'll come to the rescue. So I've been elected to tell her."

"Why must you mix in? That surely is the husband's affair." Ellen still was politely detached.

"He left this morning—for San Francisco, or some such place. A business trip. He'll be gone indefinitely."

"Well, you are the only one I'm sorry for. But you'll save Nancy from a scandal, and I hope she'll learn her lesson."

"Ellen, that isn't the big problem. But how can I make the wife understand? I'm afraid she'll think she stands in the way of their happiness."

"She'll understand all too well. She doubtless knows her husband's failings."

"She doesn't dream of it. She's an irrepressible idealist."

"She may forgive him, but she'll never forgive you for knowing about it. Make Nancy go to her—please keep out of it!"

"Nancy can't leave the house, or even telephone. She sent me a note at noon. If I don't go, the wife will hear about it from Henry. You see, it's up to me."

"I suppose it is. And yet, the thing

that will hurt her most will be to hear it from another woman."

"You still don't see the important issue. It's the man in the case. He's the one I want you to pity."

"Pity!"

"He worships his wife. She is his strength; other women are his weakness. There—there have been others. Don't you believe if she knew there were others she'd be more apt to realize how light his infatuations are? Shall I tell her that?"

"Anything you say will be wrong."

"He doesn't dally with common women, like so many men. Perhaps that would have been better. But he has charm and no sense of humor; that sort is irresistible to women. They pursue him and tell him how their husbands misunderstand them, and he's caught again. He fights against it and hates it in himself, and suffers frightfully from remorse."

"And you consider this pathetic?"

"Yes, because he really loves his wife. He puts the best of himself into his life with her, and without her faith he'll be a lost man."

"And yet he lies to her!"

"Ellen, I can understand that better than you. She is of different fiber, and he knows it. He tries to live up to her standards, but without her faith in him he couldn't even try. I think it is the realization of his hopeless distance from her that makes him crave contact with women frail as himself."

"What farcical lives people lead!" said Ellen wearily. "Well, such a relationship couldn't endure long. The wife must be a frightful poseur herself, to compel him to live a lie with her. She's probably one of these detestable noble persons."

"Ellen, didn't you just tell me that you had learned to adopt a pose yourself, for the sake of peace and tranquillity?"

"I did, but I don't try to be noble. It can hurt no one but me."

"But are you sure? I'm only asking because I don't know."

"Then don't let's be sentimental about it. How I hate that sort of emotionalism! Life hammers us all, whatever we do. It's mawkish and officious, too, to attempt to carry other people's burdens. It's better to be hard."

A vicious peal of the telephone cut into her words, and Mrs. Wickes arose agitatedly.

"Ellen, this man's wife is the only one of the four strong enough to carry shame and bitterness. She'll have to do it."

"Well, you'll have to leave that to her."

Again the telephone, insistent, vindictive.

"Oh, I suppose I'm a fool to care!" Mrs. Wickes' voice was hoarse. "Don't think I'm just meddlesome. But I must make that woman conscious of her own strength, whatever I lose by it." Embarrassed by her display of feeling, she stooped to pick her hat from the floor, and Jacob presented himself in the doorway.

"A gentleman is on the 'phone, ma'am. Won't give his name; wants to speak to you and says it's important."

"Ask again for his name," said Ellen slowly, "and tell him I will call him in a few minutes."

"Good-by; I must hurry," said Mrs. Wickes. Her hand on Ellen's was cold and shook slightly.

"Sorry I couldn't help you. I hate to see you so troubled." Ellen looked into her friend's face with calm, inscrutable eyes.

"You have helped," said Mrs. Wickes deliberately. The door closed behind her.

Presently Jacob announced, "The gentleman is Mr. Henry Warren, madame. He would like to speak to you, as soon as possible, about some important business."

He hesitated, but she made no comment, so he silently withdrew.

Her fingers fumbled unseeingly at the drapery of her gown, and her mouth was set in a vague frightened smile. A light wool scarf hung on the back of her

chair, and she pulled it about her shoulders with an involuntary, subdued shiver. Long minutes passed. She leaned slightly forward in her chair, breathing with an effort, still fingering at her gown. Her eyes, wide and staring, moved blankly about the room. They strayed to the pitiless young face of her protrait, and she shrank back into her chair, involuntarily raising one of her groping hands, as though to ward off its gaze. From it her eyes moved to the piano, and then back to the portrait. Stirring in her chair, she passed a hand over her eyes.

"Let me think," she said aloud, impatiently. Reaching out, she pressed the electric bell.

"Raise all the blinds, Jacob," she said, "it is growing so dark. . . . Raise them quite high. Now get Mr. Warren's number and bring me the telephone."

Jacob brought the telephone on its long extension-cord and stood it beside her on the table.

"Woodhill six one two," said Ellen. "May I speak to Mr. Warren? Oh, is this Mr. Warren? This is Ellen Chandler. Sorry I kept you waiting. Not at all; I don't mind answering questions. Yesterday? Oh, not really ill. Just a headache. It did me good to have a glimpse of Nancy. Of Nancy, I said. Yes, so nice of her to drop in. Tell her I found the piece of music we were looking for last night, and I'll be glad to go over it with her any time. I'm afraid we kept her quite late, but Allan and I are great night-owls. She said she was staying with Marion Wickes, since you were away. You must come with her next time; we never see you. . . . Oh, no, it didn't tire me at all; you mustn't scold her. You see I'm dependent upon my friends' coming here. . . . Please don't thank me; you are very welcome. Good-by!" The receiver clicked into place.

Ellen's breath came like that of a spent swimmer. She relaxed upon her cushions, and her hands at last lay inert upon her lap. Her face was tired and drawn, but her eyes still roved about the room with a dull amazement, as though seeing it for the first time.

A screen door closed with a bang, and quick footsteps crossed the hall.

"Ellen, darling! How romantic you look, all alone in the twilight. Were you thinking of me?"

A tall, youngish man with close-cropped fair hair stood in the doorway, warm, dusty, eager.

"Allan! . . . Yes, I believe I was."

He seized her hands eagerly, and rubbed her strong white fingers over his face, kissing her palms. She submitted listlessly, as though her hands were not a part of her. "God, I'm glad to get home. I've had a tremendous day, and have lots to talk over with you. I saw Simonson at last—what's the matter, dearest; aren't you well?" His eagerness changed to quick anxiety.

"Perfectly well." She shifted a bit in her chair.

"Headache gone?"

"Quite gone."

Reassured, he dropped to the floor beside her, and like a dog begging to be petted, rested his head on her knee. But she looked away, her hands hanging stiffly over the arms of her chair.

"I'm tired as hell," he sighed. "I can't rest anywhere but here, Ellen. I have to be near you. I told Simonson I couldn't decide anything till I talked it over with you; so I'll have to call him by long distance to-morrow. We'll hash it out after dinner. I must run up now and have a shower."

"You asked the Merriweathers for bridge, I thought." Her words came slowly.

"So I did." He jumped to his feet, and Ellen watched him absently, as one might watch a restless child. "We'll send them home early."

"Allan, before I forget . . . something so odd happened. Mr. Warren called me on the telephone."

Allan Chandler had risen to his feet, but stood very still at her words, his back to her.

"Allan, he is a vulgar old thing."

"Really?" He cleared his throat. "What did he want?"

"He seemed excited; it wasn't quite clear. Something about his wife . . . he thought she had been here last night." A dark flush spread over her husband's neck, into his fair hair, but he still stood motionless.

"I realized," continued Ellen, very calmly, "that she had lied to him, and used us as a sort of alibi for some little lapse of hers. So I stepped into the breach and said yes; several people had been with us last evening and that she was one of the party. Wasn't that immoral of me? But it was all he deserved. She is young and foolish, and I know Henry would have no mercy. I'm sorry for them both."

"Well, I'm not!" He turned his suffused face toward his wife. "She is a rotten little spoiled piece—and he dared come to you about it!" He clenched his hands till the knuckles whitened. "Ellen, Ellen, we must keep away from cheap people. The world mustn't touch you that way! That you should have to lie to that old bounder!"

"I found it quite exhilarating. A good lie gives one such a sense of power, doesn't it?"

"It's my fault, I know." He turned his face from side to side, as though to avoid seeing something unpleasant. "Ellen, I would cheerfully suffer any pain to spare you a glimpse of ugliness."

"I think I need more ugliness," she said wearily. "I am growing too soft. Allan, I want you to find a substitute for me in your game to-night."

"Why?" He met her eyes, but she dropped her eyelids to avoid seeing the fear in his face.

"I waste too much time on cards and silly people." Her voice suddenly sharpened. "I'm frittering away my time being a doll. I want to accomplish something worth while before it's too late. Zelinsky wants me to work up a recital. He's bringing Mr. Farnsworth to luncheon to-morrow, so I think I'll do some practicing tonight."

"I see. Well, I'll tell the Merries not to come; I don't enjoy cards without you. I'll listen while you practice."

"I'd rather be alone. You can get another woman for bridge, and if we shut the doors I won't disturb you."

"I don't want another woman. God, I'm sick of women. They speak only one language these days." His fear had changed to sulkiness. "I'll go to bed if you want to get rid of me. And I'll go back to town to-morrow; I can't stand that Zelinsky with his dirty collars. Of course I can't blame you for getting fed up with just me and my circle of sincere drinkers."

"No, you can't blame me," she admitted. "Hurry, if you want a shower before dinner. And tell Jacob I want him."

He hesitated, studying her face. "You are perfect in that green gown," he said in a more natural voice. "All other women are common compared to you." Bending over, he kissed the nape of her neck, rumpled her soft hair, and strode from the room with long masculine strides. She listened to his retreating steps and put both hands hard against her face, covering her eyes.

"Jacob," she said a moment later, "push my chair over to the piano, please; and turn on the light. It's so hard to see."

When the old man had gone she sat stupidly before the instrument, her hands in her lap. Even the light hadn't dispelled the strange fog that seemed to come between her and the piano. The fog, she knew, was merely a physical oppression; her mind was feverishly clear. It had been her impulse to play something very modern and brilliant, like Stravinsky or Schönberg: not because they fitted her mood but because they would confuse and irritate Allan, and she wanted to strike back at him—put him in his place.

Suddenly she was frightened. The piano keys seemed vaguely hostile, like

bared teeth. She had thought her music so great it might carry her away from Allan, and now she was afraid it wasn't great enough. She had no illusions about the work it involved. Now to make of it a vehicle strong enough to lift her above pain she must labor for hour upon hour: she must become an anxious, pathetic figure, struggling against an enormous handicap alone. Alone! The intolerable loneliness of abnormality had been her dread all these years. To disguise the personal aspects of her tragedy had become an obsession; she had dedicated all her time and strength to acquiring an atmosphere of urbanity. Now its futility was apparent. Life had marked her for an object of pathos.

She moved restlessly. Anything rather than that! If life cannot end upon a crescendo, why not accept its diminuendo gracefully? Better, surely, to be ignoble than pathetic. Only the very young could afford pride and passion; she was neither young enough nor strong enough to demand perfection in anything. Even this ambition to renew her music was merely a melodramatic gesture. If she had a touch of genius, as her amiable friends believed, she would never have neglected it for new gowns, beauty-specialists, light fiction—the sedatives of ambition. She had played with it as Allan played with women: a sensuous dalliance, not a grand passion. They were both past the age for adventure; now they wanted security. And she knew in her heart that her security had not been threatened. Allan needed her as she needed him; to punish him, even indirectly, would destroy whatever there was of beauty in their lives.

When Allan, scrubbed and youthful in white flannels, joined her a few minutes later, she still sat motionless before the keyboard.

"I'm going to 'phone the Merries not to come," he told her cheerfully.

She sighed, as though yielding to an insistent pressure.

"No, let them come," she said, "I think bridge will do me good. I'm too tired for the piano to-night."

"Cards are relaxing," he agreed delightedly. "I've been thinking, dearest, that I can't let you overdo your playing. It is much too great a strain. You weren't meant for work, Ellen; you are your own excuse for being."

"Excuse!" she repeated wearily, "that's what I've been hunting for; an excuse. An excuse to be lazy and comfortable! I'll do whatever you say, Allan. It's so pleasant to put the burden on you."

He took her hand in both of his and kissed it. "I say, just be my lovely Ellen, always."

She laughed, with an hysterical note. "Thank you, dear. You have saved me from facing an embarrassing issue." She drew him down to her with a sudden gesture. "Oh, Allan, let's be kind to each other's little vanities. Time goes so fast, and we'll soon be old. Hold me tight, Allan; I need you so."

After a pause, with his lips against her hair, he exclaimed suddenly, "Why, Ellen! The curtain is gone from your portrait!"

"Oh, yes, I told Jacob to take it down. I forget now why I had it covered. It's an amusing study of adolescence, isn't it?"

"Yes, I always liked it. But it isn't you."

"No, it isn't I," she agreed gaily.

WHAT, THEN, IS CULTURE?

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

"'*What is truth?*' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."

"*What is culture?*" said an enlightened man to me not long since; and though he stayed for an answer, he did not get it. He would have none of Matthew Arnold's definition, on which, for a few decades, our world pillowed itself comfortably. "Contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world," he insisted, was not the whole story. Together, we eliminated requirements, which is much easier than setting them up; we became empirical and voted on certain well-known critics and humanists; in the end, we left culture an uncracked nut. I, at my leisure, was supposed to crack it as best I could.

The introduction is meant to be deprecatory, for the writer is no more able to determine with assurance what culture is than she was a few weeks ago. The little necessary impulse to cogitation, to be sure, was given by my interlocutor's refusal to accept Matthew Arnold's opinion. When, some years since, I had ventured, at the request of an editor, some remarks on this subject, I had more or less assumed that Arnold was right. Here was a quite different editor requesting me to venture more remarks, on the assumption that Arnold was wrong—or, at the least, insufficient.

Perhaps the sole compensation for growing middle-aged—certainly I know of no other—is that after one has passed forty one ceases to accept authority. I am in full agreement with the anonymous critic of Mr. Aikman in the September *Harper's*, who maintains that youth is hidebound and that intellectual freedom comes only with being grown-up. We do not rid ourselves at forty of convictions, devotions, obsessions; but we do select the objects of our reverence, our partisanships do result from personal taste. Our opinions derive from our temperaments, the profounder qualities of our being. We do not care whether we agree with X or not; we decide for ourselves. At least, we are capable of this. Youth is intellectually more unselfish, idealistic, courageous, than middle age; but middle age is intellectually more independent. At twenty-five one accepts Arnold, if at all, because he is Matthew Arnold and a warlock among critics; at forty, if one accepts him, it is because he has the honor to agree with us, and neither his urbanity nor his irony can mesmerize us against our will.

The great fault of Arnold's definition of culture—contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world—is that it disposes, ruthlessly and finally, of everyone who does not, for example, know Greek. Leaving to one side, as one reasonably may, civilizations such as those of China or India, from which our own world in no immediate sense derives, I still do not see how one who follows Arnold can get away from the necessity of knowing the classics. By the best that has been said and thought in the world Arnold means the best in European civilization, in historic times. He might let you off the Minoan remains, but he would never let you off Homer, Plato, Virgil, and Marcus Aurelius. He would not let you off Dante, Goethe, Milton. I doubt if he would permit you

to substitute Confucius or Averroës, or even the Vedic poets, since these are not, in the same sense, our intellectual ancestors.

Now if culture means contact with the classical poets and dramatists and philosophers, it demands initially a classical education. You cannot evade the requirement by reading all these people in translation. Some of them, perhaps, but not all. The disciples of Arnold would, I think rightly, suspect the culture of the man who could read Homer, Virgil, Dante, Cervantes, Racine, Goethe only in English versions. The point is purely an academic one, in any case, for there must be very few people who have taken the trouble to read translations of all the European classics. It is only the hero of certain sentimental novels who, having no language but English, spends his midnights in exhaustive perusal of Bohn editions. "Is he cultured?" is a merely rhetorical question, since there is no such animal. No: the linguistic demand is clear. You virtually cannot be cultured according to Arnold without a fair classical education. Theoretically, it may be possible; practically, it is not.

That formal education does not suffice, Arnold would probably have been one of the first to agree. The English aristocracy of Arnold's day had read Greek and Latin if it had read nothing else; they were none the less "barbarians" to him. To some contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world they had been forced, at public school and university. It is clear, one would suppose, that a forced, or a reluctant, or a careless contact will not do the trick. In order to work, it must be a contact enjoyed, appreciated; electric, not merely physical. It is no doubt possible to read Homer in Greek and yet be a person to whom Homer says nothing. To be educated you must have a certain amount of knowledge—not spurious but real; not the kind that can be got from Sunday supplements, or five-foot shelves, or university extension lectures. You must, perhaps, have a trained mind. The object of academic education as it is now conducted at the best universities is to teach the young man to distinguish between the truth and a lie. His mind is exercised in one field of knowledge, that he may learn methods and standards. By dealing correctly with one mass of facts, he learns (this, at least, is the theory) how to deal with any mass of facts to which duty or desire may later introduce him. Sciolism is not required of him, but the correct approach to the unknown is.

II

Yet even this is not culture. No one who has had long experience of academic communities can have failed to note that culture is far less common in college faculties than one would expect. The pedant is apt to be farther from it than the man of natural good taste whose formal education has been scanty. Even the scholar—whom I would contrast with the pedant—is not invariably a cultured man. Even to him, contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world has not always sufficed. Learning is not culture, though it is a mighty aid thereto. I have known many people lacking any college experience who were more cultured than many others well dowered with doctorates. Specialization is the persistent foe of culture. Even a humanist sometimes concentrates too much on "settling *Hoti's* business," and, while still living, is "famous, calm, and dead." Also, they who constitute criticism are too apt to take critics seriously. There is overmuch tendency among the highly educated to accept the dicta of other highly educated folk; too much tendency for a man who himself has a Ph.D. in classics or economics to think that opinions are most trustworthy when they emanate from other people who have Ph.D.'s in classics or economics; to believe that the man who is right about *Hoti* or free trade will be right about a novel, a play, a picture, a prize fight, or a human being.

This academic snobbishness defeats the purposes of culture; for culture implies a varied taste, a vital interest, and a complete independence. The person who always knows the correct opinion and who always voices it is never a truly cultured person: he is only the parasite of experts.

Culture, then, is not conterminous with education. It presupposes, above all things, an attitude of mind. One cannot be born cultured, for culture implies a process endured, an experience undergone; but one can be born either more, or less, susceptible of culture. Henry James stated somewhere the necessity for the aspirant writer of being "a young person on whom nothing is lost." That is, surely, the first duty of the man or woman who would be cultured. If the word "culture" fell into disrepute for a time, it was because the pedants and the parasites were the people who claimed culture for their own. Contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world does not absolutely suffice, as we have said; since there are those whom that contact does not fire, mold, alter. There are, besides, people whose contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world has been, owing to restrictions of circumstance, fairly scanty, yet who are recognizable, to the impartial judge, as cultured beings. One of the people who rises most quickly to the surface of my mind, as I drop the word "culture" in to see what happens, is a woman with small Latin and less Greek—I suspect, indeed, neither, in any measure—who has never traveled abroad or widely in her own country, who has been cut off by straitened circumstances, ill-health, and small-town life from most of the recognized agents of culture. Her garden is very small, but she has cultivated it intensively, tirelessly, and with delight. If to be cultured is to have a natural instinct for fineness in whatever intellectual field or plastic form, to have pursued fineness as constantly and as variously as circumstances allow, never to be seduced by the mere prevailing fashion, and to find continual, unsatiated delight in fineness of quality, wherever it appears—and I can think of no definition that approximates the meaning of culture more nearly—then this friend is one of the most cultured people I have known. The individual of timid, or inhospitable, or intolerant taste is never cultured, though he should have heard the great music, read the great books, seen the great landscapes and the great pictures. Some of the most experienced and fortunate people I know, whose eyes and ears and minds have been fed full with the great masterpieces of God and man, are not cultured and never could have been. Like vaccine, truth and beauty do not always "take."

Slavishness is the greatest deterrent, perhaps, to the development of oneself as a cultured being. As one thinks back, one realizes that half the "cultured" people one has known are not truly so, since they are incapable of deciding æsthetically or intellectually for themselves. They are like compasses flung out of true by any contiguous piece of iron. Criticism in any field is educative and helpful, but one must not be Polonius agreeing with Hamlet, whether Hamlet is Pater or Berenson or Bernard Shaw or George Jean Nathan. Too many people let some expert fix their fluctuating judgments; and the judgment must be fixed from within. No: this is not a brief for ignorance or for arrogance; a brief, rather, for intelligent impressionability, for a spontaneous, not a forced, reaction to stimuli. The cultured person does not get his impressions second-hand; he does not, while registering an impression, try to square it with the impression of his preferred critic.

Why, then, someone might ask, is not every cocky person, who cares nothing for outside opinion, cultured? Are they cultured, all the brash and ignorant creatures who despise every hint of their elders and betters? What becomes of the famous retort to the man who said (and still says) "I know what I like"? (The

retort, I believe, was, "So do the beasts of the field.") Does culture, then, consist in vociferously defending the comic strip, or the Irving Berlin song, or the Mack Sennett comedy just because one is too ignorant to be aware that there are better things? There are millions of people who do not even know that there are critics who can be disagreed with. Quite so; though in the last analysis, the cultured man is like the beasts of the field in "knowing what he likes." These millions are cut out of the controversy before it begins. Even the man with a natural flair for fineness—which is a prerequisite to culture—is not cultured if he has seen, heard, experienced no fineness. He is an untempered instrument. There would be no point in proving that the majority of mankind is uncultured. Everyone knows that. In distinguishing between the cultured and the uncultured, we must deal with the people about whom there can be a question. If you were trying to determine the presence or absence of a Celtic strain in certain West-European groups, you would not waste your time in examining Asiatics. I have been referring to a large percentage of those people whom the world agrees to call cultured; people who are not really cultured because their taste has been so lessoned and tutored and coerced that in the end they have no taste of their own at all. However they may attempt to conceal the fact by indulging in safe little fads of their own, they are Tomlinsons: they got it from a Belgian book on the word of a dead French lord. The pseudo-cultured are pleasanter folk than the non-cultured, yet their servility, though it has a neater vocabulary, is the very servility of the Chautauqua.

III

Next to slavishness, perhaps, among the sins against true culture is narrowness. A cup can be no more than full, and to few is it given to be divinely aware in many fields of art or thought. As in academic education, so in culture, the educative experience has often to be gathered in one or two fields. We cannot know all arts equally well. Yet I wonder if that man is truly cultured whose sense of fineness can be exercised only on very limited and familiar phenomena. The gift and habit (for both are necessary) of perceiving fineness must not be too narrowly channeled. Almost every purposeful activity has its own excellence, and there is something, even for culture, in being "an all-round man." The "cultured" tend too much to look for, to expect, to credit beauty or perfection only in certain accustomed places. The truly cultured person apprehends beauty in a form in which he has never before seen it. I remember being accused by a friend, in my youth, of being "narrow-tasted." Nearly all the cultured people I know—I cannot claim culture for myself—are far too narrow-tasted. We cannot, ourselves, be equally sensitive in all directions, or summon delight whenever we are told. We might, however, more than we do, confess to, admit beauty that is not our special business. I think we must not "high-hat" perfection, wherever it may be found. The man who gets his keenest pleasure out of "Paradise Lost" or a Beethoven symphony will probably not greatly enjoy a prize fight. "Better a third-rate cathedral than the noblest work of God," an æsthetic friend of mine once retorted to my youthful praise of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. She was a cultured person who cared very little for what is called "scenery."

These preferences are natural, and so long as they are honest, no one need mind. Yet when it comes to denying other people's preferences, true culture will walk warily. It is as unenlightened to say that there is no beauty in Dempsey's boxing, or in the cowboy's bronco-busting as to say that there is none in the Velasquez Venus or in a certain César Franck symphony. Why wall oneself completely in, though it should be inside a Salon Carré? I know many cultured folk who declare that

they can get no pleasure from motion pictures. In many cases the plea is honest, and arises from the fact that they have never seen enough movies to adjust themselves to the medium. They probably do get headaches, *plus* a sense of unreality. The remedy is to accustom oneself to the genre. There are, however, a great many individuals who can be seen to preen themselves while they express their dislike. I am afraid they think they are being "cultured." I myself have found more beauty, in the last half dozen years, in motion pictures than in any other form of art except the great field of English prose. Those years, to be sure, have not been adventurous, or explicitly oriented towards the arts. One has no reproaches for the people who get headaches at movies: one can only be sorry for them. One has, indeed, no reproach for the people who honestly do not enjoy them. One's only reproach is for the people who have pre-judged them, and relentlessly stay away because they suspect that to enjoy a movie is vulgar.

Is all this to widen the boundaries of culture too much: to make a vast public park of a necessarily limited preserve? I think not. For it must be obvious to everyone that the cultured, until Utopia is realized, will always be a small minority. True culture will never find its joys "in widest commonalty spread," though true culture will never discredit an appeal because it happens to be well-nigh universal. An acquaintance told me recently of standing on the brink of the Grand Canyon and of a man next her remarking that "it was very common." "You mean 'uncommon'?" she asked, thinking she had misunderstood. "No, I mean 'common'; there's so much of it," was his reply. The gentleman, without doubt, had inklings of "culture." It is possible that he would have had no trouble at all with Mona Lisa. However absurd his application, he was endeavoring to state the principle that mass-production destroys beauty. The principle itself is fairly sound, though the really cultured person, I think, will permit even mass-production to God Almighty. Mass-appreciation is another matter. We may as well admit that the cultured man gets a large number of his keenest joys from objects and experiences that would leave the great majority uncertain or cold. One of the surest tests of his culture, however, is to find out what popularities he rejects, and why. The finer the temperament, the more complex and subtle the delight; but it is very dangerous to condemn a spectacle merely because millions get pleasure out of it. You cannot blacklist "Hamlet" because it has always got across to the groundlings. You cannot declare that moonlight is overrated (I have a delightful friend who once did) just because Tin Pan Alley has made sentimental capital of it. Yes, I have heard the moon put out of court and called cheap. Which is a kind of transferred epithet—confusing the attributes of Hecate with those of her lesser devotees. One must hold one's judgment truer than that. One must even admit that there are beauties, tragedies, delights by which the common, average heart can be pierced—and which are, themselves, none the less authentic. It is not strange that cultured individuals, seeing the majority go wrong so often, should instinctively beware of what the majority likes. Have not most of us stayed away purposely from "Abie's Irish Rose"? I confess that I have always stayed away purposely from the Yosemite, for much the same reason. But if one carries this distrust too far, one will some day miss a great experience.

IV

It all sounds, no doubt, like an impossible counsel of perfection. Well, it is; and it should be. It is more important to have a decent conception of culture than to give away the label generously, with both hands; less painful to admit that oneself and a lot of one's friends are not truly cultured than to

accept the debasing definitions of those who call themselves "cultured" without warrant. The cultured need not, after all, be numerically few. Opportunity is very wide, and in a country where one out of every eight people can possess a motor car, surely one out of every ten thousand might be cultured if he would. The greatest foes of culture are inside, not outside. By their own affectations and insincerities and snobberies they bring it into not undeserved disrepute. They have made Culture appear to be a power in whose service people could grow dry, intolerant, and precious. They have made it depend wholly on the content, not at all on the quality and attitude, of the mind; and they have tended to prescribe that content too rigorously. They have herded too stupidly, given themselves over to fantastic shepherds, followed bell-wethers that other generations will forget. Only those are truly cultured who have dared to be lonely.

Is contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world, then, unnecessary? I certainly should not venture to say so. But we have perhaps minimized the power of one æsthetic or intellectual intimacy to throw light on all others. It is possible, I fancy, for the rich encounter with one masterpiece to teach one the correct manner with masterpieces in general. I have known more than one person with a limited formal education who, by his natural susceptibility, say, to music or to architecture, by assiduous adventuring within the one field, has achieved for himself the cultured point of view. The history, development, and florescence of one art, well mastered, can give a man intuitions of the others. True, it may not do so; he may, for example, become a mere specialist. The truly cultured person must, I imagine, have sampled more than one kind of beauty, be aware, at least, of the vast variety of intellectual experience. He cannot be ignorant of civilization. If he has acquired a real and entire intimacy with one of the great genres, he can hardly have avoided some acquaintance with the main stream of human history. Can a man be cultured who has never heard of Plato? Probably not; since never to have heard of Plato is an almost impossible condition for anyone to fulfil who has documented himself in any intellectual or æsthetic field. Can a man be cultured who has never read Plato? Assuredly.

True culture must be, it would seem, a matter of both mind and spirit. That there cannot be culture without some real knowledge goes without saying. Our mistake has been to think that knowledge is the whole story. Equally important are natural sensitiveness and intellectual independence—I had nearly said, the dreaming heart. Anatole France, I believe, defined his type of impressionistic criticism as "the adventures of a soul among the masterpieces." To be cultured one must first have a soul that is capable of adventures among masterpieces; then, a soul that has been given some opportunity for adventuring. But that soul must have its own adventures, not someone else's, or it is only a pseudo-culture; and it must keep a charity, an eagerness that make it ever ready to seek beauty in unproclaimed places, and to respect ardors it cannot itself feel.

> The perfect judge could go face to face before God. . . .
> Before the perfect judge heaven and hell shall stand back.

Not to anyone—Petronius Arbiter or the Admirable Crichton or anyone else—is it possible to become the perfect judge. The truly cultured person does not confess anyone, dead or living, as the perfect judge, since even the finest temperament has its limitations both of capacity and experience. He will ever be gathering knowledge, accumulating experience, as he can; but if he once surrenders his independence or loses his divine curiosity, he has forsaken culture and become, according to his type, either a catalogue or a code—in either case, a hindrance and a bore.

THE PROBLEM OF HEART DISEASE

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

TWENTY-FIVE years is a short time as we count human affairs; yet, in this brief space, a revolution has occurred in the hazards to life and health. The change has passed almost unnoticed. The discoveries of modern medicine and the development of the public-health movement have brought one infectious disease after another under control. The ravages of typhoid fever, yellow fever, cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and infantile enteritis have been checked and are now, in the most advanced countries at least, well on the road to extinction. Tuberculosis, which a quarter of a century ago was the leader among the destroyers of life, has been reduced more than fifty per cent. It is now relegated to fifth place in the list of causes of death. As a result of this progress, more than ten years have been added, in this generation, to the life expectation of the whole people. A new order of vigor prevails to-day in the civilized world. Men are able to live and work more freely, unhampered by the fear of premature death. Life is safer and easier and, for that very reason, is economically more productive. In the struggle to overcome the bacterial enemies of mankind the outlook has never been more promising.

These victories have brought into relief hazards of another sort. The control over the external infections has resulted in a greater interest in the defects of our internal organism. To-day the emphasis is shifting from the infectious diseases of youth to the degenerative conditions of middle life, such as heart disease, the hardening of the arteries, Bright's disease, the nervous disorders, and cancer. There is good evidence that these conditions, taken together, are increasing. It is entirely possible that the way we now live has a good deal to do with the situation. The crowding of immense populations into the cities, their intense and noisy activity, the drive for money and for the excitements which money supplies are certainly not conducive to orderly and reposeful living. Leading psychiatrists have stressed the possibility that the new ways are injurious to our nervous organization, and some of them believe that they may predispose to the degenerative diseases. But we really know very little in regard to this relationship. Much remains to be discovered in this field of medicine. In any case, it is time that the public interest should be directed to what is happening. The present trend of the more important of this group of diseases should be more generally appreciated. This is a first requisite to any steps that may be taken to check their effects.

Heart disease is now the first in the list of causes of death. It is also first in the amount of damage it does through producing disability and invalidism. In the United States the deaths of nearly two hundred thousand persons are ascribed to it each year. If the present situation should continue unchecked, one in every five of the population now living will eventually succumb to this disease. At age 10 one is three times as likely to die eventually from it as from tuberculosis. A man at 30 is four times as likely to die of heart disease as from tuberculosis, and for a woman the prob-

ability at that age is more than five times as great. If these deaths from heart disease were limited to old people, one could hardly complain; for this mode of exit is as good as any for those who have rounded out their life work. But, as we shall see more fully later, the deaths from heart disease are not limited to the aged. There are all too many young and middle-aged victims whose premature death is often preceded by long periods of disability. For every death from heart disease that occurs annually, there are probably ten persons living impaired and deficient lives because of the breakdown of heart function. Altogether, two million people in the United States, or about two per cent of the entire population, suffer from some form of heart trouble, many of whom cannot engage in productive activities and are, to a greater or less degree, a drain on the resources of other people. Proper medical and nursing care of such patients is expensive. There is to-day no more fruitful source of impoverishment and family breakdown. The annual reports of our charitable organizations show strikingly the prominence of heart disease as a primary cause of dependence. It has more than replaced tuberculosis, which is being relegated to a position of decreasing importance. The economic loss to the community from heart disease is enormous. I consider the problem involved an outstanding one in contemporary medicine.

II

In discussing heart diseases we must remember that they are not the result of one, but of a combination of many factors and related disorders. The heart is a complicated organ. Essentially, it is a muscular pump composed of four chambers and their incoming and outgoing blood vessels. The action of these chambers is co-ordinated and controlled by an intricate nervous mechanism. The chambers are paired into a right half and a left half. The upper chamber on each side is called the auricle; the lower, the ventricle. Each auricle is separated from its ventricle by a muscular valve which permits the flow of blood downward but prevents the leakage of blood backward. Venous blood arriving from all parts of the body in the right auricle passes from the auricle through the valve into the right ventricle. It is then pumped through the pulmonary arteries to the lungs where it is aerated. The blood then returns to the left auricle, passes down through the valve on that side into the left ventricle, whence it is pumped out through the aorta to be distributed to all parts of the body.

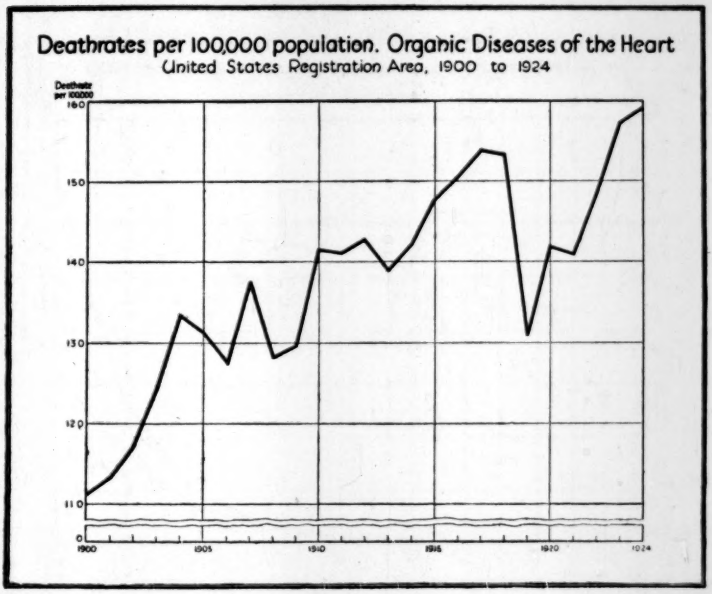
This complicated pumping mechanism may get out of order in many ways. A group of very common heart disorders arise from difficulties outside of the heart itself. These are the so-called *functional* cases. The nervous mechanism which regulates the heart action may be temporarily and slightly deranged, producing heart symptoms without causing structural changes in the heart. Emotional states and severe bodily exercise will increase the demands on the circulation and overstrain the heart. The symptoms in such cases are sometimes very distressing but usually are of no very great importance. If they are allowed to continue for long periods of time, however, these functional disorders may result in permanent heart impairment. The cases of so-called *organic* heart disease, on the other hand, reflect conditions within the heart itself, and are much more serious in character. Disease of the heart valves is lamentably common, usually the aftermath or an accompaniment of disease elsewhere in the body, such as scarlet fever, serious dental infection, tonsillitis, or acute rheumatic fever, more rarely syphilis. It is estimated that acute rheumatic fever alone is responsible for twenty-five per cent of all cases of heart disease, and that syphilis accounts for ten per cent more. Rheumatic heart disease is usually acute, occurs in early life, and more often affects the valve between the auricle and ventricle on the left side. Syphilitic heart dis-

ease, on the other hand, is much more chronic in character, occurs among persons between 40 and 60 years of age and affects the aorta or the aortic valve, which is on the right side of the heart. The affected valves in such cases become scarred and deformed and no longer function perfectly. The inflow of blood from one chamber to another may be impeded, or an incompletely closed valve may permit blood once through to leak back into the chamber whence it came. Obviously, to meet the body's needs, the heart must increase its labors under such conditions and, ultimately, the muscle will become exhausted. Frequently, valvular disease is accompanied by certain sounds called "heart murmurs."

The most common form of heart trouble is associated with hardening of the arteries or with elevated blood pressure. Forty per cent of all heart cases are of this type. The arteries are normally elastic tubes, expanding and contracting, and thus aid in the distribution of the blood. As they become hardened, there is an increased resistance to blood flow and, as a consequence, more work for the heart. The hardening of the arteries may take place in the muscular walls of the heart itself, thus impairing its nutrition. Bright's disease, in much the same manner as arteriosclerosis—perhaps together with it—may increase the load upon the heart and predispose to ultimate disaster. The enlargement and the degeneration of the heart muscle are the physical signs of this type of disease. The valves are usually not involved at first. The disease is chronic in character and occurs, for the most part, in persons after age 50. A variation of this class of case is that found in old age. The senescent heart, even without any local disease process in the muscle or valves, is not able to function properly. The origin of about ten per cent of the cases of heart disease is still unknown. In the remaining fifteen per cent of the cases the cause may be one of a number not so easily classified. They include such cases as result from certain excesses, such as alcoholism, or from an attack of goiter, and from a number of other primary disorders.

These are some of the commoner ways which lead to cardiac failure. The trained physician can usually determine whether there is any considerable enlargement of the heart muscle by the physical examination of the chest, supplemented by means of fluoroscopic or x-ray pictures, and can determine the particular lesion by the unusual sounds or murmurs heard in the heart as the blood flows through from chamber to chamber. The subjective symptoms which the patient brings to the attention of the physician are of the greatest importance in leading to a diagnosis. By means of an instrument of precision, the electrocardiograph, the heart specialist is able to diagnose more accurately still the particular defect which exists, even in its very early stages. Finally, by the actual test of the heart's ability to tolerate standard types of exercise, the skilled physician is able to determine the amount of the heart's disability.

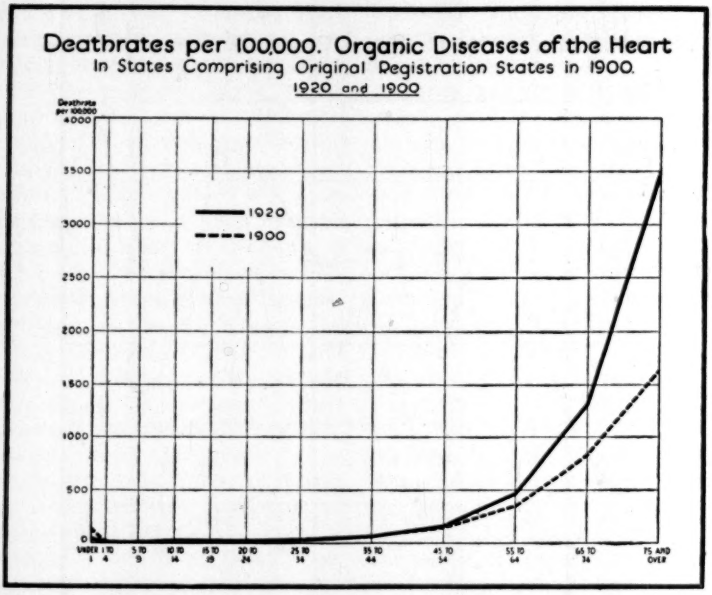
The first question for the vital statistician to answer is whether heart disease as a cause of disability and death is now actually increasing or decreasing. We must examine the crude death rates over a period of years. In 1900, when the earliest reliable figures for the U. S. Death Registration Area became available, the rate was 111.2 deaths per 100,000 of population. This means that one-tenth of one per cent of the total population died from this cause during the course of a year. Between 1900 and 1910 there was a continuous rise in the rates, the figure for 1910 being 141.5 per 100,000. In the decade beginning with 1910 the rates were first fairly stationary and then rose regularly up to the war and influenza years, 1917 and 1918, when figures above 153 per 100,000 were reached. Following the influenza epidemic, the three years 1919, 1920, and 1921 were years of comparatively low rates. There is every indication that this decline was, in large measure, the



result of the epidemic itself. Physicians everywhere noted that the influenza was very often fatal to those who had been suffering from serious heart affections. Many died of influenza in 1918 and 1919 who, in the ordinary course of events, would have died two or three years later from their heart disease. Since 1922, the rate has been rising slightly each year, bringing the figures back to what they were immediately before the influenza period and even beyond.

The general impression given by these figures and which is confirmed by the graph, is one of increasing heart disease incidence during the last twenty-five years. But this rough method of analysis is subject to very decided limitations. Heart disease is pre-eminently a condition of the older ages of life, and it may well be that such increase in the number of deaths as has occurred has resulted not so much from an increase in the hazard from heart disease as from the shifting of the age distribution of the population. In recent years more people have reached the older ages when heart disease is more likely to occur. The gradual reduction in the death rate from such diseases as tuberculosis, pneumonia, and the other infections has transferred many additional persons to the later age groups. It is then that heart disease is most frequent. Under conditions of twenty or thirty years ago, many of these people would have died in early life. To-day they survive to middle life and old age and then are much more likely to develop a heart defect and to die of it. Our first question, accordingly, resolves itself into a second, namely: "Is the hazard of dying from heart disease actually increasing at the various ages of life as well as during the agg egate life span?" This question can be answered only by reference to certain figures which we call age-specific death rates. These tell us the probability of dying from heart disease during the specific age periods in question.

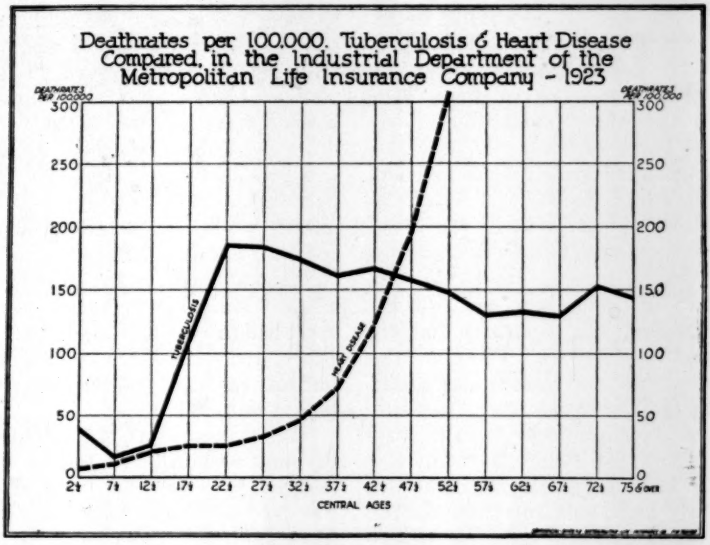
A comparison of the age-specific death rates of 1920 with those for 1900 shows at once a number of interesting items. Among young children under 5, the rates declined considerably during this twenty-year interval. Between ages 5 and 45



the specific death rates remained unchanged. Conditions, to be sure, varied somewhat from year to year, but taken altogether, the disease was *in statu quo* over this period of life. One in every seven deaths from heart disease still takes place among persons under age 45. It may be interesting at this point to contrast the contour of the age curve for heart disease with that for tuberculosis. The latter disease under present conditions shows its maximum at or about the age of 25 and then declines with advancing years. The curve for heart disease crosses that for tuberculosis at about age 45 and then mounts to its huge maximum at the oldest ages. After age 45 the rates were uniformly higher in 1920 than in 1900 and the excess of 1920 over 1900 is greater with each advancing age period. After age 75 the 1920 figures were 114.8 per cent higher than in 1900. Among both men and women the increase in the total rate in recent years has been the result of the marked changes in the death rates at the older ages, beginning at forty-five or fifty years. Not only do more people die from heart disease because more arrive at the older ages, but also because there is an increasing hazard of dying from heart disease in the later ages of life.

III

It should be of some interest, then, to determine under conditions as they now exist what the probability of dying from heart disease actually is. The real question is, "What is the chance that an ordinary man or woman will die eventually from heart disease?"—and this question cannot be answered as easily as it seems. However, calculations have been made, and the reader may be interested in the underlying principle of the method used. We begin with a group of 100,000 persons at a fixed age, let us say age 10. We keep in touch with these people, recording their deaths as they occur until all have passed away. We note also in each case what was the particular cause of the death. We thus learn how many persons in the group die at each year of age after 10. If we sum up the number of deaths from heart disease



from age 10 onward to the end of the life table and divide by the total number of persons in the group, we obtain the measure of the probability of dying from heart disease. For example, if we began with 100,000 boys at age 10, we should find that ultimately there would be a total of 19,218 deaths from heart disease before the entire group had passed out of life. This means that for a boy 10 years of age there are 19 chances of dying eventually from heart disease as against 81 chances of dying from some other cause. In the same way, the probability of dying from heart disease can be calculated at any other age. We find, for example, that for this particular disease the probability of dying eventually from it increases slightly from age 10 onward. At fifty the probability is 22 per cent; at 70 it is 24 per cent. In other words, virtually one out of every four persons at age 70 will die from this cause. The figures for girls are approximately the same. The probability of dying eventually from heart disease is one in five at age 10, and a little less than one in four at age 70. It will now be possible to see what has actually happened in the last fifteen years; for in 1910 the probability at age 10 of dying eventually from heart disease was only 15 in a hundred. In other words, there has been an increase in the probability of 31 per cent during this short interval. At age 50 the probability of dying ultimately of heart disease in 1924 was 26 per cent higher than in 1910, and at 70 the increase was 26 per cent. These figures better than any at our disposal indicate how great is the budget of heart-disease mortality at present. No other disease or condition shares its primary position when studied from this angle.

Another interesting statistical comparison relates to the incidence of heart disease in the several races that compose the American population. The most striking difference is shown by the white and colored races. During the main age-periods of life the rates for colored people are about twice those for whites at the corresponding ages. It has been suggested that the higher prevalence of such diseases as malaria, typhoid fever, and especially of syphilis, plays an important part in creating this excess of heart disease among the colored people. The lower standards of personal hygiene and the more difficult conditions of life of

this race are clearly important items. There are also marked differences in the amount of heart disease prevailing among the various nationalities that make up the white population in our country. Those of foreign birth divide into two groups: those with a low and those with a high incidence of heart disease. Those of native birth are intermediate between the two foreign groups. The favorable foreign stocks include those born in the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Russians (mostly Jews), and the Italians. These are the newer immigrants of eastern and southern Europe. The stocks with high heart disease rates include those born in England, Scotland, and Wales, Germany and Ireland. The figures for the Irish are particularly high, recalling those for the colored people rather than those for any white group. Why this should be so it is difficult to say. No such unfavorable conditions occur among the Irish people in the old country. But they are uniformly bad among the Irish in America. It will be an interesting study in future years to determine whether the descendants of Irish immigrants are able in their own generation to overcome this handicap of their parents and grandparents and to approximate the better conditions prevailing among Americans of other racial origins.

But, irrespective of race or group, the figures for heart disease are as engrossing as any we can present to-day. No other disease in the entire field of medicine, with the possible exception of cancer, offers so large an opportunity for life-saving service. It is too true, however, that the medical profession and their allies, the public-health workers, have only recently become concerned over the hazards of heart disease and have taken the public into their confidence in developing a program of relief. What can, in fact, be done in the present state of our knowledge to bring this condition under some control? The answer must in the nature of the case be somewhat cautious and conservative. The campaign is at its very inception. We shall be better able to define the issues and to move more quickly as the program is tried out. The experience that the public-health workers have gathered in their attack on other conditions, especially tuberculosis, will prove of great service in the campaign against heart disease. At the very outset two lines of attack present themselves. The first affects the individual; the second concerns the community as a whole. Each has its proper place. No great headway will be made until the two efforts are thoroughly co-ordinated and put into operation with a full measure of public support.

The campaign as it concerns the individual reduces itself largely to one of personal hygiene. We must, all of us, so live as to avoid heart impairments. More definitely, this means that children must be protected against the infections which often bring heart disease in their train. Unfortunately, we do not yet know the true cause of rheumatic fever, an arch enemy of childhood. But we can prevent and give adequate convalescent care to many cases of tonsillitis and sore throat which appear often to bring on rheumatic complications. The prevention of cases of typhoid fever, of diphtheria, and of scarlet fever through specific inoculation of children against them will cut down a proportion of heart sequelæ. Among young adults the reduction of syphilis will have its effect in fewer heart cases later in life. Saner and more temperate living on the part of all, with due regard to rest and exercise, will result in healthier bodies better prepared to avoid heart impairments. But probably the most potent of all personal efforts will be the development of the habit of the annual medical examination. The periodic health examination is the key to our problem so far as the individual is concerned. This rule applies equally to children as to adults. It is a striking fact that most persons who have heart disease have discovered this in the most accidental and casual fashion. Usually the cases are

found as the result of a life-insurance examination or through the health examination of children at school, or by industrial physicians in examining applicants for employment. Usually between one and two per cent of all such examinations result in the discovery of unmistakable heart disease. The great majority of those who are found to have a heart lesion of one kind or another have not been aware of it. On the other hand, those who believe they have heart disease and go to doctors to have their suspicions confirmed are usually in error. I have no doubt at all that if periodic health examinations became the rule in the United States tens of thousands of persons would be discovered every year with early cardiac defects when it would still be possible to remedy the situation. Changes of habit or of occupation are often sufficient to keep an early lesion under control, certainly for long periods of time.

The contribution the community can make is likewise many sided. The first step is to spread the knowledge of right living; to inculcate good habits of life through the agency of the schools and the other channels of public education. The public schools are in a particularly strategic position. They can discover the large group of children who are predisposed to heart disease and can provide for them a special regimen of instruction and of care which will serve to protect them from further deterioration of their heart structure. As in the successful campaign against tuberculosis, the organized health agencies of states and cities must provide heart clinics with skilled examiners and adequate equipment to help discover and treat cases of this disease, especially among adults. New York City, stimulated by the wise counsel of the Heart Committee of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, has taken the lead in such activities. There are now forty-seven heart clinics distributed over the city. It is not at all surprising that these are crowded, with an ever-increasing number of patients. In the year 1925 there were about twelve thousand active patients under care in these clinics of New York City, fully as many as there were receiving care in the much older tuberculosis clinics of the city. Young people for whose relief there is much hope constitute a large number of the patients, as might be expected. The clinics serve as centers of supervision and instruction and as exchanges for the distribution of patients to those agencies that are best adapted to keep them.

Sanatoria and convalescent homes are especially necessary in the attack on heart disease. For in this disease there are periods of acute outbreaks when the patient must receive intensive care and complete rest before he can be released to his family or his work. And, what is equally important, suitable work must be found for such patients if they are not to slip and become helpless cripples. Only the organized agencies of the community can provide such service. Fortunately, most American cities are finding themselves in a position where they can provide such care without involving themselves in great initial expense. General hospitals with their out-patient departments and their staff of trained social workers are ordinarily well adapted for this type of service. There is also the possibility of utilizing vacant beds or even whole wings of tuberculosis sanatoria now more or less unoccupied. Actual experience has shown in several well-managed tuberculosis hospitals that the type of care and the equipment necessary for the conduct of tuberculosis sanatoria are adapted also for the care of heart patients. There is nothing inherently difficult or dangerous in the undertaking, and it should be entirely possible as the tuberculosis death-rate declines to shift the facilities of organized health agencies, both public and private, to the care of incipient and moderately advanced cases of heart disease.

The life insurance companies occupy a particularly favorable position in the campaign we are sketching. The large

number of examinations made annually by insurance medical examiners discover many new cases. A number of companies offer free annual examinations to their policyholders and these, too, result in bringing many cases to light. The value of this service can hardly be overestimated. A few of the larger and more powerful companies, because they pay out millions of dollars in death claims each year on account of heart disease, are especially active in spreading hygienic information broadcast among their policyholders and the general public. But what is the attitude of the companies toward those who on examination are found to have a heart defect? Do they insure such persons and, if they do, what has been their experience? On the whole, the companies have been rather conservative. Lacking information as to the gravity of most heart defects, they have permitted themselves to insure limited numbers and those only who had the least dangerous lesions. The experience has been concentrated in a few companies. Taken altogether, the mortality rate has been found to be about two and a half times as high as that which prevails among normal people accepted for standard insurance. The cases have been almost altogether limited to those having the hypertensive or arteriosclerotic type of the disease, cases with a slight enlargement, and in which the mitral murmur is not pronounced. These are the cases which Doctor Mackenzie, the great English heart specialist, looked upon very favorably. He felt that the insurance companies could take a great many such people without loss, but experience has shown that he was not correct. Only the least impaired cases of organic heart disease are insurable; the rest require premiums so high as to put insurance out of reach of most persons. As information and experience increase, protection will undoubtedly be offered to larger numbers.

IV

What shall we say as to the future of our problem? The prognosis is neither very clear nor very encouraging. There is good reason to believe that the extension of the program of prevention along the lines we have outlined will save many lives and prevent much suffering among young people especially. With more effort it should be possible to keep larger numbers of persons with impaired hearts active for longer periods with greater comfort for themselves and less financial strain on their families. There are many people who suffer from chronic heart affections and who break down at or before age sixty. Nothing could be more desirable than to postpone their premature collapse. The possibilities for such service are good. There is, however, much disappointment in store for those in the heart movement who are sanguine of quick results. This enemy of mankind will not be easily vanquished. Wherever we suffer from the results of man's habits, relief will come slowly. There will always remain a heavy tax payable by way of heart disease. The future will probably show more heart deaths rather than less. The achievements of preventive medicine will work in that direction, for they will bring many people over into the older ages when the heart mechanism finally breaks down. If only we could be sure that a death from heart disease was synonymous with a long life and no serious interference with work! That is really the aim of the heart movement. But to accomplish this end much time will pass and much more knowledge will be needed on the causes of heart disease, on how to prevent it and, failing prevention, how to take care of the afflicted over longer periods of time. A high type of statesmanship will be required to put this knowledge to work. The educator and the social worker will share with the physician in this new service.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART II

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SYNOPSIS OF PART I—The imaginary duchy of Illyria has become a post-war republic and the leader of the Labor Party, Herr Guadeloupe, elected President. When the story opens he with his pretty daughter, Nyla, are arriving at the castle, where they endeavor to adapt themselves to luxury and splendor. A smartly dressed, handsome young man introduces himself as Cointreau from the Department of Public Safety and hints that "certain people" from the League of Nations wish him to help Guadeloupe "make a go of it." He advises both father and daughter about proper clothes and delicate points of etiquette, and readily consents to the suggestion that he take up his abode in the castle, assume a uniform, and the title of Colonel. His cheerful imperturbability, however, is for a moment disturbed when a telegram announces the approaching arrival of Hon. Ulysses Quackenbush, an American Ambassador, to discuss the debt settlement.

VII

THE Cabinet, hastily summoned, met next morning in the Red Room with many controversial topics to discuss. As Herr Guadeloupe had feared, one of the puny gilt chairs proved unequal to the anxious shiftings of Herr Leutz, the obese Finance Minister. But even under Romsteck's censorious eye a broken chair was the least of the President's anxieties. Herr Leutz stayed to lunch, to discuss further details of the fiscal statements to be laid before the American Ambassador; but Colonel Cointreau and Nyla were nowhere to be seen. The absence of his privy councillor, when events of such delicacy were toward, agitated Herr Guadeloupe.

The Colonel had risen that morning in the highest spirits and began his inspections with vigor. Admiring the clarity and brilliance of the weather, he insisted that now was the time to make sure that the Presidential car was in good running order. He satisfied himself that the tank was filled with *essence* and dismissed the chauffeur. He and Nyla rolled gaily away down the avenue in the elderly but impressive limousine, on which the shield of Illyria was freshly enamelled over the erased coronet of the Grand Duke.

They had not returned by the time lunch was over, and the President was annoyed. Herr Leutz, moreover, had been a depressing companion. Like all conscientious treasurers of an insolvent exchequer, he had a hundred irrefutable reasons for the red ink in his ledgers: his remarks about the dangerous flatulence of the Illyrian currency were only too true. He obviously disapproved the luxury of the President's surroundings, and seemed with somber eye to be mentally converting the Grand Ducal plate into new florins. Guadeloupe, sharpened by Colonel Cointreau into observation of such matters, noted that the Finance Minister was an untidy eater and resolved that he must not be placed too near Frau Quackenbush at the state dinner. They *might* have given me, he reflected bitterly, at least one Cabinet member who could be trusted to make a pleasing impression on our foreign creditors.

As he escorted Herr Leutz to the door, Guadeloupe was thinking secretly of a nap. He was weary and would need all possible freshness for the evening.

Romsteck was not visible, and the President had a mental picture of stealing upstairs, removing his boots, and stretching out for a recuperative hour. But at that moment Lorli, his daughter's maid, appeared, and curtsied charmingly.

"I'm sorry, Herr President, but it's time for you and the Herr Minister to take the dancing lesson."

"Dancing lesson?" ejaculated the President. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Colonel Cointreau left positive orders that after lunch you and Herr Leutz were to practice in the ballroom."

"Impossible," said Herr Leutz, making for the door. "I have sixteen different deficits to analyze."

"Colonel Cointreau said, Herr President, that interests of state absolutely required that both you and Herr Leutz should dance with Frau Quackenbush this evening."

They followed Lorli like two guilty schoolboys. In the ballroom they found a determined-looking trio: Pigalle to play the piano, Frau Innsbruck to represent the Quackenbush, Romsteck to supervise. The major-domo had already removed all small gilded chairs from Herr Leutz's access.

"Dancing of the ballroom sort," he said solemnly to his two pupils, "is very different from the rustic maneuvers we executed yesterday. Owing to the greater intimacy of personal contact, all the more grace of deportment is necessary. It was the Grand Duke's custom in these affairs always to begin by inviting any lady he specially desired to honor to accompany him in a lively fox-trot. For example."

He bowed magnificently to Frau Innsbruck, motioned to Pigalle, who struck up some spirited and mischievous syncopations, and swam off with the housekeeper into a species of rotating pedestrianism with occasional sideway slidings. To the President, who was totally unfamiliar with modern dancing, it seemed completely absurd. Frau Innsbruck's solid figure, molded on the Queen Victoria contour, floated with genteel gravity in this antic demonstration.

"So," said Romsteck, bringing the lady to port alongside the reluctant chief magistrate. "Now the Herr President and the Herr Minister are to imagine themselves entering the ballroom with their partners. The music begins, they are off."

Frau Innsbruck, thrilled in spite of herself by the honor of dancing with the President, tried hard to help him. He struggled nobly, with his eyes on his feet, but when he happened to catch sight of Herr Leutz's large boots shuffling miserably among Lorli's twinkling members the spectacle unnerved him. He lost count, faltered, and came to a stop.

"It's too difficult," he said hopelessly. "Better for the debt settlement if I don't attempt it. I'll get Colonel Cointreau to do it for me."

"Once again, Herr President, by yourself, to get the rhythm," insisted the major-domo, and Guadeloupe performed a lugubrious *pas seul*.

"The Herr President's trousers handicap him," commented Romsteck, walking beside him in his course and studying his morbid gyrations.

"Well I'm not going to dance without them, even for Frau Quackenbush," he retorted.

"That was not my suggestion," said Romsteck disapprovingly. "I mean that they impede by reason of their longitude. If the Herr President will permit—" He rolled up several inches of the drooping tubes, and sent for some of the 1865 cognac to hearten the sufferers.

With this refreshment things went a little better. Taking advantage of a pause by Herr Leutz to mop his broad brow, the President cut in on Lorli; he found her more stimulating as a partner. Both pupils were busily treading the measure when a cheerful hail surprised them. Cointreau and Nyla entered, radiant with health and enjoyment.

"Bravo, bravo!" cried the Colonel. "Herr President, you are the soul of

legerity. And the Finance Minister, treading with a toe of swansdown: like a man walking on red-hot budgets."

"Your merriment is ill timed, Colonel," said Guadeloupe peevishly. "I thought you came to Farniente to help me, and here you have been absent for hours when I needed you."

"You mustn't be angry, daddy," said Nyla, looking so sunburned and pretty that no one could have been. "We got lost in the hills. The Colonel was trying to find some goldenrod, it's a favorite American flower, and he thought it would be a delicate compliment to Frau Quackenbush."

"Certainly more delicate than my dancing with her would be," said the President.

"A good thing we *did* go," remarked Cointreau. "The car was in terrible condition. The valves need grinding, the clutch is dicky, the steering wheel's loose, and she's simply crusty with carbon. We got the goldenrod though, a whole taxi full."

"Taxi full?" asked Guadeloupe.

"Yes," Nyla explained. "You see, the car went bad at Laibach and we had to hire a cab to come home."

"From Laibach?" exclaimed the Finance Minister. "It's fifty kilometers!"

"It's quite all right, Herr Treasurer," said Cointreau hastily. "I arranged to have him send the bill to Geneva. Come then, to our affair. Music, please!"

Pigalle rippled the keys, and while the two unpromising pupils slithered heavily at their task, the Colonel and Nyla hovered blithely about them, twirling humorous patterns round the small area in which the others plodded conscientiously. The pair swooped and skimmed like gulls round a group of wounded porpoises, and the indignant President, amazed at his daughter's grace, paused to watch. They danced almost as though they had been professional partners, and Cointreau maliciously pretending himself to be Guadeloupe, called out suggestions as he and Nyla coasted to and fro. These suggestions he illustrated with appropriate action.

"Observe, Herr President, you are now dancing with Frau Quackenbush. A few perfectly simple rhythms to begin with, until Frau Quackenbush begins to enter into the spirit of the occasion. American women are cold, and require wooing. Then, as she begins to respond, your confidence increases; you murmur agreeable impromptus, complimentary and insinuating, into her ear—which will not be far away: This is your first visit to Illyria, Frau Quackenbush? We must make it memorable. Then, venturing upon more complex figures, now, perhaps, when she melts a little you steer toward a quiet corner: Surely, Frau Quackenbush, a great opulent country like yours will not be too hard on us in the matter of the debt? You will say a word in our behalf to the Ambassador?"

They came to a halt, Nyla rather flushed by the ardor the Colonel had put into his demonstration. Guadeloupe was just a little scandalized, and for a moment was the parent rather than the President.

"Here," he said sharply, "where did you learn to dance like that?"

"We practiced a bit in the hotel at Laibach," she said. "While we were waiting for lunch."

Cointreau, enthusiastic as ever, was for having all the chambermaids summoned, to provide a realistic rehearsal of the evening ceremony. He also was eager that the President and Frau Innsbruck should attempt a Charleston together. But Guadeloupe had had enough.

"If Frau Quackenbush is to be melted, I leave it to you," he said.

"I should prefer to remain in the background. The League does not like its representatives to push themselves forward," said the Colonel with unexpected modesty. "Besides, I have a headache. I believe I overexerted myself testing the car. I was thinking of remaining in my room this evening."

"Heavens, no!" cried the President, aghast. "My dear Colonel, I can't get on without you. I absolutely count on you as my interpreter."

"If I appear," said Cointreau, "I think it should be in uniform. A man looks much better dancing in some regalia."

"The Grand Duke left a whole wardrobe of uniforms," said Romsteck.

"Anything with a good splash of color in it?"

"The dress uniform as honorary admiral in the Dalmatian Navy arrived just before the War. His Grace never had an opportunity to wear it."

"True," said the Colonel. "I remember that the Dalmatian Navy spent the War prudently in dry-dock. I should have preferred a uniform with a more glorious record. However, blue and gold, with a cocked hat, will do very well."

"Choose whatever you like," said the President. "But, remember, I rely on you. And you promised to teach me a few American phrases of courtesy, that I can use when I run short."

VIII

Evidently relations between Nyla and the Colonel had ripened prosperously during their outing. The President having gone off for his much-needed nap, these two explored the old north tower, and on the dark stairway the Colonel's arm stole protectively round her.

"The trouble with this League of Nations work," he said, "it's so uncertain. Here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"Don't say that," replied Nyla gently. "Besides, this is to-day."

"Geneva is so capricious. Sometimes I'll barely get started on a job when orders will come to buzz off somewhere else. You never know when some delicate situation will arise that needs expert attention. They push you round so suddenly, to Poland, Greece, Armenia; even to North America. Sometimes you don't even have time to say good-by."

"There must be some mistake. They wouldn't send you to places like that if they knew the sort of man you are," said Nyla adoringly. "Or perhaps they're jealous of you at headquarters. Probably some of the people there are afraid you'll get their jobs."

"Darling," replied the Colonel.

There was just room for two to lean side by side, rather close, in the wedge-shaped recess of the window, looking out across the quiet water to the groves of the park. Nyla sympathetically returned the pressure of his hand, and looked admiringly at his handsome clear-cut features, now clouded with melancholy. This was a new phase of the volatile Colonel. Evidently beneath his frolic humor there was a deeper side.

"One hardly has time to put down roots anywhere, really become attached to—to places or people—before he's moved on. And I have great capacities for putting down roots," he continued wistfully.

"It's surprising," he added presently, "how small-minded people can be. Some of those department heads at Geneva would deny my very existence if it suited them to do so. That's what bureaucracy leads to. But whatever happens, you must always think tenderly of—of the League," he said generously. "It is a very noble and complicated organization."

Poor Nyla was almost in tears.

"Gene, don't talk like that about—the League. You *have* put down roots; I can feel them growing."

The Colonel was not anxious to linger unduly in the neighborhood of the Purple Room, lest the Grand Duke's murals become too visible.

"Let's see if we can find that secret passage," he suggested when she was a little comforted.

The door to the cellar of the tower was locked, but only with a padlock on a rusty hasp.

"No need to bother Romsteck," he said. "He might not like our snooping about." He fetched a poker from the fireplace in the Purple Room and easily snapped the fixture.

The cellar, at the foot of a winding stair, had probably once been a guard room or storage place. The Colonel was amused to find carefully laid away several dozen of the old Burgundies which, according to Karl's manifests, had been exhausted by visiting plenipotentiaries.

"Ha," he said. "This entry can be regarded as legitimate inspection. I suppose I really should report it to the League; sequestration of supplies, contrary to the Treaty. However, we'll be lenient. You see, alas, why international agents grow cynical."

The safety valve, as the Grand Duke always called his secret passage, was so cunningly concealed that a less ingenious investigator might have missed it. They tapped and sounded the walls without success, but then the Colonel fell to studying the coat of arms, elaborately carved and painted, high over the huge fireplace. It was surmounted by a visored helmet.

"There's something queer about that visor," he said. Climbing on a chair he reached up to it with the poker. The piece worked on a hinge, he pushed it upward, and with a soft rumble the iron fireback in the hearth slid aside. Behind was a tunneled opening.

"Fine stuff!" he cried triumphantly. "Forward, adventurers! Look out for your dress, Nyla; it's a bit sooty. Hang onto my coat-tail." He pulled out his mouth organ and gave a lively rendition of the Moating Song.

The passage, solidly lined with stone, was pitch dark, moist, and draughty, but there was an old candle on the mantelpiece which he managed to shield with his hand. They groped cautiously through with no more mishap than a few mud stains. Eventually they reached a flight of stone steps where a crack of brightness showed above. A little vigorous pushing and the Colonel burst through a trap door. They were in a small summerhouse, discreetly screened by rhododendrons. Two hundred feet away, beyond the moat, lifted the old silvery masonry of the north tower.

"Excellent," he said, rubbing the earth from his palms. "A little grimy for ladies, I fear. Now we'll go back and cover up our traces."

Nyla was eager to tell her father of their discovery, but Cointreau suggested that the President already had too much on his mind. "Let's keep this our secret, for the moment," he said. "People who work for the League are always stuffed with secrets. Now I think I had better go and try on that uniform."

IX

Herr Guadeloupe, refreshed by a good snooze, descended in a more hopeful mood. As he entered the salon, however, he halted in alarm, fearing another of those scenes of violence for which the palace was famous. Silhouetted against the tall windows was a menacing figure, with arms raised above its head and holding an object of dangerous shape. A bomb, thought the President, and dodged hastily behind the high-backed sofa. But Romsteck, standing by, seemed calm even if disapproving. Looking again, the President saw that it was Cointreau, glittering in blue and gold, with a sword in a scarlet sash and a cocked hat with a plume. Apparently he was in a state of violent passion: his arms were lifted and quivering as if in imprecation; he was agitating a vase wrapped in a napkin, from which came a rattling sound.

"What ho!" said the Colonel. "How do you like the Dalmatian Admiral? Pretty nifty. I'm giving the Major his first lesson in cocktails. I got the shaker from the hotel at Laibach. They'll send the bill for it to old Leutz. I thought the Republic ought to own one."

He continued to brandish while the

others watched in doubtful silence; then he poured three doses of pale yellowish fluid and held out two of them.

"Try that, boys," he said familiarly. "Where I come from that's supposed to be the River of Lethe at high tide."

"In Geneva?" asked the President innocently.

"Geneva!" exclaimed the Colonel scornfully, but then checked himself—"Yes, exactly. Indeed, Herr President, the word *gin* is merely an abbreviation of Geneva, as any dictionary will inform. Why the very last thing Ramsay MacDonald said to me was, 'Teach them to drink cocktails. It'll help them over many a rough place.'"

Guadeloupe and Romsteck drank, and were struck chiefly by the extreme icy chill of the draught. It tasted, they thought, rather like paregoric dimly flavored with orange.

"It seems mild enough," said the President, holding out his glass.

"Only one to begin with," the Colonel advised. "I have seen European statesmen of the very highest rank, overconfident with this mixture, sign away whole provinces. No, Herr President, speaking as your adviser, if you desire to emerge from this negotiation with a whole skin, go easy on the cocktail. Myself, having less at stake, perhaps I may be permitted—"

He poured himself a second one and handed the shaker to the butler.

"Remove it," he said. "Bring it in again after the Ambassador's arrival."

"Major, is everything in readiness?" asked Guadeloupe.

Romsteck was well aware of the importance of the occasion.

"Yes, Herr President. The American shrub has been generously displayed in Frau Quackenbush's bedroom and also elsewhere about the house. The staff have their instructions."

"It makes a pretty decoration," said Cointreau, admiring the sprays of goldenrod on the marble mantel. "Just matches my epaulettes. I also instructed Lorli to dress Fräulein Nyla in yellow, which will go well with these trousers. The sword must have been rather a nuisance to Dalmatian admirals. An awkward thing when you're trotting round a dry-dock." He removed the weapon and laid it on the table.

"And now, Herr President, suppose we run over our vocabulary while we can. Did you study the list of informal phrases I wrote down for you?"

Guadeloupe took out a sheet of paper and glanced over it anxiously.

"I tried. American seems an eccentric language."

"The Americans are an eccentric people. What would you say if you wanted to express to Herr Quackenbush that something had made a powerful impression on you?"

"Zat gived me a vhale of a kick," replied the President, whose American had a rich guttural and laryngic timbre.

"Excellent," commended the Colonel. "The very idiom. And a phrase of admiration in honor of a lady whom you desired to compliment?"

The President pondered.

"I say, she is hot dog."

Cointreau shook his head.

"I tell ze vorld, she is hard-boiled."

"That might be true," said the tutor, "but not diplomatic."

"I say she have four flushes."

"Wrong again. We'd better go over this once more."

They were interrupted in their studies by Romsteck, who announced that the Ambassador's car was coming down the avenue. The President waited nervously, muttering phrases to himself. Through the doors, open to the warm summer afternoon, they could hear the approaching whirr, but above this there rose shrill yells of distress. They looked at one another doubtfully.

"Is it possible that Frau Quackenbush arrives in hysterics?" said the Colonel. "This is ominous for the debt."

"I think it is a dog," said the President. "That same dog that followed me down the avenue yesterday. I recognize his voice." Troubled by this

indignity he forgot his instructions, which were to remain in the Blue Room until the guests were ushered in. He seized the gilded sword of the Dalmatian Navy and ran briskly to the front door to drive off the intrusive animal.

But it wasn't the dog. Herr Leutz, pale with trouble, was climbing from the front seat of the government flivver, while inside the car Mr. and Mrs. Quackenbush strove to control a small girl of about nine years who was evidently in an advanced stage of weariness and bad temper. "I don't *want* to go to another hotel," she screamed. "I'm sick-an-tired of hotels. Take me back to Geneva."

"Don't smack her again, Ulysses," said Mrs. Quackenbush. "It only makes her worse. Hush, Treasure. It isn't a hotel. This is where the President lives."

The screams were halted by the surprising sight of Herr Guadeloupe popping out among the assembled footmen with sword in hand. "It *is* a hotel," she whimpered. "I can see the elevator man," and she pointed to the Dalmatian Admiral who had appeared in the doorway. The yells began again when Herr Leutz, after a piteous glance at the horrified President, tried to lift the child out of the car. Mr. Quackenbush seized her savagely and handed her to Romsteck, who carried her in and deposited her howling on the floor. A truck, containing at least three times as much baggage as the President and Nyla had brought, drove up behind the flivver. Among the general movement of servants Herr Leutz seized the opportunity to flee. He leaped into the car and was driven away.

With a series of sweeping bows and with gestures rather than articulate words the guests were cajoled into the drawing-room. Mr. Quackenbush, a large, handsome, hearty gentleman impressively senatorial in appearance, had not unnaturally assumed both the small man in the ill-fitting cutaway and the splendid figure in naval uniform to be attendants of some sort. The preceding weeks of this his first trip abroad had already been so full of surprises that now nothing could startle him. When Guadeloupe, in an accent enriched by embarrassment, introduced himself and presented Colonel Cointreau as his secretary, the American envoy's manner was perfect.

"Some baby," said Guadeloupe soothingly, putting out a friendly hand toward the odious child, who gazed at him with concentrated hostility. "I am strong for vife and kiddies," he added with a polite obeisance.

Mrs. Quackenbush, holding the small girl firmly in leash, had the bearing of a resolute lady accustomed to preside over large Middle-Western women's clubs. The President, scanning her powerful figure, couldn't help morbidly thinking of her as a dancing partner. She looked prosperous and well knit, the kind of person who would resent being trodden on.

"Oh, Mr. President," she exclaimed, "do forgive our having brought the little girl without warning, but our Swiss nurse fell ill unexpectedly and we had no time to arrange to leave her in Geneva. I'm sorry she's so upset, but you know what children are; it's such a trying journey. Myrtle, make your pretty curtsy to the President, that's a Treasure."

Myrtle ducked sullenly.

"Please?" said Herr Guadeloupe inquiringly. He was ambitious to air his smattering of American, but his ear was not quick enough to follow rapid conversation.

"I think this is a bum hotel," said Myrtle. "I bet there's no hot water."

"Pleasure to receive hard-boiled Americans to our tender republic," said Guadeloupe. "I tell de vorld." Here he broke down and gazed helplessly at the Colonel.

"My interpretation tell de vorld," he concluded.

"The President wants me to assure you of the warmth of his welcome," said Cointreau. "He apologizes for the

meagerness of his English; I fear that I myself am not perfect."

"Why, you speak *elegantly!*" cried Mrs. Quackenbush. "Such a relief! You know we were *so* embarrassed when we got orders from Washington to come here, our French is bad enough but our German simply doesn't *exist.*"

"Why does the elevator man wear a sword?" asked Myrtle.

"Hush, Treasure. You mustn't be rude. I'm sorry Myrtle is a little peevish. She can be so sweet when she's herself. She's not just an ordinary Myrtle; are you, Treasure? You know she was named for her grandfather, General Myrtle of Cincinnati."

"Hot dog!" said the President cheerily, eager to propitiate Quackenbush. "Your maternal vife give me one vhale of a kick, Herr Ambassador. Pretty nifty! Now perhaps she please to undress herself."

"The Herr President overstates his intention," explained Cointreau tactfully. "He does not always mean all that he seems to say."

"He's funnier than Charlie Chaplin," said Myrtle. "Come on, boy, take us up in the elevator. What's the number of our room? I want to write my name in the register myself."

Her exasperated parents, already goaded by a long journey cooped in a compartment with their difficult urchin, made a joint move toward her, but at that moment Romsteck piloted in two footmen with trays of cocktails and caviar sandwiches. Myrtle eluded the punitive grasp, skipped briskly across the room, and seized one of the glasses.

"Gee, I'm thirsty," she cried, and drained it. "Why do they wear short pants?"

"Myrtle!" exclaimed her father furiously.

"She'll be ill," said her mother. "Treasure, how *can* you behave so?"

In all his career as a diplomatist Colonel Cointreau never surpassed his conduct at that moment. He saw that the Quackenbushes were approaching the frontiers of endurance. With skilful suggestion he lured the excited child onto the terrace, promising to keep her amused so that Frau Quackenbush could unpack in peace.

X

"Now you must have American cock's tails," said Guadeloupe, somewhat nervous to find himself left without his interpreter. He drank one hastily himself, hoping it might cause some sprouting in his small garden of American idiom. "So much I hear about your great outlandish contry. Ve drink to dose Unitarian States, de whole tirteen of dem."

The envoy bowed graciously. "You mustn't feel offended," he said, "if Mrs. Quackenbush doesn't drink. She is a leading member of our W. C. T. U."

"Yes, yes," said the President, puzzled, but desperately anxious to understand. "Qvite natural after a long journey."

But he could see from Herr Quackenbush's startled face that he had erred in some mysterious way. He struggled bravely to improve.

"Be qvite easy. Frau Quackenbush shall plenty to drink enjoy. Your liddle offsprings too. Ha ha, how it leap upon de cock's tail! Ve onderstand, peoples from de League alvays some lushers. I tink you like our liddle contry, Herr Ambassador?"

"I think so indeed. Of course you have very different views from ourselves."

"Views! Ah, for views, Herr Ambassador—ven de sun sits down in de mountains, all rosy in de icebergs! Dose icebergs are like companions, as good for Frau Quackenbush as a second hosband."

"I'm afraid, Herr President, you are premature in calling me Ambassador. My nomination hasn't yet been ratified by the Senate."

"It is de same ting," said Guadeloupe, blissfully ignorant of American politics.

"Ve so happy to be recognize by America, great contry, rich but honest. You tell your President perhaps, Illyria small contry very poor. Ve soffer pretty nifty in de Var, de Var got our goats good and plenty, I tell de vorld."

"Let us drink to a happier future," said Herr Quackenbush kindly. "These cocktails are delicious."

"Is it not so!" exclaimed the delighted host. "Colonel Cointreau tell me, dat is de drink you Americans use to put hair on de chest. To de generous great Repoblic of Unitarian States! *Ich trink auf Ihr Wohl*, Herr Ambassador. I spik Engleesch a liddle, but American is hard-boiled, makes to me a little cuckoo."

"I think you do very well, Herr President," said Quackenbush politely, though inwardly rather staggered by the other's figures of speech. "You have several phrases of quite lively American slang."

"You think? Dat is my interpretations, Colonel Cointreau. A most singular man. It is de Colonel who introduce de cock's tails, he visit America, he spik all de tongues of men und of angels, dance de folk dance, he is how you say my right hand, I tell de vorld. I vish you talk mid him, he put you vise to everyting."

"That is the gentleman in naval uniform?"

"He looks like naval's uniforms, Herr Ambassador, but dat is uniform of interpretations in Illyria. Colonel Cointreau say no officer so important as interpretation who make rich powerful contries understand troubles of poor liddle contries. Important officers must have important uniforms."

"And the gentleman who met us at the station, that is your Finance Minister? I suppose he is the one with whom we shall discuss the matter of payments?"

The President, painfully aware that Illyria and the United States would be discussing payments for at least sixty years, was anxious to postpone the topic as long as possible.

"To-night I hope ve tink only of happiness. Anodder cock's tail, Herr Ambassador? So ve have arrange for you und Frau Quackenbush a liddle dinner, mid dancings *und lust*. Colonel Cointreau he is de man, alvays lusting. So chenial und so nifty mit his feets, he dance mit Frau Quackenbush, he give her a vhale of a kick."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure. What a wonderful old house this is."

"Ve hope you und Frau Quackenbush be careless here in Farniente, just so careless as you were to your own house. Ve show you all our interests, yes, de bullet holes vere dey shoot at de Grand Dukes, de pilliard tables vere dey lay out de corpses. My interpretation he exblain, he haf de gift of de gab. Like peoples in America he have how you call rubber heels. Alvays so comical, I tell de vorld. Such a charming, he can tread on people's corns und dey thank him for it."

"He'd make a good ambassador," remarked Herr Quackenbush.

Meanwhile the highly praised interpreter had found Myrtle not bad company. She was a spoiled, precocious child, and now tired and cross, but this was the first time she had gone walking with an elevator man and she was naturally flattered. The Colonel's artful wiles completed the conquest his uniform had begun.

"I guess there's not many Americans comes here to Illyria," she said. She was aware that she had not cut a good figure at her entrance, and with sound feminine instinct she was hunting about in her mind for reasons to reëstablish her self-esteem. "I guess maybe I'm the first American child that's ever been here. You know, my nurse, in Geneva, she wasn't really sick, she just got nervous prostrations from taking care of me. I can give most any nurse nervous prostrations if I really try."

"I'm sure you can," said the Colonel. "It's a gift."

"You ought to be running an elevator in a hotel in America," she remarked.

"You've got too much class for an old dump like this. Maybe I could get you a job at our hotel in Washington. I don't suppose you ever get any decent tips here."

"I manage to get along."

"It's nice to have someone to talk to," she said graciously. "Daddy and mother aren't really congenial to me, and these people over here are such boobs about speaking English. Lots of times I have things on my mind and can't say them."

"Nothing is more painful, I quite agree."

"There was another American on the train, but he didn't amount to much."

"How can you tell when they amount to much?"

"Well, you're a foreigner, I guess you won't understand. Daddy told me for God's sake to take a walk in the corridor so's he could get a nap. In one of the other cars I saw this man, and he was chewing gum. That's how I knew he didn't amount to much. He was riding second class, too."

"It's useful to have a way you can tell, isn't it?" said the Colonel amiably.

"He was some kind of policeman."

The Colonel seemed interested. "That was queer. What would an American policeman be doing, way over here?"

"He said he was looking for someone. He offered me a stick of gum, but when I told him who I was of course he knew I wouldn't take it."

"Where was he going?"

"He didn't say, but he was awful anxious to see daddy. I fooled him, though. I wasn't going to have him wake up daddy's nap, so I told him we'd see him after the train left Laibach. Then, you see, we got off at Laibach to change and I guess he went on with the express. I didn't see him on the other train."

"Well, you're a great kid," said the Colonel admiringly. "I guess you told your father about it afterward."

"No, I forgot about it till this minute. I had one of my tantrums, and it escaped me."

"I tell you what I'll do," said the Colonel in a burst of generosity. "If you slip up to bed right away, *right away* mind you, and don't bother your father and mother, because they've got to dress for dinner, I'll make you a present of that sword. You can take it to bed with you."

"Honest?" she exclaimed.

"Sure's you're born. Come on now, I'll get Frau Innsbruck to give you a glass of milk and a cooky and you beat it right to bed. Then we can pull some big stuff in the morning."

XI

It was odd that so brief an interval should have had so marked an effect on the Colonel. When he rejoined the President and Herr Quackenbush, the interpreter's fluent American had suffered an obvious deterioration. He now spoke with an Illyrian accent hardly less strong than the President's own. Herr Guadeloupe, however, unconscious of any change, welcomed him joyfully and prepared to shift the difficult burden of small-talk to a more capable linguist.

"Ha, my interpretations!" he said jovially. "I schust tell de Herr Ambassador ve turn over new leafs in Illyria. He und Frau Quackenbush see how ve burn all our britches behind us."

Herr Quackenbush, somewhat puzzled, turned to the Colonel, who was deftly abstracting for his own use the cocktail that he could see the President did not really need.

"Not britches, britches," explained the Colonel. "Not britches in de sense of pantaloons, britches in de sense of Brooklyn Britches. Ve burn our britches in de behind, dat is to say ve begin a new era."

"The President tells me you have been in the States," said Quackenbush.

"Ach, soch happy memory of your great contry," cried the Colonel blithely.

"I drink to it, so. Zose beautiful Statue of Libertine, zose tall Voolvort Building, zose companionable sobvay, ve haf noddings in Illyria to comparison."

"He tell you how much ve admire America?" asked Guadeloupe, who was unable to keep up with the rapid-fire of his interpreter.

"I say to Herr Quackenbush dat all de modern civilization come to us from his contry, de Ford cars, de movies, de fine plumbings. I say ve owe de Americans a great deal."

This last phrase, which the President could understand, seemed to him ominous, and he frowned covertly on his volatile adviser.

"Now that the United States has recognized the Illyrian Republic," said Quackenbush, turning politely to Guadeloupe, "we shall expect you to send a minister to Washington. Why wouldn't the Admiral—I mean, the Colonel—be just the man? I could give you some telephone numbers in Washington that might be useful to one of your tastes," he added, observing that the Colonel was waving the cocktail shaker to verify its emptiness. "There would be no need to mention the matter to Mrs. Quackenbush."

"Dat suit me down to de terra firma," replied the Colonel brightly. "First crack out de box I be real von hundred per cent American." But the President shook his head.

"I could not spare de Colonel," he said. "He is my four flushes. Besides also, Colonel Cointreau is delicate official on de staff of de League of Nations, Geneva need him near de bedside. He is de midvife for any contry dat is going to haf a baby repoblic."

The conversation was interrupted by Nyla. Evidently the Colonel's instructions had been followed, for she was lovely in an airy frock of some golden tissue. She was introduced to Herr Quackenbush, and greeted him charmingly. But it was plain to that experienced observer that the brightness of her eyes was chiefly for the interpreter. Nor did he even blame her; he too was vastly taken by the humorous young official.

"It pleases for me to meet you," she said in so daintily foreign an accent that the gross jargon of the others was put to shame. "Dat is de speech Colonel Cointreau tell me Americans alvays say to demselves."

What is so delicious as one's own tongue delicately mispronounced by a beautiful woman? So thought the Ambassador and made her his best bow.

Nyla reproved her father for having kept Herr Quackenbush talking when it was time to dress for dinner. The President appealed to his adviser with his eyes, but saw no sign of encouragement. When the two statesmen had gone, the Colonel began a graceful speech about Nyla's costume, but she cut him short.

"Gene," she said mysteriously, "you understand about Americans, perhaps you can help."

"What's the trouble?"

"I know it sounds silly, but—do you suppose Frau Quackenbush has a secret sorrow?"

"She has Myrtle, but there's nothing secret about *her*. And even Myrtle has her points."

"Well, there's something wrong. She's making queer noises."

"Who, Myrtle? It's that cocktail."

"No, not Myrtle, Frau Quackenbush."

"What kind of noises?"

"Lorli says she's sighing and groaning."

"Probably trying to get into her dinner dress. The American women have a passion for wearing their clothes too tight."

"Lorli says she's in a terrible state, tears running down her face."

"Maybe she's heard she'll have to dance with your father."

"But what can we do? Gene, you're so clever, I thought perhaps you could think of something. If you could have a talk with her I'm sure you could cheer her

up. You're the only one here who can understand her."

"What's the matter with her husband?"

"If *you* had a secret sorrow, would you confide it to Herr Quackenbush?"

"He knows some useful telephone numbers. But maybe I have a secret sorrow. Nyla, listen, I want—"

"I've got to go and see that daddy finds his studs."

"But Nyla—"

"If you can comfort Frau Quackenbush, you can tell me about that later."

"Nyla, you little fiend—"

The blue sleeves of the Admiral were round her, but only for an instant. The victory was as brief and fallacious as any of the engagements of the Dalmatian Navy, for just then Romsteck entered, with a petty cough, to supervise the removal of the appetizers.

The major-domo's manner as the footmen cleared away was perfect. The Colonel, on the other hand, seemed somewhat at a loss. He lighted a cigarette, studied the bullet-holes in the panel, and then stood with his back to the room, looking off over the terrace. The underlings departed noiselessly; finally Romsteck signaled with another small cough.

"Romsteck," said the Colonel, without looking round.

"Sir?"

There was a pause.

"Could you cash a check?"

"No, sir."

Another pause.

"But I'd have no objection to lending it to you, sir."

"Romsteck, are you trying to embarrass me?"

"Impossible, sir."

"This League of Nations business is so uncertain."

"Very."

"I might be called back to Geneva quite suddenly, and I find that I have neglected—"

"Precisely, sir. I admire you for it."

A pause.

"Damn it, Romsteck, you *are* embarrassing me."

"It does you credit, sir."

Another pause.

"If a couple of hundred florins would do, sir, it would be like old times. Quite in the Grand Ducal tradition. I felt the tradition reviving yesterday; but I was sure of it when—when I interrupted you just now, sir."

The Colonel wheeled angrily and strode across the room.

"Look here, not a word against the Fräulein, do you understand? Damn you, the grandest grand duchess in the whole mildewed tribe wasn't worth the heel of her slipper."

"That also does you credit, sir," said Romsteck calmly.

Cointreau stared at him and then turned again to the door by the terrace.

"Well, what is it?" he asked presently.

"What leads you to believe there is anything further, sir?"

The Colonel laughed, flicked away his cigarette, and came back into the room.

"Romsteck, I underestimated you. You're a clever man. But there's not much time before dinner. I've got a good appetite, I'd hate to spoil it."

"There is a man here to see the American Ambassador."

A pause, and the Colonel studied Romsteck's face keenly. It was properly inscrutable.

"Does he make chewing motions with his mouth?"

"It might be so described," admitted Romsteck.

"The Ambassador is dressing. The man will have to wait."

"Would it not be better, sir, to see him now?"

"You know very well it is important the Ambassador should not be upset. The Herr President particularly wants to keep him in a genial frame of mind."

"Quite so, sir. Therefore, I say, see this man now. He is from the American military police."

"Ah. I think we shall need a little finesse," remarked the Colonel. "Rom-

steck, I believe this man is a dangerous fellow, dangerous to the best interests of a happy evening. I can count on you?"

"Absolutely, sir. It is quite in the Farniente tradition."

"A glass of the 1865 cognac and two or three footmen, the big ones, would be helpful."

"Very good, sir," and Romsteck retired.

He returned a few moments later, ushering a burly fellow in citizens' clothes, who saluted briskly to the figure in brilliant uniform.

"American M.P., sir," said the stranger. "Sergeant Higgins."

"Please for to meet you," said Cointreau in his best guttural. "I tought all de M.P.'s ver Engleesch."

"Military Police, from the zone of occupation. On medical detail from the Base Hospital at Coblentz. I have to see Mr. Quackenbush."

"I am sorry, M.P., I onderstand Engleesch mid huge difficulties."

"Maybe you can read it, sir. I have an extradition paper here that explains the matter."

The Colonel examined the document, apparently with some perplexity, for he lingered over it until three footmen entered with a decanter of brandy.

"Dere is a photographs here," he said. "Vot a nasty-looking gustomer. You hunting somevon, hey? De Herr Ambassador he is fugitive?"

"No, sir, but I need his OK to get cooperation from the Farniente police."

"It is pitiful, M.P., de Herr Ambassador could not be co-operated schust now. His vife got hysterics, his baby got de nervous prostrations, himself is about to try to gollect some money from de Illyrian dreasury. It is a difficult moment. You seddle down qvietly, visit de sights, by and bye ve see vot ve can do."

"I'm sorry, I got my orders."

"I do not onderstand," said the Colonel affably, signaling the footmen to approach. "Anyhow, our old Illyrian osbitality must be observe. A glass of de 1865 cognac, M.P., den ve summon de Herr Quackenbush. More dan vonce, dey tell me, dis cognac have save de state."

The sergeant, much pleased, accepted the glass and drank with enthusiasm. He was then surprised to find Colonel Cointreau holding a small shining barrel at his face.

"Put 'em up!" said the Colonel. "Quick! No noise about it, buddy."

The M.P.'s arms rose, one hand still holding the empty glass, which Romsteck carefully took and replaced on the tray. The three brawny footmen stood ready.

"You dirty Fritz, what's the idea?" cried the astounded victim.

"Tousand apology," said the Colonel, remembering his accent, "but ve cannot haf Herr Quackenbush interruptioned dis evening. You take my advices, M.P., and keep qviet; it is de old Farniente tradition."

The man ducked suddenly and dived for the Colonel's legs, but the footmen threw themselves upon him. The struggle was fierce but brief. It cost the Colonel one of his Dalmatian epaulettes, but the cold pressure of his weapon on the policeman's cheek brought the enemy to terms.

"Sorry ve haf to be so rude," said the Colonel. With one hand he detached his scarlet sash and handed it to Romsteck, who gagged the angry captive. "Dis is de first time de Dalmatian Navy ever see any active service. Romsteck, take him away. Keep him quiet until the morning."

The major-domo and the footmen led off the bewildered M.P. The Colonel, now that the tension was over, put his revolver to his mouth. On it he played a cheerful variation of the Moating Song.

XII

Colonel Cointreau, resourceful as usual, hunted about the drawing-room for a pin. As he expected, he found one eventually in the long blue-damask window curtains. He stood trying to reattach the large golden epaulette to his shoulder when he was startled by

a soft explosion. It came apparently from the great hall, a sudden popping sound followed by a faint whistling gasp. It was not unlike the fracture of an electric light bulb fallen from a height; but there are no electric lights in the Farniente Palace. He listened sharply. But nothing further happened, so he resumed his task, attempting to adjust the heavily fringed ornament at its proper angle. He had got it affixed, rather insecurely, when the sound came again, louder. This time there was discernible also a sort of strangled fizzing.

Hastily he crossed the room and flung open the door; on the very instant he was met point blank by a second repetition at close range. This time it was unmistakable: a sneeze, followed by a gulping sob. The mourner was Frau Quackenbush, weeping fluently.

"My dear lady," he cried aghast. "Vat can be loose, indeed? Lean on my arm, lean on de Dalmatian Navy dat have gonsoled so many unfortunate females. So, so; there, there."

He supported her tenderly to the sofa, where she sank heavily, carrying him with her. In spite of her beautiful silver gown Frau Quackenbush was a lamentable sight. Her eyes were bloodshot, glazed with tears; her nose red and swollen, her handsome features puffed with misery. She buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Ach, Himmel!" exclaimed the astounded man. "Speak, lady. You haf a pain? Myrtle is sick? De gown too tight? Some calamity is too moch bust!"

She shook her head faintly, pressing the handkerchief to her face, a small vinaigrette held limply in the other hand. Cointreau respectfully removed the handkerchief hand and pushed up the smelling salts under her nose. She sighed, and then was seized by another sharp convulsion. She trembled, shuddered, emitted a gargling groan, and struggled for breath. The vinaigrette bottle clattered on the floor.

"*Gott* save us! You feel easier? Ve must buck up, de gompany be soon here."

"I can't go through with it," she moaned faintly.

"Vat rascal have got you in dis gondition?" said the chivalrous Colonel. "Your osband, he is onkind? I call him out, I schpit him mit my sword. No, Myrtle gone to bed mit de sword. I play him a fatal jackpot. Lady, lady, tell to me vat is wrong."

"I can't tell you," she gasped. "It would offend you."

"Nodding ladies ever did could offend Cointreau," he declared soothingly. "Alvays I prepare for de vorst."

She shook her head, and mopped her eyes hopelessly.

"Is it de sorrows of our little contry dat bray upon your spirit? De difficulty of gonversations mit de Herr Bresident? I imblore you, Frau Quackenbush, be confidential in me. Ve be soch friends, ve dance, ve make insinuations. See, ve haf pretty gustom of Illyria, vear a favor for friends. You brace up, not distress de Herr Bresident mit dese griefs, I gif you my trophy. Please, you vear it for me?"

He plucked the loosely pinned epaulette from his coat and offered it gallantly. With bleared eyes she could hardly see it, and recoiled with a choking cry.

"What is it, more goldenrod? Take it away, it's killing me! The whole house is full of it. Send upstairs for my atomizer, I'm suffocating."

A light broke upon the distracted Colonel. Like a man putting out a fire he leaped to his feet, rang the bell, then seized the bundles of goldenrod lavishly displayed in every vase and hurled them through the open door far across the terrace.

"It's my hay fever," said Frau Quackenbush in a strangled whisper. "Goldenrod is the one thing that absolutely kills me with asthma. I didn't know you had it in Europe."

She sank back against the cushions with another shattering sneeze.

"The maid said you got it for me as a special compliment," she murmured

huskily. "So I didn't like to throw it out."

When Herr Guadeloupe and Nyla entered the salon a few minutes later, Frau Quackenbush was stretched, an imposing contour, on the couch. On his knees beside her the remorseful Colonel, uttering frantic endearments, was pumping the atomizer into her nose and throat.

"Tell me, dear lady, do de nostrils seem any happier?" he was asking solicitously. "Hosh!" he cautioned the horrified President. "I tink she revive. She breathe more freely. She have a dreadful attack, unspeakable."

"*Gott!*" ejaculated the President. "An attack? Is it assassinations, ravishings? Ach, de Herr Ambassador add anoder million florins to de debt."

Frau Quackenbush struggled gamely to her feet.

"I'm better, Herr President," she said hoarsely. "Please don't be alarmed."

"She vas very nearly ruined, but she improve," said the Colonel, medicating the air busily in various directions.

"You prefer ve cancel de guests?" asked Guadeloupe. "Perhaps Frau Quackenbush too sick for de dancings?" he added hopefully.

"No, please," she said. "I shall be all right in a moment. The Colonel saved me."

"But still I do not onderstand vat is happen," said the mystified President. "And how is dis?" he added, picking up the severed epaulette from the rug. "Signs of stroggle? Surely de age of ravishings is gone by?"

"Ve hope de age of ravishings never go by," said the Colonel charmingly. "Frau Quackenbush und I haf our liddle secrets. It is de old Farniente tradition. Hosh now, here come de Ambassador."

The footmen brought in candles, and a moment later Romsteck announced the first of the arriving guests.

"Herr Finance Minister Leutz, Frau Leutz," he shouted solemnly.

As the company gathered the Colonel devoted himself assiduously to Frau Quackenbush, and by the time dinner was served she was greatly improved and in excellent spirits.

Nyla went in to dinner on the Colonel's arm.

"Gene, I knew you could fix things somehow," she whispered gratefully. "What's become of your sword and the lovely red sash?"

"I gave them away," he said. "I'm giving away the whole outfit, bit by bit. Wear this for me." And he gave her the golden epaulette.

TO BE CONCLUDED

WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN?

THE QUESTION OF MOTHERS AND CAREERS

BY EVA vB. HANSL

Before her marriage the author of this article occupied for several years an important editorial position on a metropolitan newspaper, and was actively interested in the development of vocations for women. Since her marriage she has made various experiments with part-time and full-time jobs and has become, through a personal need in bringing up her two children, interested primarily in parental education. She recently received an offer of an editorial position at a far higher salary than she could command prior to her marriage, and refused it because she felt it would be an injustice to her children to accept. Her views thus express convictions grown out of wide personal experience rather than mere theories of an onlooker.
—*The Editors.*

THE call that went up some fifty years ago urging women "to come out of the kitchen" was so enticing that the effect of their wholesale response has assumed almost the proportion of a stampede. The sudden realization of their new-found powers in untried fields and the joy of the new freedom from the confines of the traditional sphere seem to have propelled many of them so far from home that they have forgotten what it is they left behind them. And it is of this that I should like to remind them.

After reading innumerable articles written by women who argue that economic independence is the *summum bonum* for mothers, I strongly suspect that most of them never honestly tried the experiment of staying at home to see what satisfactions may be derived from experiences and relationships there. Else how can they ignore or skirt so gaily the whole question of what the career does to the children? That, it seems to me, is the crux of the whole matter in any consideration of careers and mothers ("Careers and Marriage" is quite another matter).

The question is not "What right has a woman to pursue a career that takes her away from home the greater part of each day?" but "What price career?"—what does she give up for it and what does she get out of it? What effect does it have upon her home relationships and her life as a mother?

Every reasoned choice in life is a matter of determining values. What is an extravagance for you may be a necessity for me. If I regard it as a necessity and think I must have it, I may be willing to make any sacrifice to get it. I know an able professional woman, the mother of two children, who regards a career as a necessity for one of her temperament, taste, education, and experience. She is willing to make certain sacrifices for it, she admits, such as social gaieties and the trimmings of life, like window curtains and embroidered linens, for instance. But what, I sometimes wonder, about the other things she must miss which some of the rest of us consider essential to our happiness? What about the time she has to spend away from the children—is that nothing? Does she ever wish that she might be with them at meal times when their sense of humor is usually at its best? Doesn't she ever envy the hired housekeeper who is there to hear the news when they come bursting in from school? I know no more important moment in the day than that in

which my small son comes pelting into the house, shouting for "Mom" at the top of his lungs. "What is it?" I answer, thinking that something tremendously important has happened. "Oh, nothing," he lets me down, "I just wanted to know if you were there."

"Being there" is the greatest contribution we mothers can make in the lives of our children. Being there, not to meddle or control, but to dispense comfort and consolation, to receive confidences, to share a joke or a sorrow, to straighten out a situation which may become very involved and have serious consequences later on; to scotch bad habits before they grow big, to build up good ones by tactful diversions, and to develop taste in the arts, in behavior, and conversation. Perhaps the business-going mother can do all these things in her off hours, but, as these are the early morning and late evening ones, when people of all ages are least inclined to be amenable, I ha' me doots!

Most of the professionally engaged mothers I know admit that they have had to give up all entertaining. They say it with considerable pride in the sacrifice. But will their children be as proud of this sacrifice when they find out that everybody has open house but they, that they are always going to other people's houses and never asking others to come to theirs; when they get to college and find they are sadly lacking in the social graces because they never had the opportunity to develop them at home? They can acquire these at boarding school—but what kind of an answer is that? Another one of those that evade the issue.

College presidents and school principals are so frequently being quoted as to seem almost unanimous in declaring that the standards maintained in their institutions of learning can be no higher than those of the homes and the communities from which the students come. Water cannot rise above its source. And, yet, how many countless homes there are that dump their children on the schools, expecting them to teach and train their offspring in everything from manual work to manners. Is anything still being taught at Mother's knee? (The evolution of woman's knee is a subject for a sociological study in itself.)

What is a home for in the life of a modern adolescent who goes from boarding school to camp and back again? A stopping-off place for repairs; a rest cure, an outfitting establishment where they sew the name-tape in your clothes free of charge. "Hello! Good-by!" Does anybody profess to know that child? He is one of several hundred in school and camp—is he more than a name in the books at home? I have just been reading an article by one of the foremost psychiatrists in the country on the needs of the growing boy and girl, in which he stresses the fact that each child must be studied and handled as an individual—that, where one may need social opportunities, the other requires enforced rest; where one is over studious and must be diverted from books, the other requires tactful prodding and persistent holding to the task to develop steadfastness of character. Is it within the range of many schoolmasters to give this individual attention, to show the patience and endurance which is necessary to see young people through their "difficulties"? Has any mother the right to ask others to do this for her? To me it seems an outrageous imposition. It is part and parcel of the great modern game of "passing the buck."

II

We each of us know the kind of home we should like to create and the sort of children we should like to see playing around in it. It is difficult enough to approximate any ideal when you are on guard all the time to see that it is not dragged down or compromised. How can we be sure, then, if we delegate the care of our children to others, that our ideals are going to be upheld? Is it

really possible to find someone outside the family circle who can help establish the family "tone" which you wish to have pervade your home? Will your substitute take the pains to make your children independent when it is so much easier to do things for them? How do you know that she will be intellectually honest with them and not stuff their minds with cock-and-bull stories and befuddle their thinking powers with superstitions and untruths? There are much more sinister faults in mother's helpers than failing to sterilize the bottle properly, and faults which are far more difficult to detect. Will not the mother-with-a-job, in short, either have to resign herself to accepting another's standards for her family or find herself in constant friction where she is absentee owner and not the actual manager of the estate?

As everybody knows, it takes an immense amount of money to substitute for a mother's labor in the home. A wife-and-mother represents, more than ever, the most economical service any man can secure. Some women, therefore, find it beyond their means to engage in mental work and to pay someone else to do their manual work at home for them. For purposes of this discussion we shall, for obvious reasons, have to consider only the households in which one or both parents are earning enough to enable them to engage expert help to attend to all the physical needs of the family. Granted, then, that the children are adequately housed, clothed, and fed—do they suffer any loss if their mother comes and goes with father to business every day? Is there no danger of introducing an institutional "flavor" when all the home tasks are attended to by paid workers? Why is it that babies in institutions, who have the most expert care, do not flourish as do the little pickaninnies and the unkempt urchins of warm-hearted tenement mothers? Nobody knows the reason, but I have a suspicion that affection plays the same mysterious part in spiritual well-being that vitamines do in physical health.

How do children regard the mother who leaves in the morning after a hasty breakfast and returns at night with their father, I wonder? Do they think of her as I found my son regarding the mother's helper who was with me one year when he was very little? "She was my mother once," he explained to a friend when she came to see us a few years later. I confess I am rather pleased to be reinstated by now.

The women who advocate a job for all mothers talk very much like an Englishwoman I once knew who was extolling their "Governess system." "What respect we have for our parents!" she exclaimed. "American children have no respect for their parents; they call them the most insulting names, like 'the old cheese' or 'the boss.' But English children wouldn't dare do that—they never see enough of their parents to become so familiar. Teatime was a great event for us, for that was the hour we might spend with our parents. We were always especially dressed up for the occasion and were on our best behavior. Our parents seemed like inaccessible gods to us and we always had tremendous respect for them." To which an American father answered, for the best of his kind, "I'd rather be a circus than a god to *my* children!"

Familiarity does not have to breed contempt—if the familiar sights and sounds are conducive to respect. It is really a great test of character to stand well in the eyes of your children—a test that is far easier to pass when you aren't around so much!

III

It's a tedious business—this of being monitor, cook, guide, policeman, buyer, general-houseworker, and stocking-mender for a bunch of squirming little nuisances. But it is a mistake to think that by turning our backs on it and going about a task that is more to our liking we can solve the whole problem

of a mother's relation to her children. There is a great deal more involved than hiring efficient, trained people to do these irksome things for us. And all these considerations are far more difficult to write about than the logic of woman's economic position because they are so intangible, so mixed up with emotions and sentiments and memories of one's own childhood, and also because they involve the use of two words so sadly in disrepute these days: duty and responsibility.

It really requires a great deal more courage to write of this phase of the mother-career problem than of women's rights because you lay yourself open to ridicule as being a sentimental old fudge. I dare do it only because I am an ardent feminist who regards it as axiomatic that a woman has every right to pursue any career she may elect. But to this I would add the corollary that when she chooses to bring children into the world, they have a prior claim upon her attention. If she can manage to give them their due in care and attention and can still hold her own in the competitive world outside her home, all credit to her. But how many women can really do justice to two such absorbing interests? It requires a remarkably buoyant personality and great physical endurance—and I don't know any man who would be fool enough to try it.

One of the chief difficulties, in my opinion, in the way of making a satisfactory compromise between an all-day job and a happy household is this conflict in interests. When I am engaged on some outside task—editorial work, a publicity campaign, or whatever else it may be—and must concentrate my efforts to make it a success, I have found that my children become distractions and interruptions. I have no time to play with them. I am always "dreaming" as they call it—thinking of things remote from them and not taking any interest in their immensely important affairs. Their prattle, which once amused me more than a three-ring circus, becomes annoying clatter. Their actions, which may be excellent for self-determining small people, disturb my adult thoughts; I become irritable, and they respond to my irritations with their own brand, which is even worse—and the fireworks are off! I may be wrong, but I think it is a rare person who can keep her adult interests and her interest in her children in separate compartments so that they do not interfere with one another. I have known only a few women who could do it successfully.

IV

The choice between the devil or the deep sea seems an easy one compared with that which confronts us women to-day. If we really had to choose between continuing a career on which we had started and marrying the man we love with the hope of bearing him children, it would be a cruel world indeed. But I do not think we must make this choice. I do not think we must cut off our careers entirely. Rather, I think we must look at the whole matter of careers and motherhood from a new angle, try to fit the one into the other and *make each a real part of a full life.* If we "take a long view of life," as the vocational guidance experts exhort us to do, and plan our lives to include the possibility of marriage and children as well as the satisfaction of our special talents, we may manage to pick out the sort of work which will enable us to make a happy combination of the two, should the opportunity present itself, later on. Work which exacts our regular attendance at an office or a laboratory is, of course, the most difficult to adjust. But, even here, the woman who has gone far enough in her field before she marries to be known, at least among her confrères, for the quality of her work, will have something marketable to offer in the work-a-day world at any time, provided she does not allow herself to "grow stale" during the infancy of her children. It's the old story of the

mouse-trap all over again—if any of us can do any one thing especially well, we can always create a demand for it. What's more—which is a far more daring thing to say—we can stipulate that we will give only as much time to satisfying that demand as we can afford to give after we have attended to the needs of our family. More part-time jobs is not what we need so much as more women with a real contribution to bring to the market-place.

The mother who yearns over her children and the mother who earns are the two extremes. Here, as everywhere, the mean is golden. Every mother owes it to her family as well as to herself to have a very real interest outside of her home circle of activities. But, she also owes it to her children to keep that interest subordinated to her interest in them. Her aim, it seems to me, should be so to adjust her life as to be a full-time mother on a part-time job rather than a part-time mother on a full-time job. I would suggest that she reduce her vocation to the place of an avocation during the infancy of her children and then restore it to its full importance as a vocation when they are in school most of the day and no longer require so much of her time and attention.

It can be done. I know any number of women who have done it. They spent from six to ten years, after graduating from college, in the pursuit of their career. Then they began to produce children and they went into that inimitable experience with all the zest, all the enthusiasm and determination to make good with which ever they began a new piece of work. Their spare time and strength (which is often precious little when children are babies) they gave to "keeping their hand in" their vocational interest. This meant, of course, giving up practically all social life in the daytime, and much of it in the evenings; substituting the reading of technical journals for magazines and technical books for fiction. But that does not seem a hardship to the woman who really enjoys her careering.

And then, when their children were old enough to go to school or a nursery school, if one was nearby, they had their innings. No sentimental weeping when "the last little one" went out the garden gate to school, no moaning "because the house seemed so empty," but a happy effort to see how they could best begin building up their careers so as to have them in full swing by the time they were put on the parent's retired list.

Nothing is more pathetic than the middle-aged mother whose children have been her only interest in life. When they have left home to go to college, or to start homes of their own, she is left high and dry without anything to do or anybody to fuss over. So she joins a woman's club or a lecture course to improve her mind, or she goes in heavily for social work for which she has had no previous training, or she goes into a decline in order to win back the attention of the family, which seems to be diverted in other directions. Sometimes being a grandmother and being allowed to bring up her grandchildren while her daughter pursues her career may keep her out of mischief for a while but, sooner or later, the woman who has had no interest in life outside of her children and her home becomes, if not a public charge, then a private one!

V

The girls who graduate from college to-day are not going to have to suffer the conflicts we graduates of ten or twenty years ago have been going through, and for the graduates of ten or twenty years hence it will be still easier. There are several reasons for this: In the first place, everybody looks at life much more frankly and fearlessly to-day, admitting, quite unblushingly, that motherhood is a thing to be reckoned with; secondly, we pioneers of the first quarter of this century have not worked in vain to educate the world to accept us in the professions; and finally there is develop-

ing a new science of child study and education which is opening a fine array of new occupations for women interested in children which will be much more compatible with the demands of motherhood than some of those which they have taken up heretofore.

Those of us who graduated from college in the first decade grew up without benefit of vocational guidance and in a madly feministic era. "We claim all labor for our field," we cried with Olive Schreiner, and we completely overlooked the labor of childbirth! Everything in the world was vastly more interesting than bringing up children (anybody could do that) but *we*—we would show the world what women really were good for. That was the campus-attitude when I went to college some fifteen years ago, when women were still subjected to the curriculum of men's colleges to show that they had brains. Great changes have taken place since then, and the World War hastened them. It showed that women would do almost anything if they had to, and it put a premium upon men and children. Also, the physical and mental examinations of the soldiers revealed such distressing handicaps which could have been prevented or cured in early childhood that the doctors and psychologists looked at one another and said, "Why didn't their parents know better?"

Why didn't they? Because the doctors and the psychologists twenty-one years before 1914 knew very little themselves and because, until the last five years, they made little or no effort to share their findings with the parents. But in these most recent years there has been a tremendous movement sweeping from coast to coast to educate parents to learn their trade.

Although there were rumblings long before this among parents of all classes, who asked why everybody was always blaming them for everything that was wrong with their children and nobody ever told them what to do, it might have been many years before they were heard and answered but for the memorials of two philanthropic women in whose name a fortune was set aside to promote the welfare of children and the education of their mothers. The Foundations created under the will of Mrs. Lizzie Merrill Palmer in Detroit and to the memory of Mrs. Laura Spelman Rockefeller in New York have done more to further the enlightenment of parents in a comparatively short time than any reformer could really hope for and, of course, one of the reasons why their works are so fruitful is that they are satisfying a demand and not trying to force something upon an unwilling people.

The movement for parental education is spreading not only through child-study groups, parent-teacher associations, and university-extension courses, but through the schools and colleges themselves. The Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, organized in 1917, has been followed by Institutes for Child Welfare Research in various parts of the country where important information concerning children, their nature and their needs, is gathered by experts in hygiene, psychology, nutrition, etc., and disseminated through various channels. At Vassar, the Department of Euthenics (the science of efficient living) conducted an Institute last summer which was attended by some forty-five mothers and teachers who were learning, and twenty children between the ages of seventeen months and five years who were being observed in a Nursery School rigged up for the five-weeks occasion. The cry of a baby on a college campus is an epoch-making sound, indeed! At Smith they have opened an Institute for the Co-ordination of Women's Interests —a name no more complicated than its object—to try to find some happy solutions at least for our daughters, if not for us, if we would have both careers and children.

The history of the development of professional schools in this country reveals the fact that each one was developed from the apprentice system. Pro-

spective doctors and lawyers, as late as the middle of the last century, attached themselves to some practicing lawyer or doctor and learned what they could by watching him work and reading what they could find to read. Engineering, architecture, journalism, and, finally, business, has each, in turn, been lifted from the plane of the trade that was learned largely by imitation and trial-and-error to that of the profession with a systematic course of training covering a period of years and meriting recognition from a university.

Braver souls than I have predicted that the next professional school to be developed will be that of Parenthood. Then, perhaps, the wish which Miss Julia Lathrop, the organizer of the Children's Bureau, and its first chief, expressed on the occasion of Vassar's Fiftieth Anniversary in 1915—that the universities establish graduate departments of research in the affairs of the home—will be realized. The revelations of the laboratory are showing us women how important are the early years of a child when we lay down the foundations of its whole personality, and that it is a thousand times easier to make good beginnings than effective reforms. When the instances of child-delinquency and of divorce increase steadily, and the age of youthful criminals and illegitimate mothers grows lower with the years, does it not seem as though the best minds might well devote some of their thinking to the causes of these things, and so affect the education that is disseminated in our land through the schools and colleges, especially their night schools, summer sessions, and extension courses, as to improve the quality of our home-making? It often seems as though the task that lies nearest is the one that is most easily overlooked.

So—there is hope! Hope that the child will come into its own—not only in research and education, health laws and labor laws, but—in its citadel, the home.

What I have learned in ten years of being a mother in order to keep my family well and happy and our lives filled to the brim with things to do, to enjoy, and to think about is only a tithe of what I wish I might have learned, and yet it is far more than ever I put into my head in all the years of my formal education. And it is the more pleasurable, this learning, because it all seems so purposeful, so necessary, and important. Can many men or women say that of the work they do in the business world? Never did the preparing of food to pour into ravenous little tummies seem as futile as pouring words into the bottomless pit of a newspaper often seemed when I spent my days in that occupation. Everything that makes up children's diet is important, and even more so is everything that is soaked up by those little sponges ordinarily called minds and that is felt and acted upon by those tender little things we used to call hearts before the days when the mechanists lumped us all into bundles of behavior. Doesn't it behoove us, therefore, to make certain that what we feed them is the right food to grow on, physically, mentally, and spiritually?

Moreover, one must consider the value in character building to the parent of staying on the job and remaining an individual unsubmerged by the demands of house and family. Anyone who has ever been chastened by the experience of being a parent will admit that it is one of life's severest disciplines. The physical experience of bringing a child into the world is not what develops the finer qualities in women which Goethe, for one, apotheosized in the second part of "Faust"—it is the process of being a mother "for better or for worse" through the many years and keeping free and flexible the individual mind and personality.

Much will need to be done to change this world to accommodate the mother who would have a career. Housing will have to be adapted to easier housekeeping; ways and means will have to be found to eliminate some of the endless

detail involved in providing three meals a day; and, most important of all, husbands and children will have to learn that mothers have rights which must be respected. But by the time all these things have been made right for her, let us hope that she will have realized that there is still a great deal she owes in return, and above all that there is small satisfaction in bringing children into the world only to turn them over to other people to enjoy.

VI

What is there about a career that makes it the will-o'-the-wisp so many women would pursue? Does it seem so attractive or thrilling only in contrast with the domestic life? Is it the money return it brings in (which often diminishes in proportion as the career becomes disinterested!) or other worldly recognition of their powers that women want, or do they seek careers solely because their creative ability must find an outlet? I think it is the human need of doing something that is their own, something that they know *must* be said or done, that drives them on in its pursuit. It is, also, the need of the trained mind to enjoy continuity of thought and action and to prevent its being splintered into fragments by the frittering, repetitious details of housekeeping. This sort of continuity comes only when set tasks can be carried through to completion—to the publication of a book, the hanging of a picture, the conclusion of an experiment.

As soon as women assume a professional attitude toward everything they do—from housekeeping to business—their problems of combining careers and motherhood will begin to adjust themselves more easily. They will have a test by which to measure their longing for something outside the domestic routine; and if it seems to them that the home must be the scene—for a time at least—of their principal labors, they will have the assurance that, with all the new knowledge which has been accumulated concerning the bringing up of children, they can bring to this vital task the intensity of interest and the professional skill which will make homemaking in the true sense a career.

Every decision that any mother makes to engage in a career must be an individual one, depending upon innumerable factors in her own family situation—such as, for instance, her husband's earning capacity, his temperament, and his standard of living; whether they live in a small town, a suburb, or a city; and, above all, whether her talent or abilities are of sufficient magnitude to exact any sacrifice from the family to enable her to develop them.

Each of us must evaluate all these factors—and many more—for ourselves. We must do it honestly and with an open mind as well as an unselfish spirit. That is, we must be willing to admit to ourselves—even if we don't want to admit it to anyone else—what the true motive is behind our career seeking. We shall all probably have to do a deal of experimenting with all sorts of arrangements; but if we do it in the spirit of the laboratory, admit when we have failed, start anew with a different set of conditions, analyze our difficulties so that we may avoid them another time, then the chances are that before long we shall arrive at some sort of an adjustment that will give every member of the family a full share of personal freedom as well as responsibility for the common good.

THE VANISHING OF VAUDREY

A STORY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

SIR Arthur Vaudrey, in his light-gray summer suit and wearing on his gray head the white hat which he so boldly affected, went walking briskly up the road by the river from his own house to the little group of houses that were almost like outhouses to his own; entered that little hamlet, and then vanished completely as if he had been carried away by the fairies.

The disappearance seemed the more absolute and abrupt because of the familiarity of the scene and the extreme simplicity of the conditions of the problem. The hamlet could not be called a village; indeed, it was little more than a small and strangely isolated street. It stood in the middle of wide and open fields and plains—a mere string of the four or five shops absolutely needed by the neighbors; that is, by a few farmers and the family at the great house. There was a butcher's at the corner, at which, it appeared, Sir Arthur had last been seen. He was seen by two young men staying at his house, Evan Smith, who was acting as his secretary, and John Dalmon, who was generally supposed to be engaged to his ward. There was next to the butcher's a small shop combining a large number of functions, such as is found in villages, in which a little old woman sold sweets, walking sticks, golf balls, gum, balls of string, and a very faded sort of stationery. Beyond this was the tobacconist's, to which the two young men were betaking themselves when they last caught a glimpse of their host standing in front of the butcher's shop; and beyond that was a dingy little dressmaker's shop kept by two ladies. A pale and shiny shop offering to the passer-by great goblets of very wan green lemonade completed the little block of buildings; for the only real and Christian inn in the neighborhood stood by itself some way down the main road. Between the inn and the hamlet was a crossroad at which stood a policeman and a uniformed official of a motoring club; and both agreed that Sir Arthur had never passed that point on the road.

It had been at an early hour of a very brilliant summer day that the old gentleman had gone gaily striding up the road, swinging his walking stick and flapping his yellow gloves. He was a good deal of a dandy, but one of a vigorous and virile sort, especially for his age. His bodily strength and activity were still very remarkable; and his curly hair might have been a yellow so pale as to look white, instead of a white that was a faded yellow. His clean-shaven face was handsome, with a high-bridged nose like the Duke of Wellington's; but the most outstanding features were his eyes. They were not merely metaphorically outstanding; something prominent and almost bulging about them was perhaps the only disproportion in his features; but his lips were sensitive and set a little tightly as if by an act of will. He was the squire of all that country and the owner of the little hamlet. In that sort of place everybody not only knows everybody else, but generally knows where anybody is at any given moment.

The normal course would have been for Sir Arthur to walk to the village, to say whatever he wanted to say to the butcher or anybody else, and then walk back to his house again, all in the course of about half an hour; as the two young men did when they had bought their cigarets. But they saw nobody on the road returning; indeed, there was nobody in sight except the one other guest at the house, a certain Doctor Abbott, who was sitting with his broad back to them on the river bank, very patiently fishing.

When all the three guests returned to breakfast they seemed to think little or nothing of the continued absence of the squire; but when the day wore on and he missed one meal after another, they naturally began to be puzzled, and Sybil Rye, the lady of the household, began to be seriously alarmed. Expeditions of discovery were despatched to the village again and again without finding any trace; and eventually, when darkness fell, the house was full of a definite fear. Sybil had sent for Father Brown, who was a friend of hers and had helped her out of a difficulty in the past; and under the pressure of the apparent peril, he had consented to remain at the house and see it through.

Thus it happened that when the new day's dawn broke without news Father Brown was early afoot and on the lookout for anything; his black stumpy figure could be seen pacing the garden path where the garden was embanked along the river, as he scanned the landscape up and down with his short-sighted and rather misty gaze.

He realized that another figure was moving even more restlessly along the embankment, and saluted Evan Smith, the Secretary, by name.

Evan Smith was a tall, fair-haired young man, looking rather harassed, as was perhaps natural in that hour of distraction. But something of the sort hung about him at all times. Perhaps it was more marked because he had the sort of athletic reach and poise, and the sort of leonine yellow hair and mustache which accompany (always in fiction and sometimes in fact) a frank and cheerful demeanor of "English youth." As in his case they accompanied deep and cavernous eyes and a rather haggard look, the contrast with the conventional tall figure and fair hair of romance may have had a touch of something sinister. But Father Brown smiled at him amiably enough and then said more seriously:

"This is a trying business."

"It's a very trying business for Miss Rye," answered the young man gloomily, "and I don't see why I should disguise what's the worst part of it for me, even if she is engaged to Dalmon. Shocked, I suppose?"

Father Brown did not look very much shocked, but his face was often rather expressionless; he merely said mildly:

"Naturally, we all sympathize with her anxiety. I suppose you haven't any news or views in the matter?"

"I haven't any news exactly," answered Smith, "no news from outside, at least. As for views—" And he relapsed into moody silence.

"I should be very glad to hear your views," said the little priest pleasantly. "I hope you don't mind my saying that you seem to have something on your mind."

The young man stirred rather than started and looked at the priest steadily, with a frown that threw his hollow eyes into dense shadow.

"Well, you're right enough," he said at last. "I suppose I shall have to tell somebody. And you seem a safe sort of person to tell."

"Do you know what has happened to Sir Arthur?" asked Father Brown calmly, as if it were the most casual matter in the world.

"Yes," said the Secretary harshly, "I think I know what has happened to Sir Arthur."

"A beautiful morning," said a bland voice in his ear. "A beautiful morning for a rather melancholy meeting."

This time the Secretary jumped as if he had been shot, as the large shadow of

Doctor Abbott fell across his path in the already strong sunshine. Doctor Abbott was still in his dressing gown, a sumptuous oriental dressing gown covered with colored flowers and dragons, looking rather like one of the most brilliant flower beds that were glowing under the growing sun. He wore also large flat slippers, which was doubtless why he had come so close to the others without being heard. He would normally have seemed the last person for such a light and airy approach; for he was a very big, broad, and heavy man, with a powerful, benevolent face very much sunburnt, in a frame of old-fashioned gray whiskers and chin beard, which hung about him luxuriantly like the long gray curls of his venerable head. His long slits of eyes were rather sleepy and, indeed, he was an elderly gentleman to be up so early; but he had a look at once robust and weatherbeaten, as of an old farmer or sea captain who had once been out in all weathers. He was the only old comrade and contemporary of the squire in the company that met at the house.

"It seems truly extraordinary," he said, shaking his head. "Those little houses are like dolls' houses, always open front and back, and there's hardly room to hide anybody, even if they wanted to hide him. And I'm sure they don't. Dalmon and I cross-examined them all yesterday; they're mostly little old women who couldn't hurt a fly. The men are nearly all away harvesting, except the butcher; and Arthur was seen coming out of the butcher's. And nothing could have happened along that stretch by the river, for I was fishing there all day."

Then he looked at Smith, and the look in his long eyes seemed for the moment not only sleepy but a little sly.

"I think you and Dalmon can testify," he said, "that you saw me sitting there, through your whole journey there and back."

"Yes," said Evan Smith shortly, and seemed rather impatient at the long interruption.

"The only thing I can think of," went on Doctor Abbott slowly; and then the interruption was itself interrupted. A figure at once light and sturdy strode very rapidly across the green lawn between the gay flower beds, and John Dalmon appeared among them, holding a paper in his hand. He was neatly dressed and rather swarthy, with a very fine square Napoleonic face and very sad eyes, eyes so sad that they looked almost dead. He seemed to be still young, but his black hair had gone prematurely gray about the temples.

"I've just had this telegram from the police," he said. "I wired to them last night, and they say they're sending down a man at once. Do you know, Doctor Abbott, of anybody else we ought to send for? Relations, I mean, and that sort of thing."

"There is his nephew, Vernon Vaudrey, of course," said the old man. "If you will come with me I think I can give you his address—and—and tell you something rather special about him."

Doctor Abbott and Dalmon moved away in the direction of the house and, when they had gone a certain distance, Father Brown said simply, as if there had been no interruption:

"You were saying?"

"You're a cool hand," said the Secretary. "I suppose it comes of hearing confessions. I feel rather as if I were going to make a confession. Some people would feel a bit jolted out of the mood of confidence by that queer old elephant creeping up like a snake. But I suppose I'd better stick to it, though it really isn't my confession but somebody else's." He stopped a moment, frowning and pulling his mustache, then he said abruptly:

"I believe Sir Arthur has bolted and I believe I know why."

There was a silence, and then he exploded again, "It's worse than that. I'm in a damnable position and most people would say I was doing a damnable thing. I am now going to appear in the character of a sneak and a

skunk, and I believe I am doing my duty."

"You must be the judge," said Father Brown gravely. "What is the matter with your duty?"

"I'm in the perfectly foul position of telling tales against a rival, and a successful rival, too," said the young man bitterly; "and I don't know what else in the world I can do. You were asking what was the explanation of Vaudrey's disappearance. I am absolutely convinced that Dalmon is the explanation."

"You mean," said the priest with composure, "that Dalmon has killed Sir Arthur?"

"No!" exploded Smith with startling violence. "No, a hundred times. He hasn't done that, whatever else he's done. He isn't a murderer, whatever else he is. He has the best of all alibis—the evidence of a man who hates him. I'm not likely to perjure myself for love of Dalmon; and I could swear in any court he did nothing to the old man yesterday. Dalmon and I were together all day, or all that part of the day, and he did nothing in the village except buy cigarets and nothing here except smoke them and read in the library. No, I believe he is a criminal, but he did not kill Vaudrey. I might even say more; *because* he is a criminal he did not kill Vaudrey."

"Yes," said the other patiently, "and what does that mean?"

"It means," replied the Secretary, "that he is a criminal committing another crime; and his crime depends on keeping Vaudrey alive."

"Oh, I see," said Father Brown.

"I know Sybil Rye pretty well; and her character is a great part of this story. It is a very fine character in both senses; that is, it is of a noble quality and only too delicate a texture. She is one of those people who are terribly conscientious, without any of that armor of habit and hard common sense that many conscientious people get. She is almost insanely sensitive and at the same time quite unselfish. Her history is curious; she was left literally penniless like a foundling, and Sir Arthur took her into his house and treated her with consideration; which puzzled many, for, without being hard on the old man, it was not much in his line. But when she was about seventeen the explanation came to her with a shock; for her guardian asked her to marry him. Now I come to the curious part of the story. Somehow or other Sybil had heard from somebody (I rather suspect from old Abbott) that Sir Arthur Vaudrey, in his wilder youth, had committed some crime or, at least, done some great wrong to somebody, which had got him into serious trouble. I don't know what it was. But it was a sort of nightmare to the girl, at her crude sentimental age, and made him seem like a monster, at least too much so for the close relation of marriage. What she did was incredibly typical of her. With helpless terror and with heroic courage she told him the truth with her own trembling lips. She admitted that her repulsion might be morbid; she confessed it like a secret madness. To her relief and surprise he took it quietly and courteously, and apparently said no more on the subject; and her sense of his generosity was greatly increased by the next stage of the story. There came into her lonely life the influence of an equally lonely man. He was camping out like a sort of hermit on one of the islands in the river; and I suppose the mystery made him attractive—though I admit he is attractive enough; a gentleman and quite witty, though very melancholy—which I suppose increased the romance. It was this man Dalmon, of course, and to this day I'm not sure how far she really accepted him; but it went so far as his getting permission to see her guardian. I can fancy her awaiting that interview in an agony of terror, and wondering how the old beau would take the appearance of a rival. But here again she found she had apparently done him an injustice. He received the younger man with hearty hospitality and seemed to

be delighted with the prospects of the young couple. He and Dalmon went shooting and fishing together and were the best of friends, when one day she had another shock. Dalmon let slip in conversation some chance phrase that the old man 'had not changed much in thirty years,' and the truth about the odd intimacy burst upon her. All that introduction and hospitality had been a masquerade; the men had obviously known each other before. That was why the younger man had come down rather covertly to that district. That was why the elder man was lending himself so readily to promote the match. I wonder what you are thinking."

"I know what you are thinking," said Father Brown with a smile, "and it seems entirely logical. Here we have Vaudrey with some ugly story in his past; a mysterious stranger comes to haunt him and gets whatever he wants out of him. In plain words, you think Dalmon is a blackmailer."

"I do," said the other, "and a damned rotten thing to think."

Father Brown reflected for a moment and then said, "I think I should like to go up to the house now, and have a talk with Doctor Abbott."

When he came out of the house again an hour or two afterwards, he may have been talking with Doctor Abbott, but he emerged in company with Sybil Rye, a pale girl with reddish hair and a profile delicate and almost tremulous; at the sight of her one could instantly understand all the Secretary's story of her shuddering candor. It recalled Godiva and certain tales of virgin martyrs; only the shy can be so shameless for conscience' sake. Smith came forward to meet them and for a moment they stood talking on the lawn. The day, which had been brilliant from daybreak, was now glowing and even glaring; but Father Brown was carrying his black bundle of an umbrella as well as wearing his black umbrella of a hat, and seemed in a general way buttoned up to breast the storm. But perhaps it was only an unconscious effect of attitude; and perhaps the storm was not a material storm.

"What I hate about it all," Sybil was saying in a low voice, "is the talk that's beginning already; suspicions against everybody. John and Evan can answer for each other, I suppose; but Doctor Abbott has had an awful scene with the butcher, who thinks he is accused and is throwing accusations about in consequence."

Evan Smith looked very uncomfortable, then he blurted out:

"Look here, Sybil, I can't say much, but we don't believe there's any need for all that. It's all very beastly, but we don't think there's been—any violence."

"Have you got a theory, then?" said the girl, looking instantly at the priest.

"I have heard a theory," he replied, "which seems to me very convincing."

He stood looking rather dreamily towards the river; and Smith and Sybil began to talk to each other swiftly in lowered tones. The priest drifted along the river bank, ruminating, and plunged into a plantation of thin trees on an almost overhanging bank. The strong sun beat on the thin veil of little dancing leaves like small green flames, and all the birds were singing as if the trees had a hundred tongues. A minute or two later Evan Smith heard his own name called cautiously and yet clearly from the green depths of the thicket. He stepped rapidly in that direction and met Father Brown returning. The priest said to him in a very low voice:

"Don't let the lady come down here. Can't you get rid of her? Ask her to telephone or something, and then you come back here again."

Evan Smith turned with a rather desperate appearance of carelessness and approached the girl; but she was not the sort of person whom it is hard to make busy with small jobs for others. In a very short time she had vanished into the house, and Smith turned to find that Father Brown had once more vanished

into the thicket. Just beyond the clump of trees was a sort of small chasm where the turf had subsided to the level of the sand by the river. Father Brown was standing on the brink of this cleft, looking down; but, either by accident or design, he was holding his hat in his hand in spite of the strong sun pouring on his head.

"You had better see this yourself," he said heavily, "as a matter of evidence. But I warn you to be prepared."

"Prepared for what?" asked the other.

"Only for the most horrible thing I ever saw in my life," said Father Brown.

Evan Smith stepped to the brink of the bank of turf and with difficulty repressed a cry rather like a scream.

Sir Arthur Vaudrey was glaring and grinning up at him; the face was turned up so that he could have put his foot on it; the head was thrown back with its wig of whitish-yellow hair towards him; so that he saw the face upside down. This made it seem all the more like a part of a nightmare; as if a man were walking about with his head stuck on the wrong way. What was he doing? Was it possible that Vaudrey was really creeping about, hiding in the cracks of field and bank and peering out at them in this unnatural posture? The rest of the figure seemed hunched and almost crooked, as if it had been crippled or deformed; but on looking more closely, this seemed only the foreshortening of limbs fallen in a heap. Was he mad? Was he . . . ? The more Smith looked at him the stiffer the posture seemed.

"You can't see it from here properly," said Father Brown, "but his throat is cut."

Smith shuddered suddenly. "I can well believe it's the most horrible thing you've seen," he said. "I think it's seeing the face upside down. I've seen that face at breakfast or dinner every day for ten years; and it always looked quite pleasant and polite. You turn it upside down, and it looks like the face of a fiend."

"The face really is smiling," said Father Brown soberly; "which is perhaps not the least part of the riddle. Not many men smile while their throats are being cut; even if they do it themselves. That smile, combined with those gooseberry eyes of his, that always seemed standing out of his head, is enough, no doubt, to explain the expression. But it's true things look different upside down. Artists often turn their drawings upside down to test their correctness. Sometimes, when it's difficult to turn the object itself upside down (as in the case of the Matterhorn, let us say), they have been known to stand on their heads, or at least look between their legs."

The priest, who was talking thus flippantly to steady the other man's nerves, concluded by saying in a more serious tone, "I quite understand how it must have upset you. Unfortunately it also upset something else."

"What do you mean?"

"It has upset the whole of our very complete theory," replied the other; and he began clambering down the bank onto the little strip of sand by the river.

"Perhaps he did it himself," said Smith abruptly. "After all, that's the most obvious sort of escape, and fits in with our theory very well. He wanted a quiet place, and he came here and cut his throat."

"He didn't come here at all," said Father Brown. "At least not alive and not by land. He wasn't killed here; there's not enough blood." This sun has dried his hair and clothes pretty well by now; but there are the traces of two trickles of water in the sand. Just about here the tide comes up from the sea and makes an eddy that washed the body into the creek and left it when the tide retired. But the body must first have been washed down the river; presumably from the village; for the river runs just behind the row of little houses and shops. Poor Vaudrey died up in the hamlet somehow, after all. I don't think he committed suicide; but the trouble is,

who would or could have killed him up in that potty little place?"

He began to draw rough designs with the point of his stumpy umbrella on the strip of sand.

"Let's see; how does the row of shops run? First the butcher's. Well, of course a butcher would be an ideal performer with a large carving-knife. But you saw Vaudrey come out; and it isn't very probable that he stood in the outer shop while the butcher said, 'Good morning. Allow me to cut your throat; thank you. And the next article please.' Sir Arthur doesn't strike me as the sort of man who'd have stood there with a pleasant smile while this happened. He was a very strong and vigorous man with rather a violent temper. And who else except the butcher could have stood up to him? The next shop is kept by an old woman. Then comes the tobacconist, who is certainly a man, but I am told quite a small and timid one. Then there is the dressmaker's, run by two maiden ladies, and then a refreshment shop run by a man who happens to be in hospital, and who has left his wife in charge. There are two or three village lads, assistants and errand boys, but they were away on a special job. The refreshment shop ends the street; there is nothing beyond that but the inn, with the policeman between."

He made a punch with the ferrule of his umbrella to represent the policeman and remained moodily staring up the river. Then he made a slight movement with his hand and, stepping quickly across, stooped over the corpse.

"Ah!" he said straightening himself and letting out a great breath. "The tobacconist! Why in the world didn't I remember that about the tobacconist?"

"What is the matter with you?" demanded Smith in some exasperation; for Father Brown was rolling his eyes and muttering and he had uttered the word "tobacconist" as if it were a terrible word of doom.

"Did you notice," said the priest after a pause, "something rather curious about his face?"

"Curious, my God!" said Evan with a retrospective shudder. "Anyhow, his throat was cut. . . ."

"I said his face," said the cleric quietly. "Besides, don't you notice he had hurt his hand and there's a small bandage round it?"

"Oh, that has nothing to do with it," said Evan hastily. "That happened before and was quite an accident. He cut his hand with a broken ink bottle while we were working together."

"It has something to do with it for all that," replied Father Brown.

There was a long silence, and the priest walked moodily along the sand, trailing his umbrella, and sometimes muttering the word "tobacconist" till the very word chilled his friend with fear. Then he lifted the umbrella and pointed to a boathouse among the rushes.

"Is that the family boat?" he asked. "I wish you'd just scull me up the river; I want to look at those houses from the back. There's no time to lose. They may find the body; but we must risk that."

Smith was already pulling the little boat upstream towards the hamlet before Father Brown spoke again. Then he said:

"By the way, I found out from old Abbott what was the real story about poor Vaudrey's misdemeanor. It was a rather curious story, about an Egyptian official who had insulted him by saying that a good Moslem would avoid swine and Englishmen, but preferred swine, or some such tactful remark. Whatever happened at the time, the quarrel was apparently renewed some years after when the official visited England; and Vaudrey in his violent passion dragged the man to a pig sty on the farm attached to the country-house and threw him in, breaking his arm and leg and leaving him there till next morning. There was rather a row about it, of course, but many people thought Vaudrey had acted in a pardonable passion

of patriotism. Anyhow, it seems not quite the thing that would have kept a man silent under deadly blackmail for decades."

"Then you don't think it had anything to do with the story we are considering?" asked the Secretary.

"I think it had a thundering lot to do with the story I am considering now," said Father Brown.

They were now floating past the low wall and the steep strips of back garden running down from the back doors to the river. Father Brown counted them carefully, pointing with his umbrella, and when he came to the third he said again:

"Tobacconist! Is the tobacconist by any chance? . . . But I think I'll act on my guess till I know. Only I'll tell you what it was I thought odd about Sir Arthur's face."

"And what was that?" asked his companion, pausing and resting on his oars for an instant.

"He was a great dandy," said Father Brown, "and the face was only half shaved. . . . Could you stop here a moment? We could tie up the boat to that post."

A minute or two afterwards they had clambered over the little wall and were mounting the steep cobbled paths of the little garden with its rectangular beds of vegetables and flowers.

"You see the tobacconist *does* grow potatoes," said Father Brown. "Associations with Sir Walter Raleigh no doubt. Plenty of potatoes and plenty of potato sacks. These little country people have not lost all the habits of peasants; they still run two or three jobs at once. But country tobacconists very often do one odd job extra that I never thought of till I saw Vaudrey's chin. Nine times out of ten you call the shop the tobacconist's, but it *is* also the barber's. He'd cut his hand and couldn't shave himself; so he came up here. Does that suggest anything else to you?"

"It suggests a good deal," replied Smith, "but I expect it will suggest a good deal more to you."

"Does it suggest, for instance," observed Father Brown, "the only conditions in which a vigorous and rather violent gentleman might be smiling pleasantly when his throat was cut?"

The next moment they had passed through a dark passage or two at the back of the house and came into the back room of the shop, dimly lit by filtered light from beyond and a dingy and cracked looking-glass. It seemed somehow like the green twilight of a tank; but there was light enough to see the apparatus of a barber's shop and the pale and even panicstricken face of a barber.

Father Brown's eye roamed round the room, which seemed to have been recently cleaned and tidied, till his gaze found something in a dusty corner just behind the door. It was a hat hanging on a hatpeg. It was a white hat, and one very well known to all that village. And yet, conspicuous as it had always been in the street, it seemed here only an example of the sort of little thing a certain sort of man often entirely forgets when he has most carefully washed floors or destroyed stained rags.

"Sir Arthur Vaudrey was shaved here this morning, I think," said Father Brown in a level voice.

To the barber, a small, bald-headed, spectacled man whose name was Wicks, the sudden appearance of these two figures out of his own back premises was like the appearance of two ghosts risen out of a grave under the floor. But it was at once apparent that he had more to frighten him than any fancy of superstition. He shrank, we might almost say that he shriveled into a corner of the dark room; and everything about him seemed to dwindle except his great goblin spectacles.

"Tell me one thing," continued the priest quietly. "You had a reason for hating the Squire?"

The man in the corner babbled something that Smith could not hear; but the priest nodded.

"I know you had," he said. "You hated him; and that's how I know you didn't kill him. Will you tell us what happened, or shall I?"

There was a silence filled with the ticking of a clock in the back kitchen; and then Father Brown went on:

"What happened was this. When Mr. Dalmon stepped inside your outer shop, he asked for some cigarets that were in the window. You stepped outside for a moment, as shopmen often do, to make sure of what he meant; and in that moment of time he perceived in the inner room the razor you had just laid down and the yellow-white head of Sir Arthur in the barber's chair, probably both glimmering in the light of that little window beyond. It took but an instant for him to pick up the razor and cut the throat and come back to the counter. The victim would not even be alarmed at the razor and the hand. He died smiling at his own thoughts. Nor, I think, was Dalmon alarmed. He had done it so quickly and quietly that Mr. Smith here could have sworn in court that the two were together all the time. But there was somebody who was alarmed, very legitimately; and that was you. You had quarreled with your landlord about arrears of rent and so on; you came back into your own shop and found your enemy murdered in your own chair with your own razor. It was not altogether unnatural that you despaired of clearing yourself and preferred to clear up the mess; to clean the floor and throw the corpse into the river at night in a potato-sack rather loosely tied. It was rather lucky that there were fixed hours after which your barber's shop was shut; so you had plenty of time. You seem to have remembered everything but the hat. . . . Oh, don't be frightened; I shall forget everything, including the hat."

And he passed placidly through the outer shop into the street beyond, followed by Smith and leaving behind the barber stunned and staring.

"You see," said Father Brown to his companion, "it was one of those cases where a motive really is too weak to convict a man and yet strong enough to acquit him. A little nervous fellow like that would be the last man *really* to kill a big strong man for a tiff about money. But he would be the first man to fear that he would be accused of having done it. . . . Ah, there was a thundering difference in the motive of the man who did it." And he relapsed into reflection, staring and almost glaring at vacancy.

"It is simply awful," groaned Evan Smith. "I was abusing Dalmon as a blackmailer and a blackguard an hour or two ago; and yet it breaks me all up to hear he really did this after all."

The priest still seemed to be in a sort of trance, like a man staring down into an abyss. At last his lips moved and he murmured, more as if it were a prayer than an oath, "Merciful God, what a horrible revenge!"

His friend questioned him, but he continued as if talking to himself.

"What a horrible tale of hatred! What a vengeance for one mortal worm to take on another! Shall we ever get to the bottom of this bottomless human heart, where such abominable imaginations can abide? God save us all from pride; but I cannot yet make any picture in my mind of hate and vengeance like that."

"Yes," said Smith, "and I can't quite picture why he should kill Vaudrey at all. If Dalmon was a blackmailer it would seem more natural for Vaudrey to kill him. As you say, the throat-cutting was a horrid business, but—"

Father Brown started and blinked like a man awakened from sleep.

"Oh, *that!*" he corrected hastily, "I wasn't thinking about that. I didn't mean the murder in the barber's shop, when—when I said a horrible tale of vengeance. I was thinking of a much more horrible tale than that; though of course that was horrible enough in its way. But that was much more comprehensible; almost anybody might have

done it. In fact it was very nearly an act of self-defense."

"*What?*" exclaimed the Secretary incredulously. "A man creeps up behind another man and cuts his throat while he is smiling pleasantly at the ceiling in a barber's chair; and you say it was self-defense!"

"I do not say it was justifiable self-defense," replied the other "I only say that many a man would have been driven to it to defend himself against an appalling calamity—which was also an appalling crime. It was that other crime that I was thinking about. To begin with, about that question you asked just now: why should the blackmailer be the murderer? Well, there are a good many conventional confusions and errors on a point like that." He paused, as if collecting his thoughts after his recent trance of horror and went on in ordinary tones.

"You observe that two men, an older and a younger, go about together and agree on a matrimonial project; but the origin of their intimacy is old and concealed. One is rich and the other poor; and you guess at blackmail. You are quite right, at least to that extent. Where you are quite wrong is in guessing which is which. You assume that the poor man was blackmailing the rich man. As a matter of fact, the rich man was blackmailing the poor man."

"But that seems nonsense," objected the Secretary.

"It is much worse than nonsense; but it is not at all uncommon," replied the other. "Half modern politics consists of rich men blackmailing people—financiers and newspaper proprietors blackmailing politicians, for instance. Your notion that it's nonsense rests on two illusions which are both nonsensical. One is that rich men never want to be richer; the other is that a man can only be blackmailed for money. It's the last that is in question here. Sir Arthur Vaudrey was acting not for avarice but for vengeance. And he planned the most hideous vengeance I ever heard of."

"But why should he plan vengeance on John Dalmon?" inquired Smith.

"It wasn't on John Dalmon that he planned vengeance," replied the priest.

There was a silence; and he resumed, almost as if changing the subject, "When we found the body, you remember we saw the face upside down; and you said it looked like the face of a fiend. Has it occurred to you that the murderer also saw the face upside down, coming behind the barber's chair?"

"But that's all morbid extravagance," remonstrated his companion. "I was quite used to the face when it was the right way up."

"Perhaps you had never seen it the right way up," said Father Brown. "I told you that artists turn a picture the wrong way up when they want to see it the right way up. Perhaps, over all those breakfasts and tea tables, you had got used to the face of a fiend."

"What on earth are you driving at?" demanded Smith impatiently.

"I speak in parables," replied the other in a rather somber tone. "Of course Sir Arthur was not actually a fiend; he was a man with a character, which he had made out of a temperament, that might also have been turned to good. But those goggling suspicious eyes, that tight yet quivering mouth might have told you something if you had not been used to them. You know there are physical bodies on which a wound will not heal. Sir Arthur had a mind of that sort. It was as if it lacked a skin; he had a feverish vigilance of vanity; those strained eyes were open with an insomnia of egoism. Sensibility need not be selfishness. Sybil Rye, for instance, has the same thin skin and manages to be a sort of saint. But Vaudrey had turned it all to poisonous pride—a pride that was not even secure and self-satisfied. Every scratch on the surface of his soul festered. And *that* is the meaning of that old story about throwing the man into the pig sty. If he'd thrown him then and there, after being called a pig, it might have been a

pardonable burst of passion. But there was no pig sty; and that is just the point. Vaudrey remembered the silly insult for years and years, till he could get the Oriental into the improbable neighborhood of a pig sty; and then he took what he considered the only appropriate and artistic revenge. . . . Oh, my God, he liked his revenges to be appropriate and artistic."

Smith looked at him curiously. "You are not thinking of the pig-sty story?"

"No," said Father Brown, "of the other story." He controlled the shudder in his voice and went on.

"Remembering that story of a fantastic and yet patient plot to make the vengeance fit the crime, consider the other story before us. Had anybody else, to your knowledge, ever insulted Vaudrey, or offered him what he thought a mortal insult? Yes. A woman insulted him."

A sort of horror began to dawn in Evan's eyes; he was listening intently.

"A girl, little more than a child, refused to marry him because he had once been a sort of criminal; had indeed been in prison for a short time for the outrage on the Egyptian. And that madman said in the hell of his heart, 'She shall marry a murderer.'"

They took the road towards the great house and went along by the river in silence, before he resumed:

"Vaudrey was in a position to blackmail Dalmon, who had committed a murder long ago; probably he knew of several crimes among the wild comrades of his youth. Probably it was a wild crime with some redeeming features; for the wildest murders are never the worst. And Dalmon looks to me like a man who knows remorse, even for killing Vaudrey. But he was in Vaudrey's power, and between them they entrapped the girl very cleverly into an engagement; letting the lover try his luck first, for instance, and the other only encourage magnificently. But Dalmon himself did not know—nobody but the Devil himself did know—what was in that old man's mind.

"Then, a few days ago, Dalmon made a dreadful discovery. He had obeyed, not altogether unwillingly; he had been a tool, and he suddenly found how the tool was to be broken and thrown away. He came upon certain notes of Vaudrey's in the library which, disguised as they were, told of preparations for giving information to the police. He understood the whole plot and stood stunned, as I did when I first understood it. The moment the bride and bridegroom were married the bridegroom would be arrested and hanged. The fastidious lady, who objected to a husband who had been in prison, should have no husband except a husband on the gallows. That is what Sir Arthur Vaudrey considered an artistic rounding off of the story."

Evan Smith, deadly pale, was silent; and far away down the perspective of the road they saw the large figure and wide hat of Doctor Abbott advancing towards them; even in the outline there was a certain agitation. But they were still shaken with their own private apocalypse.

"As you say, hate is a hateful thing," said Evan at last, "and, do you know, one thing gives me a sort of relief. All my hatred of poor Dalmon is gone out of me—now I know how he was twice a murderer."

It was in silence that they covered the rest of the distance and met the big doctor coming towards them, with his large gloved hands thrown out in a sort of despairing gesture and his gray beard tossing in the wind.

"There is dreadful news," he said. "Arthur's body has been found. He seems to have died in his garden."

"Dear me," said Father Brown rather mechanically. "How dreadful!"

"And there is more," cried the doctor breathlessly. "John Dalmon went off to see Vernon Vaudrey, the nephew; but Vernon Vaudrey hasn't heard of him and Dalmon seems to have disappeared entirely."

"Dear me," said Father Brown. "How strange!"

THE CHANGING AMERICAN MIND

BY I. A. RICHARDS

Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge University

I HAVE hung a large mirror in my open window, so that I can now see from my chair twice as much of the world outside. Past its rim my glance travels down across a tableland of black irregular roofs where queer tanks crouch on tripods and look like insect monsters. Clouds trail their shadows across this plateau which is riven not far away by a canyon at the foot of whose window-roughened walls flows a ceaseless traffic. This vista is closed by a gleam of water. Within the mirror the same tableland expands, then mounts, then is broken by the swift towering uprush of peaks whose form I have seen elsewhere only in the Dolomites. From their shoulders and crests white plumes of steam float and wave in the sunlight. I gaze at them, trying to decide whether it is their outline, or the knowledge I have that they are not natural objects but habitations of man—in fact, a typical New York roofscape—that makes them loom with such a veiled significance. What happens when men take to building mountains for themselves to live in?

All the things which I can see in the looking-glass have a queer extra vividness, depth, and grandeur which make the things seen directly appear trivial and almost unreal. Their color seems poorer, their countour flatter, their movement less spirited. They have a meager, desiccated, faded air, as though the life had been drained from them, but the mirror world beside them blooms with a mysterious and occult vitality.

Anyone may verify this mirror-effect; any mirror will give it, though the clearer the mirror the more striking the change. It is best seen when distant objects—mountains, clouds, or remote horizons—are within the reflected field of view. Many people, before and since Lewis Carroll, have brooded upon it without much result, for it is one of those facts of consciousness for which no full explanation has yet been found. Some would attempt to trace it to the "frame effect." By putting a frame round any view we increase its interest—that is why scenery is more impressive when viewed through the windows of the train or from a closed car than when we are in the open with it. But here the direct view through the window is more solidly framed than the mirror view, which seems to demolish this explanation. Others endeavor to link it up with the fact that the landscape looks more spacious if we contemplate it with our heads upside down. But this last effect has a basis in the structure of the eye and in the "routine of sensation" which is lacking here. The two cases are not parallel. We shall have to dig deeper into the facts of consciousness if we are to reach even a conjectural account.

These same excavations have a bearing upon our whole contemporary existence as conscious beings, upon the quality of our daily, hourly sentience, and upon the trend of civilization. For we must estimate this trend in terms of our consciousness, by the changes which are taking place not only in our intellectual outlook or in our emotional reactions but in the very air and semblance which the world from moment to moment wears. If the mind changes, everything alters with it.

There is some reason to think that our minds are changing. They must have altered often in the past, and human circumstances have never been so rapidly transformed before. We change our minds in a sense, of course, every day and every year; but I am not thinking of such changes as spring from hopes or fears, luck or failure, fashion, education, or new opinions, wars, strikes, or prosperity. These and a thousand other things vary the texture of our lives for us by weaving in this or that colored thread in new proportions and new patterns. I am thinking instead of changes in the colors of the threads themselves, changes at the dye-works, as it were, the dye-works being whatever it is which settles whether and in what degree and with what nuance we shall be conscious, which settles in short the quality and range of our feelings.

The Universe, as we know it at present, contains nothing so puzzling as Consciousness. And the oddest thing about Consciousness is that we should know so little about it. We have lately found out far more about the physical world than we could reasonably have expected ever to discover. But the nearer we come to ourselves the less hopeful investigation seems to be. We know more about the Giant Stars than about the Sun; we know more about beer than about our blood; and we know far more about our bodies than about our minds, if indeed these are not, as seems likely, two names for the same thing.* But let us at least use whatever hints there are.

Not all the many happenings in the mind are conscious. We can get some light upon the mystery by comparing those that are conscious with those that are not. Consider first: there is the wide contrast between the mental inflow and the mental outflow. Broadly speaking, the outward flowing tide of our impulses is not conscious; but a good deal of the inward flowing tide is. At the gates of our senses a myriad applicants are always battering. Comparatively few get through: those only which can engage such of our interests as are awake or can awaken a sleeping interest. It is the privilege of pains that they can nearly always waken some interest. Pains find these gateways easy to pass and normally they override all opposition. Even the strongest preoccupation goes down before them, and pains are—and this is a significant fact—the most intense form of consciousness which normal people know.

All other appeals to our attention have to adjust their claims to the simultaneous claims of numberless other appeals. Sometimes the adjustment is impossible. The pathway by which the appeal must be forwarded is already occupied, the line is busy. In these cases we ordinarily do not notice that any appeal has been made. We have been too much occupied to attend. But we may discover afterwards that we really *did* see or hear whatever it was that we passed by unnoticed. Those curious cases in which people dream of the whereabouts of lost objects illustrate clearly this curious fact of seeing without conscious awareness.

At the other extreme, acts which have become habitual, such as walking or writing, go through at the prompting of appeals from the sense-organs which are too smoothly adjusted to the claims of our other activities for consciousness to arise. The gradual lapse from consciousness of these activities as they become automatic suggests that consciousness may be compared to friction or to resistance. The best rough simile for describing consciousness is perhaps the electric light. If the current passed more easily through the filament no light would be given out. But the resistance in the case of consciousness is a complicated matter and seems to depend upon the difficulty of combining the activities which our sensations and ideas call for with the other activities which other sensations and ideas are

* I am indebted here and at some other points to *The Meaning of Psychology* by my friend and collaborator Mr. C. K. Ogden.

already investigating. Consciousness, in other words, arises through the mutual give and take by which the demands made upon us decide what our action shall be. The sight of a fly washing its face is in this sense a demand for action, if only for the action of watching it instead of getting on with the job. Most people will have noticed what an added vividness and intensity such trivial spectacles often gain through the fact of conflicting with or being integrated with more important experiences. At the moment of the greatest moral crisis of his life Stavrogin became absorbed by the sight of a small green spider which seemed to him more vivid, more remarkable, and more "real" than anything he had ever seen; and Dostoevski, who was far more conscious than most people and a very penetrating observer, put a great deal of his own experience into Stavrogin. Most people can parallel this observation from their own lives.

This same formula—that consciousness is an affair of integration under difficulties, covers also the emotional side of our existence. We become violently moved only when there is some conflict of tendencies within us. Think of the agitation in the timid lover's breast, so much less intense when the timidity has vanished. When there is no conflict we act immediately and almost unwittingly; and this holds good also of our most delicate and subtle emotional experience. The evidence on this point from the analysis of works of art, which after all do provide the best instances for studying this branch of psychology, is very strong. Literature and art have been too much neglected by the psychologists. They do perpetuate, in the only way in which perpetuation is possible, the very states of mind which he is concerned to examine. And they provide a clue to the direction in which consciousness may be changing which we cannot find elsewhere.

We can now come back, *via* my mirror to our main question. The secret probably of the heightened vividness of the mirror view is that it shares something of the picture's appeal. If we did not know that it is a mirror-space, not an actual space, into which we were looking, would this effect of extra depth and significance be found? The direct experiment is practically impossible for obvious reasons. The few glimpses which I have had into mirrors which I did not know to be mirrors have been inconclusive; but in each case, so far as I can recall, I discovered them to be mirrors not by noticing that what I saw was too good to be true but by detecting the surface gleam or by discerning some familiar object, such as myself, in the field of view.

Since experiment fails we are driven back upon the general argument. Vision through a looking-glass involves one thing more than ordinary direct vision, one additional factor to be reconciled with the appeals made by what we see—the knowledge, namely, that we are looking into a mirror. This knowledge, I suggest, offers just that additional friction or resistance which makes the scenes we view appear to be dowered with extra vitality. And this remark about extra vitality is only another way of saying that our consciousness, that part of it which is concerned with what we see, is increased through this slight resistance. The same explanation applies, though less simply, to pictures; the opinion that the less we realize that it is a picture—not a man, some dustbins, or a tree—which we are looking at, the better must the picture be, is an intellectual fallacy most favored by those who have least interest in pictures. The facts are the other way about.

It is the way in which we have to combine the effects of the picture as a surface with the effects of the picture-space, the imaginary three-dimensional world we see within it, which gives the painter his opportunity to make us more conscious while we are looking into his picture-space than we normally are when looking at actual things. A

similar combining activity partly explains our increased consciousness of what is said when this is given the artificial rhythm of verse, or the extra "reality" of the stage Hamlet which comes from our knowledge that he is only an actor.

Taking then this general notion as a guide, that the acuteness and vividness of consciousness depend, among other things, upon the friction or mutual resistance of diverse combining impulses, what changes should we expect to be taking place in contemporary consciousness and what actual instances of such changes can we find?

II

The general impression which perhaps most often comes to the surface in a foreign mind, attempting for the first time to respond to the bewildering and intoxicating phantasmagoria of New York, is that here is the clue, the half-worked-out solution, to problems which he has hardly been able even to formulate on the other side of the Atlantic. Specifically, problems concerning the future. He will know before he comes that something very strange has befallen Western Civilization. He will be familiar with plenty of those cracks which indicate that a break with the past on a most enormous scale is taking place. He will have wondered, not perhaps without some degree of dread, what terrific new scene in the drama of humanity is about to be staged. The War will have prepared him for anything, if he is old enough to remember it, and the rapidity with which it is being forgotten and the completeness with which the younger generation now ignore it are among the disturbing symptoms above mentioned. He will have tried to define for his own satisfaction the general trend of the changes which seem to him most suggestive and to prepare an attitude and a set of feelings with which to greet them, only to be discouraged by his own obscurity. Then he comes to New York, to find himself within a few hours apparently right in the middle of the very state of affairs which he had been trying vainly to imagine.

Above him soar buildings which have no counterpart in human history; about him throng leisurely unworried people, varied enough to give an ethnologist a nightmare, dressed and groomed in their tens of thousands with a care and refinement only to be matched in small, very select European circles. Through them passes an armored car to halt at the door of a bank, but nobody seems surprised. On every hand immense hotels offer the hospitality of their luxurious lounges to all and sundry who seem to use them as public places, dropping in to listen to the band or to chat beneath a waving palm—kept in motion by a well-placed fan. In the Public Library, even on a fine Saturday afternoon, hundreds of youthful readers sit working with all the air of serious students. And at night when the streets take on a new beauty from the colored fairy-lights borne by the myriad rushing cars, nobody seems to go to bed or even to look tired. Innumerable eating places are open and crowded till the morning.

I despair of being able to indicate to an American how all this impresses the English visitor. After two A.M. in London the people to be seen eating in public are racing touts or similar flashy individuals, on whose faces is the stamp of weariness or dissipation. On the other hand, our bank messengers, as far as I remember, wear top-hats to distinguish their calling—but for the rest are unprotected.

That armored car is the fly in the ointment and the point from which the visitor's speculations set out. He soon learns facts, familiar enough to every American, which account for it. I have generalized some of his reflections—about the new consciousness which springs from new blends of impulses—taking my mirror for a parable.

Let me particularize them here. All through contemporary Western civilization a change is occurring, slowly in Europe, more rapidly in America, which may be described as the substitution of suggestion for tradition. Tradition, what some would call the instinct for law and order, never more clearly shown than in the General Strike, protects the bank messenger in England. The bandit has no hope of escaping, for public opinion is too solidly and effectively against him. Over here, suggestion, if it does not indeed help the bandit in some respects, has not yet stepped in to take the place of tradition. But tradition is also breaking down in England, as it must in all communities much exposed to diverse influences. When the living, as opposed to the imitation, art of a people becomes untraditional it is only a matter of time for the rest to follow suit.

The living art of America, its vaudeville, its skyscrapers, and its poetry, reveal, as we should expect, a still bigger break with tradition. And suggestion, a fact which many Americans seem to deplore, is much stronger. Witness the power of advertisement and publicity in America—the really secluded English rural community gives a very poor response to a poster; witness the suddenness and brevity of popular crazes; witness the immense and ephemeral reputations of the most varied writers—reputations which sometimes seem to have so little basis. An astonishing plasticity or adaptability, and an equal suggestibility are the two impressions of American mentality which a visitor receives—after the first effect of a masked heterogeneity has worked off. It is possible that this very susceptibility to suggestion, explained in part by the mingling of traditions which is here going on, is the greatest asset of the American and the one which holds out most hope for the future of mankind. For only such a suggestibility will allow an increased fluidity to be held in control. Man has hitherto been too little plastic, too little able to meet new situations with a new and appropriate response, too bound down by his habits. I have known a very distinguished neurologist deplore the low percentage of our asylum cases as indicating too little power of variation. But too much adaptability is dangerous to society as well as to the individual. It is a most hopeful sign that the publicity expert has such power over here, for some powerful influence is required to keep fluid people together.

I have not really departed in all this one jot from my title, for the use of suggestion (in this wide sense) in place of tradition is virtually a making conscious of what was formerly unconscious. The traditional Englishman, now fast disappearing from the plowlands, had so many expectations so fast rooted in his mind, so many habitual responses to settled routines of experience, that he neither knew what they were nor, when they were by chance frustrated, knew what had happened. The Derbyshire man who grew "dizzy-like" if he were taken more than a mile from his home illustrates my point perfectly. By comparison the American has few settled expectations, but those he has he knows about, and he is markedly anxious to know more. It is no accident that Psychology is "that American subject" as they call it at Oxford. From the sophomore's preoccupation with the "poise" which his University career ought to give him to the desperate struggle of the modernist poet to render in full explicitness every apparently trivial detail and nuance of sensation and feeling, this transfiguration of the unconscious into consciousness is to the English visitor the dominant American characteristic, the feature which most links America with the future.

It is this feature also which most misleads the European who is constantly embarrassed by the American's zeal for elementary discussions. It takes some time to realize that this baffling enthusiasm over truisms—over

the fact that poetry is so beautiful, human nature so strange, or pleasure so attractive—does not necessarily mean either defective education or vacuousness or infantility. It is due to the simple fact that what is obvious and inevitable, accepted and settled for the European—taken for granted, almost unheard of and forgotten—is often none of these things for the American. "What is concluded that we should conclude anything about it?" asked Benjamin Paul Blood. A great many things are both concluded and concluded about in the European mind which are as fresh and beguiling as spring in the American mind. The moral issues for example. Why do this or not do that, and why do anything? To say that something is "not done" has a different meaning for the Englishman and for the American; so different that neither can quite understand the other. To put the difference metaphorically, the veto comes from much deeper down in the English mind. The American nearly always knows why it is not done, the Englishman hardly ever. All of which makes the American seem as shallow, rootless, light, and transparent as the Englishman seems dense, secretive, stagnant, and instinctive.

Both impressions are, of course, mistaken. For the American's truism which bores the Englishman is not what the Englishman thinks it is, and the Englishman who seems so oddly uninterested and uninteresting may be responding in ways which the American knows nothing about.

To quote from a volume recently published in London, under the title *New World Vistas*, by a new writer, Mr. James Wood, himself endowed with an unusually high degree of consciousness:

> At night as I lie in bed on the confines between sleeping and waking the thought of America opens vast and joyful before my straying mind, and I am unable to quell it. I grit my teeth and strive to crush it or to master it but it overrides me like a dash of Polish cavalry charging on white horses with a riot of bells and drums—I am lost in it like a rocket in the sky where stars shine white and blue upon me from all sides. It blooms like a Christmas tree lit with a thousand candles in a dark court-yard—the houses just visible around it faintly reflecting the blaze and increasing its magic. It runs to my lips and I fall asleep with these words often upon them:
>
> "America America America America."

But this, being the attitude of an artist, is admittedly not a usual one; and both English and Americans would be startled if the partial breakdown of communication were suddenly set right. The whole mental routine of the American has altered, the interplay of his impulses has shifted so that they have to be adjusted to one another much more consciously, much nearer the surface. In comparison with the European he *improvises* his life, and in the fact that he can do this so successfully lies the great promise of American civilization.

That there is another side to the matter, I know well. This deliquescence of what have so long been the rock-firm foundations of culture, our unquestioned, unconscious assumptions by which life is ruled and its goal set, is more a threat than a promise, unless conscious reflection and observation can provide better foundations. And the transition must inevitably involve casualties—minds which are merely chaotic, or lopsided, minds which have failed and have returned to cling desperately to some incomplete and imperfectly realized tradition. For a true tradition is something which we hardly know we possess. The little talked about but universal custom of having ice-water on the breakfast table is much more a true tradition than, for example, "Mother's Day." As soon as we become conscious of it, the tradition has been pushed out of its proper place and become a superficial not a deep lying part of the structure of our minds. No genuine tradition was ever built up deliberately. The highly conscious status of most American traditions is

only another example of the changes which I have been discussing.

Meanwhile this emergence into consciousness of problems and decisions which were once handled automatically brings with it, I believe, a general heightening of consciousness as well as an extension, a recoloration of the whole content of the mind analogous to that extra-vividness of the mirror view from which we set out. Together with this goes an eager interest in life and a passionate, if bewildered, desire to do something with it, "to have a good time," which makes the visitor feel sluggish. Often this interest seems to concern itself unduly with trivialities, with the accidents not the essentials of existence. And if this were so it would not be surprising. But sometimes this appearance has a better explanation. Thomas Gray was content to mention "the lowing herd," and could leave the rest securely to his readers' imaginations. A modern American poet has to describe the beasts as though nothing resembling them had ever been seen before. One reason is that he cannot count on his reader to the same degree; another is that his own impulses toward a cow are much more mixed and, therefore, he is himself much more interested in how exactly she seems to him. He may not do what he sets out to do as well as Gray, but we should be clear that he set out to do something different, and why he cannot as a serious artist set out to do the same old thing. And the poet is only the extreme instance (though his compatriots may not always recognize him in his lifetime as such) of what is happening in some degree to every mind in the community. New conditions, the break-up of immemorial conventions, the mingling of influences, and the task of integrating impulses which have never before come together, have involved America *en masse* in an experiment which only a few individuals have hitherto attempted, the conquest through consciousness of a new kind of control over the future of mankind.

EGO

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

AND if I cry into the dead of night,
A cry I swear significantly mine,
Shall I be heard? What star will cease to shine?
What wind will swerve a hair's breadth in its flight?
What matter though my heart break, are there not
A million hearts to beat the usual way?
What difference all I think, or feel, or say;
Is not all kept in mind, and then forgot?
Some day the clods will thump upon the thing
That holds itself erect and speaks its will;
And still the song will triumph, and the wing
Will flash along the forest and the hill.
Ah, so they say, and yet I know they lie;
All things will cease when I no more am I.

EVERY THURSDAY

BY DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN

SHE appeared at my back door one autumn Thursday morning, recommended as a woman-by-the-day to wash and clean. She was an immense, ebony figure in a checked coat and a picture hat swarming with roses. I learned on successive Thursdays to watch for her hats, which represented the discarded taste of her employers, or woman's inhumanity to woman. Some were gauzy affairs, ribboned behind; others had the tube and cloche effect, and their narrowness sat oddly with broad nose and full lips. I never could decide just what sort of millinery would become my woman-by-the-day, but of all the types I never saw one that did, and especially not a picture hat swarming with roses. But her expression under it that Thursday morning was disarming.

Her name was Mrs. Gregory. I never could bring myself to call her anything else, even though I knew her other name was Alfaretta. She was so huge, so plushy black, and above all so naturally dignified that only "Mrs." before her name would be suitable. She moved about our house almost delicately, with a soft flat-footedness, contrary to the traditions of cleaning women. Her only damage was an occasional scraping of wallpaper by a bedpost as she moved the bed. This was apt to give the walls of our bedrooms an harassed effect. But, there is a proverb about not looking a gift horse in the mouth, and there ought to be a proverb about not finding flaws in fine gold. Besides, there was an air of the circus about the house when she took a large mahogany bed and twirled it about lightly by one post. My small daughter considered the act as absorbing as a trained seal any day.

"Mamma," she would hiss, over the banister, "come watch. She's at it again!"

Mrs. Gregory had assured me herself, however, that she did not mind criticism.

"Ef everythin' ain' jes' the way you like it, Mis' Ca'man," she said, cheerfully, "you-all tell me. Ah bears no hahd feelin's."

But a moment later she added thoughtfully, "When ah'm yo' friend, ah'm yo' friend—but if you-all makes an enema of me, ah'm an enema fo' life."

Perhaps it was the fear of an enema for life which prevented me from ever alluding to the wallpaper. Or perhaps I kept silent because she was so impeccably careful of other objects, especially of the pictures, on which she commented as she dusted. Among these was a Raphael Madonna and Child which my irreverent infant pointed out to her as a baby about to have a bath. Mrs. Gregory struck an attitude.

"Lawd, chile," she said, gazing sternly into my infant's face, "Angels fum Heaven comes down every mawnin' to wash that baby."

I have said that my Ethiopian's only flaw lay in the direction of wallpaper. But there were weeks, also, when even she admitted that her "han' was off," and our small washing was somewhat scantly done. I remonstrated with her, particularly about my husband's socks, which were apt to be streaked and give a pasty effect to his ankles. I learned that Mrs. Gregory brought to her laundry all the temperament that a painter

brings to his palette. She set her wash basket on my kitchen table while she explained.

"Some days, Mis' Ca'man, ah ain' jes' *up* to it," she said, fingering a gingham frock in the basket with a calculating hand. "Some days ah ain' in the *mood*. Othah days ah jes' loves the soap an' watah. Them days when ah'm rubbin' on the wash bo'd, ah says, 'Alfaretta, you-all is sho' doin' a good wuk in this worl'. Ain' *nobody* kin git clothes so clean as you.' . . . But othah days ah says, 'Alfaretta, why are you rubbin' them fool clothes so clean? We all be in the graveyahd in the twinklin' of an eye.' . . . Them days yo' socks is streaked, ma'am."

I had experienced similar ardors and graveyard despairs over my own work, so I nodded understandingly, as one artist to another.

"Ah has to have propah materials," she continued, trying the quality of a silk dress between her thumb and finger. 'Ah won' wash secon'-rate clothes, ma'am, or ah should say ah don' *like* to. Wool undahweah that's half cotton, Mis' Ca'man, gets on mah nerves till you wouldn' believe. One lady ah wuks fo'—nice lady she is, too—her undahweah in the wintah, Mis' Ca'man—Lawd an' Mastah!"

Again I nodded with appreciation, while my mind ranged curiously along the known list of her constituents.

"Ah wants bes' soap, too. Angel Gabriel hisself couldn' get shirts clean without good soap. One lady ah wuks fo'—nice lady she is, too, 'cept fo' that one failin'—she don' give me nothin' to wash *with*. Many's the mawnin' ah've stood down in her laundry with a piece of yellah soap in mah han's, an' ah would have cried, Mis' Ca'man, only ah was too blood mad."

It was the anxiety not to make Mrs. Gregory blood mad which prompted me to purchase carefully on Wednesdays the materials necessary for Thursdays. But one fateful time I forgot, and Mrs. Gregory was confronted with a small section of yellow soap in my basket, while I watched guiltily from the kitchen door. She took the basket under her arm, muttered, "Mah Saviour!" and swept to the laundry with the look of a sculptor expected to make a statue without clay. Or perhaps she was the Israelites ordered by the Pharaohs to manufacture bricks without straw. She was well acquainted with the Israelites. Moses was a man whose troubles she compared with her own, particularly when he did not enter the Promised Land. One day I caught her singing on the stairs:

"Ef ah had the faith that Noah had,
Ah know jes' what ah'd do—
Ah'd put mah little gum shoes on
An' wade that flood right through."

A pause, a swish, a rolling of the eyeballs, and then:

"Ef ah had the faith that Daniel had,
Ah know jes' what ah'd do—
Ah'd put mah haid in the lion's mouth
An' tell him not to chew!"

I never knew whether I was supposed to be amused by this song, as it was sung with a funereal air, so I took the safest course and was not amused. According to popular belief, Mrs. Gregory should have sung negro spirituals and blues, but she sang spirituals seldom, and blues never. She admitted acquaintance, however, with one of the Hampton spiritual repertoire: "Nobody knows the trouble ah've seen, nobody knows but Jesus." This she rendered when things were going against her in her private life. When more optimistic she sang, "There'll be no mo' dahk valleys," and, still more often:

"Will theah be, will theah be, any stahs in mah crown,
When at evenin' the sun goeth down?
When ah come to rest in the mansions so blest
Will theah be any stahs in mah crown?"

I was sure Mrs. Gregory would have as many as could be fitted nicely to a diadem. After a lifetime of unbecoming, second-hand hats, an aureole made to

order would be the proper distinction. Moreover, she had her sorrows, and stars should be given for sorrows. As I heard her mammoth thumping on the washboard in rhythm to her singing, I often thought how seldom any of us were permitted the luxury of giving our whole minds to our work. We gesture such a large part of our days away, houses divided against ourselves, seeking to forget or seeking to remember. There Mrs. Gregory was, down in the laundry, gesturing over her clothes, trying to make them clean, while her mind was mostly occupied with her family troubles. There I was, up in the living room, busy with words, trying to make them fit for the public eye, while my personal problems played an obbligato. It would be simplest for us all, I decided, to do away with private lives! The machinery of the world would run like lightning, not slowed by any secret reflections. My washing would get done in half the time if Mrs. Gregory had no private life. I had seen her pause for precious moments in the act of fastening clothespins while she ruminated on her husband. He brought her to work in his ice wagon, which was only for show, as he had not sold any ice in two years.

II

She had told me about him, the chief of her troubles. There were two locations where she unbosomed herself. One was the living room, where she dusted as I wrote at my desk, unbosoming at intervals, with a candlestick in one hand and a dustcloth in the other. She never failed to tell me something important as she held the candlestick, and I used to wait for her to reach it, working her way through various bits of decoration along my bookcase top. Armed with the candlestick, she launched her bitterest invective and her most pungent philosophies.

"Mah husbum brings me to wuk," she would say, with a glitter, "then he goes home to his men—an' his women, Mis' Ca'man. . . . He drinks mawnin', noon, an' night. One of the ladies ah wuks fo'—nice lady she is too—her husbum drinks continual, but he's a rich man, Mis' Ca'man, an' he gets stuff what smells respectable. But the othah night mah husbum came home with such an ungodly odah on him, Mis' Ca'man, that ah says to him, 'You-all get out'n this-heah kitchen an' stay out till that weahs off'n you. You-all is scorchin' the very *hair* fum the cat.'"

She had told me many times about the cat, Binks, a black animal with a single eye and a double intelligence. Mrs. Gregory did "hair" in the evenings at fifty cents the head, and Binks would fetch the curling iron at the proper moment. He had also been known to retrieve lemons for the lemon rinse, but this I never quite believed. It was a great grief to his mistress when he was killed, in the flower of his age, by a blow from a teakettle.

"But what a man Will was when ah married him!" she continued, in my living room, nearing the candlestick. "He had six pairs of shoes! Yes, he did, Mis' Ca'man, ah lifts mah han' to Heaven an' sweahs it."

Here she raised a huge, simian palm toward my living-room ceiling.

"Ah had only one pair of shoes, an' ah used to hide 'em in the co'nah of the closet, ah was that 'shamed. He wukked in the Brooklyn Navy Yahd then, an' he's got a certificate they gave him when he lef'—Hono'ble Dis*charge*, Mis' Ca'man. He might have been a good an' Christian man to-day ef he had stayed in the Navy Yahd."

"What made him leave?" I asked, wondering how the Brooklyn Navy Yard would appreciate this reputation for fostering righteous men.

"He saw mo' money in waitin', ma'am. An' ef ah does say it, theah wasn' nobody could run around a co'nah with a tray so fas' as Will."

Here she described a pirouette, an imaginary tray in the flat of her hand.

"The houahs was sho'tah, too, Mis'

Ca'man. He come home two o'clock in the aftahnoon an' slep' till six, an' ah sat right by his bed, Mis' Ca'man, an' fanned him so he wouldn' presspiah. . . . He hated to presspiah in his sleep . . . an' sometimes ah would think and wondah what ah would evah do ef he was taken away fum me, an' the col' teahs would fall right out'n mah eyes, ma'am."

"Yes, Mis' Ca'man," she resumed, negligently waving my one Tiffany bowl about in the depths of her feelings, "them was the good days. But now what *wouldn'* ah give to have him taken fum me! The othah day when ah tol' him to get out'n mah kitchen an' stay out, he says to me, 'Alfaretta, ah don' believe you-all *cares* fo' me any mo'.' . . . Ah says to him, 'Will, so long as you live, ah'll nevah harm a hair of yo' haid. But ah wouldn' go across the street to see yo' funeral, no mattah how fine yo' corpse was dress'. You-all has made an enema out'n me.'"

She replaced the Tiffany bowl and began dusting under the mantelpiece clock, an operation that demanded delicacy.

"When mah chillun comes to me an' says Will has been mean to 'em, ah says to them, 'Chillun, that's *yo'* fathah.' He's no kin of *mine*, thank the Lawd. Mah blood ain' any of his trash blood. Ah'm pure black, Mis' Ca'man, but his grandfathah was *white*."

I shuddered with her, and she continued, having reached the candlestick, "Yes'm—his grandmothah had a little interjection with some white man, jes' like mah sistah down in No'th Ca'lina. Seems ef people of mah race couldn' keep out'n low comp'ny.

"Ah've tol' mah daughtah, Evadne, jes' *one* interjection from her an' ah'll send her to bo'din' school," Mrs. Gregory pronounced, maternal anxiety in her voice and the Ten Commandments in her gesture. After a tense moment she dropped down on her hands and knees under my console table and busied herself with the carving.

"Ah was attendance in a woman's room in Philadelphy once. Lawd an' Mastah, ah made good money, 'specially when ladies was daid drunk. Ah 'membahs one white lady—ah gave her fo'teen glassfuls of bread soda an' watah."

"Fourteen glassfuls!" I echoed incredulously from my desk.

Mrs. Gregory's head appeared between the table legs.

"Fo'teen glassfuls, Mis' Ca'man. May Almighty strike me daid!"—and up went that hand to the ceiling again—"she nevah open her eyes till aftah the twelfth glass. Nex' day she come back an' gave me three of the prettiest little aprons. Nice lady she was, too."

The other location where Mrs. Gregory unbosomed herself was my kitchen, while she ate her breakfast and I peeled potatoes for dinner. At those times she told me the rest of the story which was running through her life, like all our stories, on the instalment plan. She had been content as "attendance" in Philadelphia while Will "waited," but some ill-advised relative had written Will and said there was big money in the ice business in Shantytown. So the Gregorys had moved. But the way ice melted on his hands got Will nervous, he fell into bad company, and sank.

"Your husband seems a pleasant man," I said one morning to open the conversation, remembering his corpulent face at the side window of the ice wagon.

Mrs. Gregory waved a bit of toast and lowered her voice.

"Mis' Ca'man, he would deceive the very debbil hisself. African tigahs could learn tricks fum him, Mis' Ca'man. Po', run-down ole rascul-pine he is, too. Think he's got six pairs of shoes now, ma'am? He ain' even got enough pride to want 'em."

She looked at me furtively, as if she wondered whether she had better say her next sentence. She evidently decided I could bear the worst.

"Mis' Ca'man—he don' even want to weah *pajamas* now. But ah've got a

fresh, clean pair all laid away to put on him in case he gets sick. So when the doctah comes he'll look like human."

She helped herself heavily to another piece of toast.

"Ah've got death insurance on him," she resumed, with bitterness. "A dollah a month."

"Death insurance!" I exclaimed from my potatoes. "What for?"

"Good Lawd, Mis' Ca'man, does you-all think ah'm goin' to spend mah good money on his fun'ral? Ef ah gets to thinkin' ah'm goin' to die fust, ah'll draw the money out an' buy mahself somethin' to be laid out in. . . . Will says he wants plumes on his hearse ho'ses. Ah says to him, 'You don' get no plumes on yo' ho'ses at a dollah a month. Give me fifty cents mo' an' you'll get ostriches'.' . . . But he won't do it, he's that blood mean. Ah had death insurance on mah mothah an' she died in the summah an' ah laid her out in purple satin with mosquito nettin' on the ho'ses ears."

She sighed into her coffee as she recalled this past glory. Her present glory was her eldest daughter, Evadne, who, by dint of superhuman saving, had been put through high school and then into a course at a nurses' training school. There were weeks when Mrs. Gregory worried over a new dress which Evadne had said she must have. There was the time when she denied herself the joy of church, even at baptism season, because she had no proper shoes, the shoe money having gone to Evadne. I rejoiced with Mrs. Gregory as the time crept by and her daughter was within two months of the diploma.

"Ah don' want mah Evadne to marry," she had said, "Ah wants her to be self-suppo'tin'. The men of ouah race, Mis' Ca'man, are few an' fah between. . . . Men anywheah, white or black, is few an' fah between. They is mostly a great disappointament."

She sighed, pushing her mop along the floor.

"Many's the time ah've said to Evadne on mah bended laigs, 'Evadne—men is jes' *meat*—jes' *meat*.'"

It was a week later that she took off her hat much less lightly than usual, a poke bonnet with pink feathers.

"Evadne has married," she said, and she held the absurd hat so that I should not see her tears.

There was nothing I could say. Two months from the diploma! My glance fell on Mrs. Gregory's shoes, bursting at the seams.

"It's like a bread knife in mah ches'," she said. William Shakespeare, over three centuries earlier, had written, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" To Mrs. Gregory it was a bread knife.

"I—I hope he's nice," I ventured, but received no reply. A few weeks later the new husband came under the family roof to add himself to her burdens. He had been "almost a postman," but now he was nothing. Mrs. Gregory must have been a gold mine to him. One of her lifelong ambitions was to have a bedroom by herself. She had furnished it piece by piece, in her mind, even to the enamel water pitcher with roses on it. But this dream was shattered forever by the advent of the husband and, later, by the certain expectation of a pickaninny.

"When ah gets to Heaven, ah 'spects to have a whole house to mahself, Mis' Ca'man. Don' the Good Book say, 'In mah Fathah's house are many mansions? Ef it were not so, Ah would have tol' you. Let not yo' heart be trouble'.'"

I visioned the snowiest of mansions for Mrs. Gregory, since she herself made other people's mansions snowy here below. And I hoped the immortals did not do without rosy water pitchers, dipping in the River of Life.

"Ah dreamed Evadne was doin' wrong," she confided, another day. "Ah dreamed she lef' the nurses' school, but *not with me*. Ah could see plain she lef' it, but not with me. . . . Ah has dreams, Mis' Ca'man—snakes an' loose teeth."

But snakes and loose teeth were all I

could ever induce the sibyl to say on the subject of dreams. Beyond that she only muttered and shook her head, as if that were a subterranean life I could not share. Once she divulged that a corpse at a wake had opened his eyes and looked at her, and closed them again. When I gave a party and used undertaker's chairs, she refused to sit in one, saying they were "bad luck sittings." Whenever there was a thunder storm she assured me at the outset, "The same Lawd is at wuk now as is at wuk in sunshine." But when the lightning became brilliant she pulled an old, black-leather Bible from her dress pocket, went down into the cellar, and stayed till it was over.

III

Those were all the signs I saw of superstition which is supposed to form such a large part of negro character. But I did see many signs of Mrs. Gregory's real religion, which was both the staff of her life and her escape. When she was washing my windows her religion was leading her through green pastures and still waters. It was both an amulet and a magic carpet. It made my heart stop, sometimes, to think how much she counted on the compensations of immortality. It made me want immortality to be true, more than ever. One cold, snowy morning she warmed her hands over my gas flame when she first came in. She was so cold that she did not take off her hat and coat at first, but stood huddled over the four blue rings of flame from my four burners. But her face was radiant.

"Mis' Ca'man," she said, "the good Lawd has done so much fo' me that ah ha'dly has time enough to thank Him fo' all His mercies. Ah says ovah an' ovah, 'Thank you, Lawd, thank you, Lawd.'"

"Has He done a lot for you?" I asked, watching the flame warm her hands that had gone quite purple with the frost.

"His goodness endureth fo'evah," she said. I felt ashamed to be ever less than happy. Then again I wondered whether her religion were a form of natural protective coloring that enabled her to live. Birds are given wings to save them from their troubles, foxes are given their swift feet, and Mrs. Gregory was given the blessed knowledge that the Lord's goodness endureth forever so that her troubles would not overwhelm her quite. She had the knowledge, simply as breathing.

"Yeahs ago ah determed to give fifty cents a week to ouah church. Ah always have done so, even when it comes hahd. When Evadne brung her husbum home, it was hahdah, an' one week ah thought ah sho' would nevah make it. The Ole Boy was sho' aftah me that week. He goes about like a roahin' lion, seekin' whom he may devouah. Ole Boy debbil says to me, 'Alfaretta, you'll nevah make that fifty cents!' But ah hung on, Mis' Ca'man, an' ah gave the fifty cents, an' the very *nex'* week ah made seven dollahs mo' than common. Lawd looks aftah His own, and the smokin' flax He will not squench. . . . Ole Boy debbil went away with his tail between his laigs, but ah 'spect he's only crouchin' behine a tree, waitin' fo' to spring."

There was that afternoon when she told me how she lived, and where were the wellsprings of her courage. She paused in the scrubbing of my kitchen floor, her brush poised in air above the blue-checked linoleum.

"Gawd Almighty knows how ah evah lives with Will," said she gravely. "Every mawnin' ah says, 'Lawd, help Thy servant to keep her tempah. Help me beah all an' say nothin'.' But sometimes, Mis' Ca'man, he's so blood mean that a screamin' feelin' comes on me an' ah says things, ah says things. An' then, when it's all ovah ah prays an' says, 'Lawd, ah'm *down* again. Help Thy servant to rise!' . . . Las' Sunday we had a beautiful singah at ouah church. He *was* lovely, Mis' Ca'man. He sang, 'The way is dahk, O Lawd, but on we go.' Ah sat theah in mah seat and sudden, Mis' Ca'man, ah was freed of mah sorrow. It had slipped off'n

mah back, an' theah was no mo' burden. Ole Man Trouble come back latah, but fo' that time he was gone, sho', when ah heard that beautiful singin'."

She described an arc on the blue-and-white floor with her brush. I knew there are moments when we are freed of our sorrow, as Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress* was freed of his bundle, and it rolled down the hill behind him.

"What will you do when you get to Heaven?" I said.

"Ah'll sit down fo' a thousan' yeahs. Jes' give me a plush chair in the shade wheah ah can keep an eye on mah Saviour."

Mrs. Gregory moved her pail to another section of the floor, leaving a bright, cleansed spot behind her that glittered in the sun through the kitchen window.

"What would ah do without mah Saviour?" she said from her new position, looking at me over her shoulder. "He keeps me fum dahkness. In this worl' we mus' all suffah—but in the nex' we are recompense."

There was no sound but the scratch of brush bristles on the floor, and I thought what a brute anyone would be who told Mrs. Gregory that perhaps there was no recompense, that perhaps, as some scholars said, personal immortality was out of the question. I had a vision of all the people who spend their lives in this world's holes and corners, and I hoped that, like Mrs. Gregory, they expected a chair in the shade.

That Easter she came to me with a request. She did not make it immediately.

"Ouah church is havin' a suppah this Sat'day night," she began nervously.

She paused and cleared her throat.

"You-all is a writah, Mis' Ca'man, an' ah was wonderin' ef you could do somethin' fo' me. Ouah pastah has been with us fo' ten yeahs now, an' we-all is goin' to present him with five dollahs at the suppah. Ah has to make the presentation speech, an' ah was wonderin' ef you would write it fo' me and put in the long words, Mis' Ca'man."

I wrote the speech, and with much care, throwing myself into the part of the grateful congregation and remembering that pastors enjoy having good things said. I put in the long words which would roll sweetly under Mrs. Gregory's tongue. And then I drilled her in the speech until she gave it with expression. The following Thursday, when she came into the living room with her mop, I said, "How did it go?"

"It went jes' beautiful. Everybody said how well ah done, an' the pastah was flippergasted."

I turned back to my work, but she came and laid a large palm on my desk.

"Ah wants to say ah'm always so glad when Thursdays comes. Ah wakes up in the mawnin' an' ah says,' Glory, Glory, ah'm goin' to Mis' Ca'man's today!' . . . You-all is a lady, Mis' Ca'man."

"So are you, Mrs. Gregory," I said, because she was.

She fumbled with her mop under my desk, her face hidden.

"Ah knows mah place," she said, and I wondered just exactly where her place was.

She had been employed in many houses in my neighborhood and it occurred to me that the other "ladies she wukked fo'" might have been as illumined by her as I was. I spoke about her to Mrs. W. with whom Mrs. Gregory had spent a season.

"Let me see—I can't remember her—I've had so many and they are such nuisances," Mrs. W. said, wrinkling up her forehead.

"She did washing and cleaning by the day. Lives in Shantytown," I said, to stir her memory.

"Oh, yes—and she charged three seventy-five! A perfectly outrageous price! I don't know what we are all coming to! Mr. W. says—"

Three seventy-five for all Mrs. Gregory had given me?

I called it cheap.

COLLEGE AND THE EXCEPTIONAL MAN

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THIS essay proposes no solution of the problems, however desperate, which confront American universities. It abandons them to the experts who, in country weeklies, beauty shops, advertising agencies, culture clubs, and legislatures have freely acknowledged their willingness to assume responsibility for them—confident that in the face of such assurance the words of a college teacher would be negligible if not indeed presumptuous. It does perhaps indicate a conclusion to be drawn from these problems. But inasmuch as that conclusion suggests the abolition first of college faculties and then of college student bodies, it may be safely ignored as tending toward lunacy.

A principle of evidence that has been found valid in the courts holds that a witness who testifies against his own interests or safety may be held more credible—less likely to be deliberately or unconsciously lying—than one whose testimony is found to support his own welfare. If, therefore, I confess at the beginning that we of the English department contribute less than most of our colleagues to the education of the kind of students I am dealing with, I am at least admissible under Mr. Wigmore's code when I reproach the other departments for not contributing more than they do. These students are the men and women possessed of intelligence clearly superior to that average to the accommodation of which the college machinery is geared. Early in his career every teacher must decide what his attitude toward them is to be. Shall he devote his attention to them or to the ninety-eight per cent? Shall he orient his classes from the axis of the intellectual curve, or from its farthest margin at the right? It is only because I have always frankly chosen the two to the ninety-eight per cent that I here venture to suggest what their place is in the modern college.

The axiom has it that these superior minds ought to find in college the most nearly ideal environment, and yet it is a commonplace that they are more drastically disappointed than their mediocre fellows. It is also axiomatic that the colleges ought to do everything within their power to give these superior students the maximum opportunity for development; yet the dilemma cries aloud: either the colleges do not do their utmost, or that utmost is pitifully inadequate. The superior students leave at the end of four years, not only far more ignorant than with their capabilities they might expect to be, but convinced that much of their youth has been wasted in the pursuit of a respectable but counterfeit education. This disillusionment is in itself education; but to acquire it at the cost of four years' sincere worship of false gods is an altogether felonious waste. Better than disillusionment is the initial avoidance of illusions.

Their dissatisfaction is familiar, I think, to all teachers and to most editors. Not that the superior student is responsible for the undergraduate surveys which have become fashionable in the larger universities and which eloquently prove that the man who is his own doctor has a fool for a patient.

Those pretentious follies bud from the undergraduate newspapers, the laboratories of schools of journalism, or from "discussion groups," creations of uplift societies which pay their secretaries to keep students virtuous by making them miserable. No, the superior students do not organize their dissatisfaction; they have become hard-boiled toward organizations through watching them at work. They have no panacea which will require all Freshmen to take a course in the Majesty of Civilization and so cancel the option of Greek A or Math I. They do not pretend to know *why* or even *how* things are wrong, but only *wherein* they are wrong. They know that, so far as their kind is concerned, the failure of the college is beyond redemption by any plan of general examinations, division into junior and senior colleges, or partial cancellation of the requirements of class attendance. They know that the college has not lived up to the contract it assumed when they entered it. They know that their expectations, based on the plain promises of the college, have been betrayed and that, when a fiduciary corporation betrays a trust such words as fraud and malfeasance are appropriate.

We entered college, they say, expecting to receive certain benefits and to learn the mastery of certain tools, expectations which all authorities on education from Bacon to Spencer and on to Dewey hold to be legitimate. We have the empirical fact that, though we have done our part, those expectations have not been fulfilled. We have your sealed diplomas to witness your admission that we have not contributed to the failure. Wherefore you, the college, are altogether to blame, and we think that you are either incompetent or dishonest. You are either a failure or a con-game. And we see no obligation to be pleased by either one.

The epithets I attribute to them are not my own invention. Let me quote, substituting "Atlantis" for the name of the institution I serve, from a paper written in a class of mine in May, 1926, by a man who received his degree within a month. "I have learned that running a university is a damned good business and the most respected con-game in the world. The advertisements of Atlantis might most honestly read: 'Atlantis University, marriage mart and stadium. Send your daughter to Atlantis to pick a husband, and your son to learn how to wear his socks. Athletic diversions and other amusements featured.' In the lower right corner, if diamond type would not exaggerate the relative importance, we might add, 'Classes held occasionally. Material of no value taught.' America has developed the most amazing institutional system in history for the care of the unfit in mind and body. Hospitals assist them in giving birth. Skilled physicians care for the young bonehead. Nurses wait on him. Devoted virgins in special schools strive to force ideas in where ideas will not go. Then we, who exercise the most rigorous selective breeding over pigs and pups, turn him out to reproduce and inherit the earth. And as the keystone in our arch we have devised institutions of higher learning to make absolutely sure that the world shall be safe for stupidity. Let one who is born brilliant come to college, and we force him into an elaborate chain-gang where he must keep step with mediocrity. We teach him formulas and laws, forcing them down his throat till he must end by liking the abominable diet. Modern education is a fool-proof, infallible system for disheartening originality and annihilating individuality. Catch your man young. Don't allow him to think, but standardize him to the fraction of a mill, for machine-made minds are the bulwark of education as well as society. Educate him to the perfection of the amœba so that he will respond alike to all stimuli. Press the button and out comes your gum. Send him to Atlantis."

This exuberant cynicism, less subdued and less measured than some I might

quote, was written by a man who has had a fair share of undergraduate distinction. He is not open to the suspicion of belonging to one of the literary cliques who, the more conservative professors say, have damned themselves unto eternity by imitating Mr. Mencken, for he comes from that hotbed of orthodoxy, the school of commerce. No, he is only representative of many alert and eager-minded people who, towards the senior year, begin to discover that they have been bilked. His conclusions are carried farther by those of a young woman with whose undergraduate career I am familiar.

II

I base my account of Miss Wood's education on an essay written for my course in advanced composition, an attempt to chart the development of her mind. She came to Atlantis expecting to have her mind disciplined, to learn to distinguish appearance from reality, to be put in touch with the currents of the intellectual life. She hoped that college would help to explain the world, or if not that, would at least help her to find where she stood in relation to it. Subsequent disillusionment has not convinced her that she was asking too much. She found that college diffused her energies in three directions, and that of these the intellectual was held to be far less important than social life and what pass as "activities." An "activity" is anything which goes to make one's sorority prominent: any kind of athletics is an activity, so is a class office, so are dramatics, literary societies, the Y. W. C. A., selling tags for charity, writing "ads" for the campus papers, devoting so many hours a week to a settlement house. She found that her companions expected her to choose one or a half-dozen activities and to devote herself to them with a whole heart.

The accepted idea among the undergraduates was that classes existed solely to provide a background for activities, and that the experience she was to get from captaining the girls' hockey team or accosting men on the streets in the interests of the starving Armenians was to furnish the only valuable part of her education. "You get to know girls," she was told, "and you learn how to be diplomatic and self-possessed and how to organize things, and how to manage a tea or a dance. It makes a well-rounded woman of you, and what else do you come to college for?" For a time she accepted the new standard. She spent her days working at activities and, since her sorority was very prominent, spent most of her evenings being rushed from tea-rooms to dances and cabarets in the collegiate Fords of an equally distinguished fraternity. Pretty, clever and conventional, she began to develop into the type of "prominent woman on the campus" which seemed to be the co-ed ideal.

This momentum lasted well into her sophomore year. "Should a year at college have shaken me out of this lethargy?" she writes. "How? How could perfunctory classes in Latin, French, geology, and hygiene wake me up? How could they stimulate my mind at all? They taught no habit of mind whatsoever, nothing but attention to detail. They were not devised to enter into anyone's thinking in any way." She noticed, however, that she found no education of the kind she had expected. Her puzzled dissatisfaction was crystallized by the reading she was forced to do in a course in Eighteenth Century literature. (Here is the way in which my colleagues in English do, I insist, occasionally educate: they discover to their students the minds of such men as Swift, Johnson, Locke, and Hume.) The great century of rationalism struck her with the impact of new ideas. "English *C4* required me to read books and to make judgments about them, to think consciously about them and to analyze my opinions. . . . They taught me no facts but set me to thinking, or rather wondering, *and that was new.* I

could not do the necessary reading for such a course without stopping to wonder what I thought. What did I think about God, man, and man's relation to the world? Was life as I could see it worth living? Was man's shifting about here pretty much for himself, or was a conscious spirit guiding him? What might a man consider the aim of his life? Or could he have an aim? . . . For the first time what I was studying actually influenced my thinking."

The story now seems headed for the happy ending. The young woman, having begun to think critically, had achieved something beyond the reach of the ninety-eight per cent and could make rapid strides toward education. Quite the contrary. Her next discovery vindicated the judgments passed by the undergraduate body on classes. Eighteenth Century literature had given her questions of considerable importance. They were not all the questions she must ask before she could achieve orientation in the twentieth century, but they were fertile questions—they would lead to development and knowledge, they would be education. She spent nearly two years in a faithful effort to find in college, professors or courses that would cast some light on them. At the end of her third year she concluded that there were none.

Here and there she found a professor lifting his head above the morass of routine, convention, prejudice, and hypothesis. She clung firmly to zoölogy, especially genetics, for it seemed to her that there was knowledge which, though it was not interpreted to her, could be worked into her mind and used as the monument from which to begin a survey. Several times disappointed by the discovery that they rested upon prejudice or the limitations of a professor's doctoral thesis, she, nevertheless, returned doggedly to courses in philosophy and history. They and courses in literature that touched on really great men ought to make order of the world, if order could be made of it. Alas, she found that they did not so much fail as steadfastly refuse to try. She could make allowance for prejudice, bad logic, or astigmatism—as in calculus one makes allowance for error—but though these human qualities were abundant, they were eclipsed by—ignorance and superficiality. The professor did not *know;* he had merely written a thesis. He was not interested in *knowing;* he merely wanted to extend the thesis. The historian saw no reason why psychology, anthropology, medicine, or any economics later than Adam Smith should intrude on history. The psychologist regarded logic as nonsense. The economist scorned literature, and the teacher of literature knew neither economics nor psychology, neither history nor medicine. Try to bring one science to bear on another, and you were snubbed. All were ignorant of, or indifferent to all subjects but their own, and few knew the recent extra-academic developments in their own fields. And the puerile class system of high school went on. Not once was she asked to think something through to a conclusion, to gather all the available data about a fact, to subject a conclusion or a hypothesis to all available tests. To get something said about a certain number of pages seemed to be all the professor required of her. And to get something said seemed to be all he required of himself. Having it said, "he didn't much care whether it was true or false, verified or guessed, significant or meaningless."

At the end of the third year she found herself, in some degree at least, skeptical, hungry for knowledge, curious to know and understand. That was education, but the significant thing was that she had got this education entirely by herself. College had not contributed to it. College had interfered, done its best to make it impossible by requiring her to spend her time memorizing the details of "French, geology, and hygiene."

That third year ended in June. Her decision is not to come back to Atlantis. She is more interested in education than

in graduation. She understands that she must educate herself. For a year she will work, living away from home, thinking over what she learned and being able to spend at least as much time as before to learning other things. A library has no professor to assign topics and no dean to send you to chapel and make you take required courses in hygiene and geology. After that year, she may or may not go back to college. If she does, it will not be Atlantis but a place where she will have neither sorority nor activities, and she will follow a set plan of her own, ignoring professors. If she does not go to college, she will go to New York or Boston, or Paris or London to finish her education—some place where there are the right museums, libraries, art institutes, or what-not. Libraries have no pet theories to advance; the fossils of Mousterian caves are not concerned with defeating the opinions of some other school, and artists have a way of being more interested in getting things done than in getting things said.

III

I turn now to the case of Joe Roodles. Four years ago he appeared in a freshman class of mine, a tall, awkward, bashful Iowa farm boy. His growing interest in the sciences took him away from my formal instruction after that first year, but he had so roused my interest that I followed his development, and we are now friends. Joe's skill at mathematics led him to natural science and the beginning of his sophomore year found him undertaking the major in chemistry. The significant thing is that he reveled in the world science revealed to him. The dean's requirements made him acquainted with the other subjects which, boards have decided, constitute an education: economics, psychology, history, and philosophy. His response was hearty and conclusive: he gave them every chance to prove what they maintained, but they never proved it. Take his psychology professor, for instance. He spent eight or ten lectures elaborating an intricate hypothetical problem, saying that this *a* would happen if this *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e* might be assumed to be present and operating. Then a month later he spent three or four lectures making clear the entire inside of a man's mind. It was beautiful, it was revolutionary, it was breath-taking—only, Roodles discovered, it depended on the prof's conviction that *a* had happened. Wherefore, the prof was either a fool or a liar and the truth was not in him.

Or take Roodles's sociology prof. He had a magnificent system of progress and reform. It made the modern world a breathless, beautiful, and intelligible place. It fired the listener with a sense of the majesty of life, a lust to get out and help progress along, a great hope that fair things were yet to be. Only, Roodles found out, if you followed it down from flower to stem and on to root, you discovered that the whole grandiose structure rested on the idea that the social complex was an organism. If it wasn't an organism, then the whole system went to pot. And it wasn't an organism. It didn't assimilate, reproduce, build protoplasm, or consume oxygen in breathing. You could not cut it to make it bleed. To call it an organism was to volatilize and simplify the facts till they weren't facts but only conventional designs. To call it an organism was poetry, a metaphor. It was a pretty metaphor, but it was false, and the prof was what the philosophy prof called an animist and his system was rot. Or take the economics prof with his talk about the laws of economics. Laws? How did he get that way? A law was something organic in the order of nature. You could verify it by experiment; it was something someone had discovered by experiment. You could measure and chart its operation. Could you do that with the laws of economics? These "laws" were only somebody's idea of what might happen if things happened that way—only somebody had decided that his idea about unearned increment

or marginal utility was sacred and as demonstrable as $\frac{gt^2}{2}$ —which was absurd. Economics was intellectual entertainment for some, maybe, but as for knowledge—bosh. And his history prof had intimated that God's personal presence guided the Constitutional Convention, whereas in the Chem Lab we didn't let unknown forces prowl about that way.

You see, Roodles was a superior student. He had a thirst for knowledge and a skeptical insistence on leaving belief, speculation, and sheer guesswork out of knowledge. He differed fundamentally from most of his classmates. They either ignored classes altogether, as Ruth Wood had been advised to do, or they lapped up the pap that was fed them with what Roodles considered felonious stupidity. "There are half a dozen colleges here at once," he said to me. "There's the college where they go to take notes on stuff they think will help them sell bonds or manage an office or teach grade school. There's the one where they go to learn what kind of clothes to wear. There's the one that's guaranteed to fit them out with majority opinions on everything their customers will talk about. There's the social college, the matrimonial college, the college where they learn to organize the Junior Prom. Hell—they ought to fence off chem and physics and geology and math and biology, make a college out of them, and open it to the fifteen or twenty that want an education."

Or again: "Bunk—that's what we hire five hundred men to teach. That's what the whole damned nation has set at the top of its educational hocus-pocus. Somebody's guess as to what happens when I stick a pin under my finger-nail. Somebody's dream of what would happen if we were all enlightened altruists. Somebody's bad taste in the mouth because Luther was born or Adams didn't get a second term or somebody invented the steam engine." But, he admitted, that was the education most people wanted and, all things considered, it did very well for them. He didn't object to their absorbing as many predigested illusions as they could hold. Illusions satisfied most minds better than truth could. But he would stick to the laboratory where he could see truth with his eyes, heft it with his hands, weigh it and take it apart and put it together again.

He stuck to his laboratories so enthusiastically that he had to be given his degree after three years. The next September, which was *last* September, he was back again. This time he was going to dive deep into the real stuff—graduate work, original research. His ardor had in no way lessened, but he was a little puzzled, and that bewilderment increased as the months went on. For he had begun to wonder whether this knowledge he was so sure of had any significance and even whether it was capable of exactness, whether it was so free of assumption and rationalization. He discovered that the natural sciences habitually plunged farther into the unverifiable than the economics prof at his wildest. As the year wore on he spent less and less time in the laboratories. I found him oftener in my library. "Just reading" was all I could get out of him—but such reading! *The Golden Bough*, Henry Adams's *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, Rabelais, Shakespeare (I had once drawn down his scorn by suggesting that he take a colleague's course in Shakespeare), Moore's *History of Religions*, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Freud, Thoreau, *Our America*, and *The London Mercury* and *The Nation*. I noticed, too, that the rolls on top of the reproducing piano were frequently rearranged, and I caught him once quite rapt over the "Appassionata."

At midyear he announced, "I'm quitting chemistry. Too much guesswork. I'm going into mathematics. Those birds don't go beyond what they can prove. They've got the absolute. That's knowledge." He added, a little shamefacedly, "I get a kick out of math. I guess it's like the kick a bird gets from writing a poem or playing a sonata."

I did not see him for some time. I began to worry lest mathematics too had failed him and he had surrendered to Philistia by taking the job with a soap factory which his chemistry instructor had found for him. Then one day I met him —in overalls, jumper, and cap, unbelievably grimy. "I've quit school," he explained, "but I'm sticking around."

It developed that "sticking around" meant working five hours a night sweeping out the dining rooms of the town's largest hotel. Having supported himself doing similar work throughout his college course, he now proposed to go on in the same way and see what happened. What happened was significant. Delivered from contact with professors and classes, he found himself more stimulated than he had ever been before. He ransacked the library for books whose significance he had discovered for himself. In two weeks he learned more about conic sections than a year of "math" would have taught him. He began to haunt the theaters, the concert halls, and the opera house of the neighboring metropolis. One day he astounded me by spouting a reasoned criticism of an expressionist exhibit at the art museum. And a few weeks later I learned that he had written a paper refuting Gilbert Seldes' æsthetic of the movies, basing it on optics, Clive Bell, and Mr. Watson's behaviorism.

"You can analyze life down to a chemical formula," he said one day. "If they can't now, they will in a year or so. Or you can call it a thermostatic reaction. I used to be strong for that stuff. I thought that Jacques Loeb's hard sense was the last word. Right now I don't think it's any less futile than to talk about The Economic Man. Neither one tells you anything about the world as you find it." And again, "If they'd let you birds out of class work and give you an office in the library, where a chap could come in to ask you what to read or chew over a theory with you—maybe you might teach somebody something."

The sleeves of the gown worn by scholars, he assured me gravely, were immense simply because in the old days students were beggars. They were a sort of vagabond class. They were hungry to learn things. Well, that was the beginning of the colleges, and it looked to him as though the colleges had now reached a stage where only the vagabond class in them could learn anything. He was for setting them out again on their begging.

He has reached a measured conclusion. He wants to know what men's experience is and has been, and what's to be made of it. He wants to find what will enrich his own experience, give it a more lasting satisfaction, increase the range and subtlety of its pleasure. He wants to orient himself in the world of ideas—of critical, scrutinizing, challenging appraisal. He wants to enlarge himself with all the arts he can understand. He wants to live in the midst of the ideas which make the age to which he belongs. He wants to test the accumulated wisdom of the race and to pick his way through its storehouses of folly. . . . He realizes the florid ambitiousness of such desires, and yet he realizes that the attempt to gratify them is education. The conventional term being four years, he looks forward to four more years of sweeping out restaurants—after the theaters are closed—and giving his afternoons and evenings to the search for knowledge. The road which took him to college has proved to lead past and directly away from it. He feels that to call Atlantis, or any other college he knows of, an educational institution is to put on it a libel which its typical sons might legitimately resent. College and education set themselves different ends, different methods, different values. With education colleges are not—and in this age cannot be—concerned. Let those who hunger and thirst after education become vagabonds.

IV

I find myself convinced that these hungry minds, these passionate seekers

after enlarged and vivified experience, are the only students worth bothering about. When I wonder how many of them any college holds, I am sometimes optimistic enough to believe that as many as a dozen out of the two hundred who face me every year are worth an intelligent man's effort. That dozen suffice to make teaching an enjoyable profession, and yet every year adds to my conviction that in the college system there is no place for them, that I and my colleagues are tragically wasting the time of our best prospects and frustrating the too few years they can devote to education. They are swamped in a welter of mediocrity, they are fed into a machine which is built for the stupid average of ordinary minds and, in the nature of democracy, cannot be made over. The institution and its system are bad, and we of the faculty are no better. We are evasive, superficial, dishonest. Do I not make platitudes about Pater and Mencken and Shaw when they ask me about style? Do I not lecture about Shelley's saturation in the classics when I know little of Shelley and less of the classics? Have I not been known to praise Byron's poetry, which I believe almost the worst in English, and to voice from the platform æsthetic judgments which privately seemed nonsense? Can I believe that my colleagues are any more profound and honest about high tariffs, the Renaissance, acquired characteristics, or relativity? And even if I am the sole charlatan in a faculty of otherwise learned, profound, judicious, and honest men, how can my colleagues take for the initiation into life of the one superior mind the time which the university directs shall be expended in the teaching a hundred commonplace minds how to do the exercise on page six?

The pat answer is that the best education has always been self-education, even in college. That is true, but I see no need to erect an elaborate structure devised for those who will not educate themselves, a structure whose ultimate effect is to interfere with those who will. I say nothing about the ordinary students on whom our colleges prosper. They are indeed problems for the specialists in pedagogy, and, it may well be, insoluble problems. But I am convinced that the superior student has no place in the college of to-day, that his best educational interests lie elsewhere, that he is always gravely and sometimes irreparably hampered in the system of to-day, that he will most wisely altogether abandon it.

That is why I consistently advise him, when he appeals to me, to leave college to those who need and believe in and benefit from it, and to get out into such parts of the world as he may find education in. There are theaters, concert halls, opera houses. There are art museums, museums of natural history, museums of all kinds wherein is displayed everything that hard-minded men have learned about the world. There are libraries which house all that men have ever seen or thought or dreamed or wondered about—all their wisdom, all their folly. He has, to begin with, a famished hunger, a healthy skepticism, a deathless curiosity. Let such qualities guide him through these storehouses of knowledge. And in the end he will be educated.

So that of the hundreds of young lives that have submitted to my instruction, I can be sure that I have contributed to the education of only the few whom I have influenced to leave college. I have helped them, at least, to find awareness of the world. The reflection that I can count them on my fingers is by no means soothing to the ego. Maybe it might be otherwise —if! If, for instance, they would let me out of classes and give me an office off the library, "where a chap could come to ask what to read, or chew over a theory" with me. But they won't.

The Lion's Mouth

TRUTH: THE PASSION OF THE TIMES

BY EDWARD ANTHONY

"TIMES have changed," said the famous statesman to his biographer. "This is the Era of The Painful Truth. People won't read the life of a great man unless it proves that he wasn't great. Needless to say, I *am* a great man, but if you say anything nice about me in your biography I'll tear it up—or instruct my heirs to do so. Do you understand? I want to be shown up."

"That won't be hard, sir, will it?" asked the biographer. "Even the greatest statesmen have—er—known lapses of—er—"

"Don't stammer so," interrupted the great man, "it isn't necessary. Yes, I have known lapses. There was, for instance, the time I made the secret treaty with Chequo-Switzaria after coming out against secret treaties. I received a million gold pesetas—or was it kronen?—for that job. It was a particularly dastardly piece of work. Don't fail to say so. Vilify me to your heart's content."

"Yes, sir!" cried the biographer enthusiastically. "I'll pin the badge of infamy on you, all right. Don't worry. I know how to do it. If you've read my works you know that so far I've sent eleven famous statesmen, writers, actors, empire builders, etc., to Coventry. Each book started a scandal and sold at least fifty thousand copies."

"Good!" exclaimed the noted statesman. "I'm glad you know your business. I want a biography that will make the *literati*, in their learned criticisms, refer to 'this amazing human document, revealing the Machiavelian machinations of a cheap politician of whom the public, suffering from acute morosis, has made a popular hero.'"

"You may depend upon me!" said the biographer eagerly. "I'm a wonderful mud-slinger. I'll disgrace you, all right; and I won't ever include any of those weakening qualifications known as Extenuating Circumstances—insidious destroyers of many a luscious scandal!"

"That's right!" cried the great man. "I want a first-class discrediting. And, oh, yes, yes! Don't forget to mention that in the war with the Bulgovanians I got a 50% rake-off on all munitions bought by our War Minister. I split with him. But don't mention that low-life. After all, what has he done to deserve the publicity of a good round defamation? Confine yourself to denouncing me. That will give you plenty to do. Call me an unabashed crook."

"You betcha!" cried the biographer. "Anything else?"

"Have you no imagination?" asked the statesman. "Must I give you *all* the facts? Can't you invent some?"

"Can't I!" exclaimed the biographer. "Just watch me! I'll have you pardoning convicts at a thousand dollars a pardon, and—"

"No petty larceny, please," interrupted the statesman. "I don't want people to think me a piker. Make it five thousand a pardon."

"Yes, sir!" said the biographer. "I'll have the first chapters ready in a week or so. Anything else?"

"Nothing, except this," concluded the great man. "Bear in mind that this is the Era of the Painful Truth. It is no different from any other age except that what was once known as scandal-mongering now emerges as a Passion for The Truth. If you do your work well I shall become known as a man who, despite his ugly scars, was unafraid to sit for an Accurate Life Portrait. You will become known as a fearless painter, and your following will take in the picture with that comfortable feeling of virtue that accompanies the Passionate Search for Truth. Good-by—and get busy."

THE CRIME SITUATION

BY NEWMAN LEVY

SOMETHING really ought to be done about the crime situation. For some time past the better-informed section of our population has suspected that banditry is abroad in the land. Among the busy marts of commerce, along the crowded highway the whisper goes forth that crime is rampant and banditry is rife. Rumors of it have even crept into the newspapers. Every now and then the less restrained of our daily journals tell of the perforation of some local jewelry merchant by the vagrant bullets of our contemporary James Boys, or the playful looting of a cigar store or gasoline-filling station. Then it is that an outraged citizenry rises in its wrath and decides that the time has come at last to Take Steps.

Taking Steps is one of the most priceless of our institutions. one of the chief jewels in the crown of our national efficiency. As a panacea it ranks second only to Passing a Law. And of all the steps that we delight in taking none compares for sheer entertainment with the Appointment of a Commission.

After all, the chief function of a government is to keep its citizens entertained and amused. A century and a half of democracy has left most of us somewhat apathetic toward the great experiment. But there is one thing that we as citizens, voters, and taxpayers have a right to expect, and that is a good show. Some day the Vaudeville Theory of Government will be formally embodied in our political philosophy and chairs will be established at our large universities to teach it.

Thus, whether the problem is a crime wave or a heat wave, the way to handle it is by the appointment of a commission. Just at present the Quiz and the Probe are going out of fashion and the Crime Commission is coming in. Every community that can boast of more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants—or even if it cannot boast of them, so long as it has them—is setting up a crime commission composed of substantial, representative citizens, to study the problem in a serious way, with the view, as we stated before, of Taking Steps.

The personnel of the commission is most important. It should be small enough not to be cumbersome and sufficiently un-informed not to be meddlesome. There should be a few ladies on it for, after all, does the problem not affect each and every one of us? Criminologists, with their preconceived notions, are apt to be embarrassing; sociologists have been known to entertain rather extreme ideas. There is nothing like the absence of previous training and experience to guarantee the unbiased impartiality of an investigation.

The first step after the newspapers have published the names, photographs, and pedigrees of the appointees is the designation by the chairman of the army of stenographers, secretaries, investigators, and other supernumeraries that necessarily accompany a well-organized commission. The commissioners themselves serve, of course, without compensation. Drafted into the public service is the phrase. It is a political

axiom that whenever you find a governmental job being done by volunteers in the interest of economy and retrenchment somewhere in the offing will be found a retinue of paid accessories who are going to set the public treasury back a pretty penny.

The crime commission is now ready to function. Public hearings are commenced, subpoenas are issued, reporters, camera-men, and special writers crowd into the auditorium, speeches are made; crime is on the run.

There is one citizen, however, who seems strangely unaware of what is going on. You would think that any criminal who had a decent respect for governmental agencies, a proper regard for the amenities of a civilized community would forthwith abandon his nefarious career and settle down to a life of honest respectability. Possibly the criminal does not read the right newspapers; perhaps he is just a mean old spoil-sport who knows all about what is being done in his behalf and doesn't care.

Every crime commission should have at least one ex-convict on it. After all, criminals are human; they like those delicate little attentions and courtesies that mean so much to the rest of us. We do not doubt that many a yeggman and bank burglar, in the peaceful seclusion of his rustic cot to which he retires after a day of arduous yegging and burglary, has read wistfully through the list of appointees to a crime commission and has grieved to find none of his own profession on it. Ours, as someone has splendidly said, is a representative government. It seems no more than fair that the class most directly concerned with the subject of the inquiry should have a voice in the deliberations of the commission.

It may be urged that the presence of one having expert, first-hand knowledge of his subject, might interfere with that complete open-mindedness and stern judicial impartiality that is so greatly to be desired. As every student of our judicial processes knows, there is nothing that causes bias so much as information. On the other hand, this disadvantage would be more than offset by the moral effect upon the criminal fraternity of the appointment of one of their number. And no effort to cope with the crime situation can be completely effective without the whole-hearted support and co-operation of the criminal himself.

This is a point frequently lost sight of. Suppose, for instance, that the crime commission should find, as it always does, that the penalties fixed by law are not severe enough, and that increased sentences would have a deterrent effect upon crime. This may undoubtedly be sound penology, sound sociology, and sound psychology, but it is not going to work unless the criminal is willing to be deterred. Some burglars and hold-up men have been known to be quite pig-headed about that sort of thing. And what use is all the kind thought and devoted effort spent upon the subject of crime by these amateur criminologists unless the crooks and thieves have the decency to play the game?

The way it ought to work is something like this: Lefty McGoofus is about to depart to his daily toil. He bids his wife an affectionate farewell, and kisses the kiddies tenderly good-night. In his capacious pockets is distributed the impedimenta of his profession: his blackjack, his automatic revolver, his chloroform vial, his black mask, and possibly a can or two of nitroglycerine. Mr. McGoofus is gay and lighthearted; he is about to embark upon the crime of robbery in the first degree.

He hails a taxicab and purchases a newspaper on the way. What is this that greets his horror stricken gaze? "The Governor," he reads, "has signed the Jones Bill recommended by the Beamish Crime Commission, increasing the punishment for robbery in the first degree from twenty years' imprisonment to forty." Mr. McGoofus pauses and reflects. Twenty years he can, as the underworld argot has it, "do on his ear," but forty years is something else again.

He descends from the taxi, leaving behind his automatic, his black-jack, and his other felonious accessories, resolved to lead a more virtuous life in the future, in the comparative security of robbery in its second and third degrees. Thus is iniquity deterred and the wisdom of the criminologists vindicated.

Then, too, there is the matter of prison reform. There is a popular impression that our penal institutions are constantly besieged by eager hordes of criminals vainly endeavoring to break in. A state prison is pictured as a sort of poor man's country club, and its delights are contrasted with the drab squalor of the congested sections of the large cities. Pleasant, flower-lined paths wind through the grounds, and the merry voices of the inmates ring out as they disport gaily on the tennis courts and croquet grounds. There is a glee club, and even a brass band. In the evening when the lamps are lighted and night has fallen on the kindly gray walls of the old prison, kindhearted people come up from the city to entertain the inmates with music, plays, and motion pictures. Then what jollity, what merry laughter resounds through the classic halls! The lights are extinguished; each convict is tucked tenderly in his little bed; only the rippling of the waves beyond the walls and the protecting tread of the sentry within breaks the stillness of the night.

Despite this idyllic picture, the professional criminal, with the curious moral astigmatism of his class, seems to have a strange and unreasonable prejudice against incarceration. The lure of free movies leaves him cold; the glee club and the brass band fail to exert those charms that are proverbially believed to stir the savage breast. The felon who is in wants to get out, and the felon who is out wants to stay out. This, of course, is contrary to all current theories and is one more striking instance of the failure of the criminal to co-operate with the reformer.

There have been in the past several intelligent attempts to combat crime. The most notable was the series of posters that appeared in the New York subway cars depicting gangsters being taken in *flagrante delicto* by the vigilant police. These posters bore the significant warning "You can't win!" According to all the rules of the game, this Canute-like admonition should have stopped the crime wave then and there. Unfortunately, one trifling error delayed the coming of the millennium, one slight mistake that could have been corrected by any well-informed convict: criminals do not ride in the subway, they ride in taxicabs.

There was, however, another objection to this advertising campaign. The approach through threat and intimidation was psychologically unsound. Perhaps the implied challenge may have awakened some latent sporting instinct in the criminal; perhaps the veiled threat may have aroused a most natural resentment. A more rational understanding would have attempted to appeal to the criminal's better nature. A picture, for instance, of Whistler's Mother bearing the slogan "Stealing is wrong," would have been most effective. A portrait of George Washington, tastefully done, with the legend "He never told a lie" could not have failed to touch the heart of the most grizzled yegg.

The criminal has his human side: he is kind and devoted to his family; in fact, he once had a mother. The criminologist should not forget this. The criminal is the last surviving individualist battling against the engulfing wave of a communal civilization. Properly diverted, his energy, his audacity, and his predatory instincts can be utilized as potent instruments of contemporary society. But he must be met in a spirit of friendly co-operation. Then will the millennium draw near; the rubber hose of the policeman will be placed in camphor, the penitentiaries will be converted into art galleries and public libraries, and alert, public-spirited citizens will write to the newspapers demanding that something be done about the crime situation.

Editor's Easy Chair

CITIES, AND ESPECIALLY BOSTON

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THAT saucy young Publius was saying the other day that Boston really didn't count for much any more: that textiles had moved south, finance had gone to New York, literature had followed it there, religion had dissolved into thinner substances, and the temples of the highbrows had pretty well succumbed to Rome and Erin. What it all amounted to was that Publius felt that, if you had anything big to put over, you had to come to New York to get it done; and this may be true after a fashion, though perhaps only temporarily true. On top of it there came along an article in the *World's Work* about how "New England Dies—But Prospers," setting forth in impressive detail how, even *in articulo mortis*, the insuperable Puritan was still doing a large and profitable business, supporting life and something over, and showing on the whole a very brisk vitality and a larger turnover than ever. On the strength of this it became possible to feel that Boston might last for some time yet. You can talk about that city and New England generally very much as Dean Inge does about England, but after he has finished you feel, as much as ever, that anyone who is going to sit up to see England perish has got a long period of insomnia ahead of him. Possibly England's function is changing; quite possibly Boston's function is changing; but Americans still go to England by the hundred thousand every year and come home in hopes of going again, and if more of them realized that Boston was a handsomer and in many ways a pleasanter town than London, very likely a larger proportion of them would occasionally go to Boston.

And, as it is, Boston is not neglected. It may not always be the unrivalled center of the shoe business (indeed one hears that they make a good many shoes now in the Middle West); as a wool market it may be surpassed, and probably is, but as the Puritan Mecca it has no rival and no immediate need to fear one.

Connecticut runs up to the New York line. The current of thought and travel of western New England runs to New York. Where the line is authorities do not declare, but probably it runs north, curving westward, from somewhere east of the Connecticut River—probably New London. Western Connecticut trades in New York and goes there for its entertainment. Eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island, affiliated with the Cape, flow very readily towards Boston. Narragansett Bay and Buzzards Bay are cousins. Narragansett is perhaps neutral water, but Buzzards Bay belongs to Massachusetts and to Boston, and all Down East flows to Boston. The money from the mills goes there; it has not ceased to be the New England metropolis. New York, of course, draws from every part of the country. It draws freely from Boston; but New Englanders do not as a rule go to New York for the pleasure of living there. For that they go to Boston. If they come to afford a house in town, Boston or near Boston is

where they want to have it. Sensible people, for the town is worthy of their preference.

WHEN our Mayor welcomed the Queen of Roumania the other day he told her New York was the greatest city in the world. Not so; London is still the greatest city. Anyhow he should have been more descriptive. He should have said the most over-populated city in the world, or the greatest city ruled by the Irish. It is very over-populated. It is getting hard to move about except on foot or underground—a long lanky city with outrageous distances, too tall for its age, overgrown, over rich, and, as said, grossly over-populated. The New Englanders who come here do not come because they like it. They come because it is a good place to make money. It is that. It is very lively. Its shop windows are attractive. There are a lot of theaters, and they say that some of them are good enough and many others bad enough to attract steady company. Well, there are theaters in Boston. There is nothing in New York so attractive, so perennial in its soothing effects, as the Common and the Public Garden in Boston. New York, it is true, has Central Park, and Central Park is no slouch. It is pretty well starved out just now, but it can be replanted when the propriety of spending some money on it becomes sufficiently evident. But nowadays you cannot get to it without great risk of being massacred by motor cars before you reach it, and when you get inside you are exposed to the same peril. It is a carriage park. Since the motor cars have come, carriage parks have lost what repose they ever had. But the Common and the Public Garden, and the parklike streets which run out of them in Boston are places where one can walk and sit and invite one's soul.

Now heaven knows what there is in New York. If one had an airplane he might go about and try to discover. There is the Battery; there is a park down by Corlears' Hook; Tompkins Square is somewhere; Stuyvesant Square probably still exists. Also Gramercy Park, Washington, Union, and Madison Squares, the parks one passes going to the cemeteries uptown, parks on the East River, and the immensely notable and glorious Riverside Drive. Union and Madison Squares used to be nice but now they are over-populated and dingy. Most of the small parks are damaged. They are apt to have ugly fences. What land they ever had has usually been curtailed to give parking space to motor cars. They are not like the Common; no, not any of them. You can walk right down into that Common and you are safe. The pigeons will come and eat out of your hand; swarms of them! The greatest risk you run in the Public Garden or the Common is the danger of stepping on a pigeon. If there ever had been a Common in New York where would it be? Perhaps at the Battery; perhaps at the City Hall. To get to it you would have to make a voyage on the rivers or in the subway. But there are those open spaces in Boston still bordered by respectable habitations, still as much the center of the city, or pretty nearly as much, as they were in the days of Cotton Mather. Even Philadelphia is not quite like that. It has not moved as New York has moved, but it has moved. Boston really has location. You can hardly say that for New York, which has the sort of location that a hod carrier has as he climbs the ladder. But there are no more hod carriers to climb ladders in New York. We have outgrown that. Where would they be, climbing a ladder to the thirty-ninth floor!

New York leads the world in architecture! They say it really does, but even in that it runs to mass production. Boston has some big buildings and is getting more—a couple of huge hotels have pushed up, one of them between Beacon Hill and the Back Bay, another vast one on the side—but you can still see the church steeples in that city. If you get

on a high place you see the harbor. You can walk along the edge of the Charles River through a park. You can go out of town by parkways. So you can out of New York if you get far enough uptown. Very beautiful is the Bronx Parkway. Very beautiful, no doubt, are the Bronx Park and the Zoo and the Botanical Gardens, for people who can ever get to them. Perhaps people who live up there and ride back and forth in the subways ten miles for five cents have advantages that are comparable with the advantages of Boston. But no! Things up there do not look like Boston; probably don't taste like it.

WHAT is the best city? Certainly, not necessarily the biggest. Perhaps it is the city where the people think best. Boston being, as said, the Puritan metropolis used to be a fairly tough place. The Puritans were not Drys. Neither were they exceptionally moral, though strenuous for moral appearances. Rum abounded in Boston. People drank it pretty freely. In that respect it has probably improved, though it is not yet unreasonably perfected. But the thinking there is pretty good. People make game of it, but one observes that most of the thoughtful people who come here from Europe make a break for Boston pretty soon after they have passed the New York Custom House. Some of them go to consult with the hierarchy of the Christian Science Church; some to exchange suggestions with persons connected with Harvard College; some because they have friends in Boston. They go there as a rule to discuss something. It is a fairly Athenian city. There are always people there who are ready to talk about some new thing.

Of course, Boston has been rich; very rich in proportion to its size and population. What its population is now is a matter of no particular concern, but there seem to be plenty of people there and, if there is a Greater Boston, no doubt it comprises most of Eastern Massachusetts within thirty or forty miles of the Boston State House. If it does not, it ought to, for all that is Boston. That is still the most civilized area in the United States. Out of that has grown Harvard College. It has been developed with obvious intelligence; intelligence much more obvious than that which has governed the development of New York. New York's development has been more a misfortune than a fault. When the upper part of the Island was laid out in streets, nobody seems to have expected them to be inhabited, and the supposition was that if people lived in them they would go up and down the rivers. Then New York's development has come with a greater rush than Boston's and it never had suburbs like Boston to spread out into; never could have them. Its growth was first up Broadway and latterly up Fifth Avenue also. It spread a little in the long ago at the lower end of the island but, as far as good buildings went, it early lost the habit of spreading. Most of the good houses persisted in running up the middle of the island and, as everyone knows, business in New York more or less promptly overtook its best residential section, and its best houses were always being torn down to make room for shops. That is going on to this day as hard as ever. The most beautiful house in New York came down last year, and another building has gone up on its site. There seems to be nothing so destructive as wealth. When land values get excessively high they are taxed in proportion. To earn the tax and an income more or less proportionate to their assessed value, they have to minister in some large way to utility or luxury. Only churches and public buildings escape. That goes on in all prospering cities more or less, even in London, but the exhibition of it in New York is the most shocking show of the kind in the world. The open spaces are the ones that do not change, they and the churches and the libraries and such buildings, and in Boston, as said, preëminently the Common and Public Garden.

IF CITIES could go to an astrologer and get their horoscopes cast and so get a line as to what is going to happen to them, there would be many interested readers of the report. New York is inhabited largely by people who rush up or down the island twice a day in tubes, and partly by people who seldom go more than twenty blocks in any direction from where they live. The locomotion there is more difficult and more impeded every year. More and more people are thrown into the congested districts, more and more motor cars navigate the congested streets, and nobody knows as yet what will be the solution of a problem which everyone sees pressing in. The forest is getting so thick that the trees have no room to expand. Everybody sees that going on in New York. Everybody knows something will have to be done about it and wonders what the remedy will be.

We have seen one phase of what is happening,—the great houses forsaken by their owners, who go to live in apartments and see their late residences proceed to the knackers. People who are rich enough to have big houses in town now very generally prefer to have them in the country and to be contented with inconspicuous though very comfortable and expensive city habitations which apartment houses provide. Big houses were built as an expression of pride. People liked the advertisement they got out of them. Nobody seems any more to like them enough to keep them going. It looks like an increasing detachment from pride of life.

But cities—what is going to happen to them? Boston is nice because it is not so big as New York, because the people are more homogeneous and look better to you when you see them in the street. But after all, when you get to New York you have a feeling of arrival that is somewhat different from the feeling you have when you get to Boston. Everybody may hate New York; the West does, the South does. But it is unquestionably the metropolis of the United States, and critics somehow do not get its goat. All roads run to it. Every hamlet in the Union contributes more or less to make it big. That is not the fault of New York. It is merely its destiny. You may feel its strain increasing all the time. You may observe its perils. You may read about its crimes. You may get an impression that it is a fatal place and you may think its death rate must be high. But it is not high; it is low. It has very good doctors. It has lots of hospitals. It has a huge humanitarian service, good water, an excellent climate. Just now it has a pretty good city government. Nevertheless, it is tiresome, particularly to people whose nerves are not as good as they might be. There are children born in New York who never thrive there but have to be sent to the country where the tension is less. No doubt that is true more or less of all cities but it is intrusively true of New York. To a lady who came to town from the country after election day it was remarked, "You are looking very well," and the reply was, "Yes, but I am already beginning to wilt." And that was only two days after election.

Boston does not seem to be quite so bad. Perhaps the east wind there is healthy even if it is not pleasant. Perhaps the pace is a little slower. It is not conducting the same kind of a game that New York is. One feels in Manhattan Island a great sense of power. The stimulation of the place is enormous. Its opportunities are extremely varied. There are all kinds of people within reach if you have the energy to get at them—but that is it, the tax on energies is so constant. But that is pretty generally true of current life. Its opportunities are immeasurable, its call on energies is insatiable. What is going to happen? Is contemporary man going to have a blowout, or are we to discover new forces within ourselves that will make us more equal to the lives that are offered to us to live? When one goes to Boston his errand may be to search for some such force as that.

Personal and Otherwise

IT SEEMS that gentlemen have other preferences no less noteworthy than those ascribed to them by Miss Anita Loos. Their predilection for wars is set forth by ***Ida A. R. Wylie,*** the English novelist. Miss Wylie received part of her education in Belgium, part in Germany, part at Cheltenham Ladies' College in England; she spent many years in Germany, and is now living in New York: all of which would indicate that she is in a position to understand the point of view of more than one nation.

Much has been written about the conduct of the so-called younger generation—until we are weary of seeing them viewed with alarm or pointed to with pride. But when a writer goes, as ***Avis D. Carlson*** does, to the root of the problem which underlies their behavior, and claims that with the weakening of authority the whole right-and-wrong criterion of conduct is being challenged, we must listen; for this change—if she has correctly analyzed it—is of immense significance. Mrs. Carlson has reached her conclusions after many years of teaching in the English Department of the University of Illinois.

Wilbur Daniel Steele's last four HARPER stories have been "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" (September 1925), which would have divided the O. Henry Prize for 1925 with Julian Street's "Mr. Bisbee's Princess" if Mr. Steele had not been disqualified as a former winner of the O. Henry award; "Blue Murder" (October 1925), which was included in the New York *World's* collection of the best short stories of 1925; "The Gray Goose" (March 1926); and "Bubbles" (August 1926), which has already been chosen by the O. Henry Committee as one of the small group of 1926 stories among which at this writing the judges are making their selection. This bare record speaks for itself. Mr. Steele has now returned from abroad and is living at Westport, Connecticut.

Oscar Lewis, a new contributor, lives in San Francisco, where apparently the revolt against boosterism is making headway.

Of all the British writers who have visited this country, none has retained more completely than ***Frank Swinnerton,*** through the trials and tribulations which accompany even the best lecture-tours, a friendly good will for Americans and a disposition to see them at their best rather than at their worst. This quality was manifest in his recent HARPER article, "English Pots and American Kettles," and should assure him a sympathetic American audience for his interpretation of his own countrymen, whom we sometimes accuse of being egotists. Mr. Swinnerton's most recent novel is *Summer Storm;* among the others have been *Nocturne, Shops and Houses,* and *September.* As we go to press he is again lecturing in this country.

"The Portrait" is the second contribution to HARPER'S of ***Phoebe H. Gilkyson*** (Mrs. Hamilton H. Gilkyson) of Mont Clare, Pennsylvania. Her first, "The Amateur," was a prize-winner in our 1924 short-story contest.

As the Tunney-Dempsey fight recedes into history, ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould,*** who journeyed from Princeton to the Sesqui Stadium to see Tunney win and recorded her impressions in "Ringside Seats" in our December issue, turns to a topic which will interest all who have the capacity for culture but are not absolutely sure that they know what it is or whether they possess it; and possibly those who are most sure that they possess it, deceive themselves.

Most of us have a hazy idea that although tuberculosis, typhoid, and other dreaded

diseases are on the wane, heart-disease, along with cancer, is gaining; but of the extent of the increase of heart-disease we know little. Exactly to what extent is it increasing? What is heart-disease, and what do we know about its causes? What are the chances that we ourselves will succumb to it? What can be done to overcome it? These questions are answered by ***Louis I. Dublin,*** who speaks with authority as statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The idea of "Pleased to Meet You"—or at least the idea of employing a moat in it—occurred to ***Christopher Morley*** at an old château in France. We have before us as we write a snapshot of the château. In the foreground is the moat, on the surface of the moat is a rowboat, and in the rowboat are three men: H. M. Tomlinson, Frank Morley, and the author of *Where the Blue Begins* and *Thunder on the Left.* Mr. Tomlinson, pipe in hand, appears to be lost in meditation; Frank Morley is usefully occupied at the oars; Christopher Morley, pipe in mouth (as usual), is apparently writing, though to tell the truth the picture is so small and the figures so much smaller that we cannot be sure. Perhaps he is composing a moating song.

The editorial headnote for "What About the Children?" gives certain facts about ***Eva vB. Hansl.*** To these we might add that she graduated from Barnard College; that for five years she edited the Woman's Page of the New York *Evening Sun;* that after her marriage and the birth of her first baby, she spent some time handling the publicity for Mayor Mitchel's Committee of Women, leaving the baby and the day's supply of bottles with the maid and spending all day at the office (an arrangement which she found beyond her strength); that in recent years she has given most of her time to her family but has spoken and written much on child study and parental care; and that she now lives in Greenwich, Connecticut. Those who recall Mrs. Mavity's recent article, "The Wife, the Home, and the Job," will note that Mrs. Hansl takes an opposite view of the same subject.

G. K. Chesterton sends us a new Father Brown story. According to his custom, the amiable priest walks into our pages just at the moment when a horrible crime has been committed and a detective is in demand.

Author of *Principles of Literary Criticism* and collaborator with C. K. Ogden upon *The Meaning of Meaning,* ***I. A. Richards*** is a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and a lecturer in English at Cambridge.

With "Every Thursday," ***Dorothy Walworth Carman*** makes her first appearance as a HARPER contributor. Although Mrs. Carman graduated from Vassar only a few years ago, she already has two novels to her credit, *Faith of Our Fathers* and *The Pride of the Town.*

Bernard DeVoto, native of Utah and graduate of Harvard, has written two novels, *The Crooked Mile* and *The Chariot of Fire,* and is an instructor in English at a Middle-Western university.

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The single poem of the month is ***Granville Paul Smith*** of New York, who has previously contributed more than once to the Magazine.

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The Lion's Mouth is fed this month by only two hands. They belong to ***Edward Anthony,*** whose most recent contribution was a composite Irish love-song in the November issue, and ***Newman Levy,*** who turns to the writing of light essays and such books as *The Opera Guyed* as a respite from his practice as a New York lawyer.

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Son of the Armenian immigrant who founded the firm of Pushman Brothers in Chicago and was a pioneer in the business of importing Oriental rugs, ***Hovsep Pushman*** has retained his American citizenship despite long residence abroad. He studied under Lefebvre, Robert Fleury and Dechenaud in Paris, has a studio in Paris, and has spent the past few years in the Orient. "Kurdistan," reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, has been purchased by Mr. Rupert Hughes. It is one of

a number of Mr. Pushman's paintings of Oriental subjects—most of them delicate studies of still life—which have recently been shown in this country.

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Our correspondence has swollen since the appearance of John Macy's article on the myth of woman's equality with man. Subscribers have taken to sending us lists of friends to whom they wish marked copies of the November issue sent; one man's list consists of the names of thirteen women! We have space to quote from only a few of the many spirited replies which have come our way. The first which we select is from a lawyer (male):

I have read with keen amusement John Macy's article in the November HARPER'S and it seems to me that for his modern ideas he has drawn rather heavily from the Victorian period. I find many of his ideas very similarly expressed at the end of a book written in 1869 by Lecky and entitled *History of European Morals.*

Mr. Macy's observation that women (God bless them!) are conspicuous by their absence among the noted scientists, artists, musicians and professional people I question if anyone will take issue with. Lecky also mentions that. However, since when has it been man's or woman's policy to allow a chattel to grab the good things and sit in the seats of the mighty, while the owner steps graciously aside? Woman until recently has been man's legal chattel and still is in many places, and before we take Mr. Macy too seriously when he says that the men will always be "slightly ahead of the women," let us consider some of the reasons why man is now ahead and how he expects to keep there for some time to come.

Certainly there has never been a female United States Supreme Court Justice or a famous woman trial lawyer (except Portia), and I submit the reason is not one of lack of fitness or ability entirely. I happen to belong to the legal profession and have observed several other reasons.

A woman lawyer recently asked a member of a New York law firm about the prospects of women lawyers with that firm. She was informed that the firm would never pay a woman lawyer more than a certain amount a year and named the amount, which was just about what a good male bricklayer could easily earn. The sky is the limit for male attorneys in this firm.

Another firm has an office rule that none of its women lawyers may interview its clients, but restricts them entirely to paper work; and although a woman lawyer alone and unaided may have solved the client's problem, a man employee is given the privilege of interviewing the client and receiving the thanks due the woman.

A brilliant young woman attorney recently applied for a position in a New York law firm and was gallantly notified that her application was accepted, subject to approval by all the male members of the firm and also all the male law clerks. Incidentally, the firm had a few weeks before employed a male classmate of hers and his consent was required, although she had outdistanced him scholastically. (Her morals were unimpeachable and not in question.)

Thus does *homo sapiens* (male) to-day keep "slightly ahead" of the weaker sex.

The second reply is feminine—it is from Lillian Symes of New York:

It is unfortunate that John Macy, in his "challenge to feminism" in the November HARPER'S, permits himself to react so violently to the hysterical pipings of a small group of women that he becomes equally hysterical at the opposite pole—unfortunate because many of the things he says are wise and true. There is no such thing as a "Woman Movement" which one may buttonhole and call to account, any more than there is a "Radical Movement" made up of such divergent groups as socialists, communists, anarchists, single taxers, free traders and *New Republic* liberals. For every member of the National Woman's Party bent on legislating men and women into equality, there are probably a hundred intelligent feminists going quietly about their businesses in homes, offices, studios, and factories who realize that each sex has its superiorities and inferiorities in relation to the other, each its special and perhaps complementary capabilities. What those capabilities are we do not know as yet, and no amount of dogmatizing or comparison of illustrious names in either group will tell the tale. Not until several generations have passed in which girls have experienced the same conditioning and opportunities as boys will we be able to discover just what is inherently "feminine" and just what "feminine" traits are the result of social pressure, training and tradition. The few years in which women have been permitted to enter universities, to vote, and to smoke cigarettes are insufficient for the long look needed for dispassionate judgment on this subject.

The intelligent feminist has no illusions about her sisters and no prejudices about her brothers. She is merely asking that woman be given the

fullest and freest opportunity to develop whatever capabilities she possesses. She may be found as frequently in the ranks of the anti-Volsteadians as in the W. C. T. U. She is more likely to be a smoker than a member of the Anti-Cigarette League. In fact, the most violent opponents of feminism, as of suffrage, may be found among the "womanly" adherents of those reform groups which Mr. Macy so dreads.

Mr. Macy's battle cry of "back to the kitchen" is unworthy of one who must surely have some understanding of fundamental economic laws. Changes in our social and economic life have driven large numbers of women out of the kitchen and into the world, and feminist propaganda has had little or nothing to do with the change. If a small percentage of wealthy women have preferred business and political activity to bridge playing and entertaining, the great mass of women in industrial and commercial life have had little choice in the matter.

As to their standards of motherhood—the future, not the present, must pronounce judgment. When one looks about one at our present adult generation, raised under the personal and intimate direction of an omnipresent and devoted motherhood, one is inclined to question whether the "new" mother can do much worse.

Another reply (feminine), which makes much of the indignities which women have suffered in the past from "Mr. Macy's male ancestors," concludes with the following passage, which we would have our masculine readers take to heart:

And just one more point. I said Mr. Macy's ancestors. I think I may include his brothers of to-day. Perhaps I do not live in a representative community. Perhaps men elsewhere have thrown over the old beliefs which Mr. Macy lists at such length. All I may truthfully say is that among my friends and acquaintances, most of whom are connected with a university as students or faculty, there are few who do not consider themselves the lords of creation. Some in obnoxious blatant form, others only in the deepest corners of their minds. The few exceptions stand out as the only hopeful pillars of light.

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The Intercollegiate Contest will be repeated this year. The conditions will be announced later.

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We receive many appreciative letters about the Magazine. Ordinarily we are loath to publish them. But here is one which pleases us so much that we should like to share it with indulgent friends. It comes to us from a distinguished Congregational clergyman in Glen Ridge, New Jersey:

Dear Sir:

I have a complaint to make, a just and reasonable complaint. Believing that I must share with many others this grievance of mine, I make bold to set it down briefly.

I am a very busy man, I often think an overworked man, although I know of nobody else who holds that opinion. In particular, this is one of my busy days. I have piles and piles of work to get off my desk before I can call the day properly ended. The afternoon's mail brings me the November number of HARPER'S. In a moment of unguarded curiosity I break open the cover, and I am caught. I begin with Elmer Davis, and end with—but I do not end at all: I just stop. I have this minute escaped from your clutches. You have beguiled me of an hour and a half of precious time. You have ruined a day's work beyond repair, and I must retire to my couch under the nagging of an uneasy conscience. It is not right. It is not fair to a subscriber who has remained faithful through many years. Moreover such conduct on your part tends to break down the program of the times. In the interest of that "sterile efficiency" which we are trying to build up in our great and glorious country, you should make your magazine more dull

Very sincerely yours,

CLARENCE H. WILSON.